This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

WIDENER
HN JVJH /

Ital 7422.3
B

Harvard College Library

FROM

Roland Gray

John C Gray

Roland Gray.

Frontispiece to Vol. 6.

Book 44 Line 134.

Published by Vernor. Hood & Sharpe. May 1st 1807.

ORLANDO FURIOSO:

TRANSLATED

FROM THE ITALIAN

OF

LUDOVICO ARIOSTO;

WITH

NOTES,

BY JOHN HOOLE.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

VOL. VI.

LONDON:

Printed for Otridge and Son; R. Faulder; Cuthell and Martin; Vernor, Hood, and Sharpe; J. Walker; J. Nunn; R. Lea; Lackington, Allen, and Co.; Cadell and Davies; Longman, Hurst, Rees, and Orme; W. J. and J. Richardson; J. Booker; J. Murray; and J. Harding;

At the Union Printing-Office, St. John's Square, by W. Wilson.

1807.

Ital 7422.3
B
HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
FROM THE LIBRARY OF
JOHN CHIPMAN GRAY
GIFT OF HOWARD GRAY
July 12, 1933

THE

FORTY-THIRD BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

THE ARGUMENT.

RINALDO refuses to taste the enchanted cup. His host relates to him the cause of his misfortunes. Tale of the Mantuan knight. Rinaldo takes his leave of the knight, and embarks in a vessel to sail down the Po. Description of the places by which he passes. His conversation with the pilot. Tale of Adonio and the Judge's wife. Rinaldo pursues part of his journey by land, and then goes by sea to Lipadusa, where he arrives after the battle between the six knights. The news of Brandimart's death brought to Flordelis. Her lamentation. Preparations for the funeral of Brandimart. Orlando's speech over the dead body. The funeral procession. Death of Flordelis. Orlando, Rinaldo, Sobrino, and Olivero, arrive at the island of the hermit, by whom Rogero had been received after the tempest. Olivero's foot is cured, and Sobrino's wounds are healed by the hermit, who gives the latter baptism. Rogero is made known to the other knights.

THE

FORTY-THIRD BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

O WRETCHED Avarice! O thou fiend accurs'd!
Hunger for gold! of Virtue's foes the worst!
Well may thy bane infect the sordid breast,
By every other human vice possest,
Since thou canst fetter in thy cruel chain,
And in thy dreadful gripe his soul detain,
Who, had he scap'd thy power, might justly claim,
For noblest gifts, the foremost rank in fame!
Behold one measures earth, and seas, and skies,
And Nature's springs explores with searching eyes!
From known effects can trace each latent cause,
And prove the depth of God's eternal laws.
Poison'd by thee, whose venom can destroy
Each generous thought, he knows no future joy
But heaping wealth—for this he will forego
Peace, honour, safety, every good below.
One conquers armies, breaks the bulwarks down,
And wins from foes the well-defended town;

In every peril of th' ensanguin'd field,
The first to rush on fate, the last to yield:
Thou every virtue from its base wilt shake,
And him till death thy wretched captive make.
By learning, some; by arts, some merit praise;
But touch'd by thee, each envy'd wreath decays.
How shall I speak of noble dames and fair,
Who, scornful of the generous lover's prayer,
Like pillar'd marble cold, obdurate stood
When youth, and grace, and constant service woo'd;
Lo! Avarice comes, with all-seducing power,
T' infect their heart, and one detested hour
Unloving, gives their youth and bloom of charms
A prey to some old dotard's wither'd arms.
Not without cause such mischiefs I bewail,
Nor think in this I wander from my tale;
Though what I speak relates not here so well
To what is past, as what remains to tell.
  Now to the Paladin we turn the strain,
Who seem'd prepar'd the magic bowl to drain:
I told you ere his lips the draught essay'd,
Awhile debating with his thoughts he stay'd:
Then to himself—Insensate is the mind
Who seeks for that it ne'er would wish to find.
My wife's a woman—all the sex is frail—
But let not hence my good opinion fail:
Till now my faith has made me blest, and why
Should proof itself more certain bliss supply?
Much may I harm, but little mend my state,
And Heaven forbids too far to tempt our fate.
On me let praise or censure man bestow,
Ne'er will I seek what fits me not to know.

Hence from my sight this boasted cup remove,
Nor have I thirst, nor mean such thirst to prove.
God more forbids a proof like this to make,
Than our first sire the tree of life to take.
As Adam, when the fatal fruit he try'd,
Which God himself had to his taste deny'd,
Incurr'd what pains from disobedience flow,
And fell from highest bliss to deepest woe:
So when a husband, with too curious eye,
Into his wife's recluser deeds would pry,
He quits content, his folly to deplore,
And never shall his peace recover more.
As good Rinaldo spoke, he thrust aside
The hateful vase, and looking up, espy'd
The castle's lord, adown whose features stole
Such tears, as spoke the anguish of his soul;
Who thus at length with words impassion'd said:
Accurs'd the lips that ever could persuade
My wretched heart the dire advice to take,
Which made my much-lov'd wife these arms forsake!
O! had I known thee once, thy prudent thought
To wholesome purpose had my bosom wrought;
Ere yet my woes began—ere yet my sighs
Had learnt to heave, or tears suffus'd my eyes.
But let me lift the veil—nor longer keep
My tale untold, so thou with me shalt weep
My fortune past, while I relate the cause,
From which my life its present suffering draws.

Thou left'st, not far remote, a town behind,
Where round is seen a crystal stream to wind,

That thence declining leads to Po its course,
And first from Benaco derives its source.
This town was built, when time had long decay'd
The walls which once Agenor's offspring * made:
There was I born, of no ungentle blood,
Though lowly plac'd, with little worldly good.
If Fortune riches at my birth deny'd,
The care of Nature other gifts supply'd:
She gave me, far above my humble peers,
Such manly beauty in my early years,
Such courteous grace, with comely features join'd,
T' attract the soft regard of womankind,
In dames and maids the flame of love to raise——
But ill it seems myself to speak my praise.
Within our walls there liv'd a sage renown'd
For arts occult, beyond belief profound;
Who, ere his days their lengthen'd course had roll'd,
Full six-score suns in annual circles told.
Long time alone in savage wilds he dwelt,
Till, in life's eve, the power of love he felt;
Then on a beauteous dame with gold he wrought,
Who, to his stol'n amour, a daughter brought;
And lest the daughter, like the mother, frail,
For wealth should set her chastity to sale;

* Cadmus.

Ver. 83. *This town*—] Mantua. The city of Thebes being destroyed, Manto, the daughter of Tiresias, fled into Italy; of her was born Ocnus or Bianor, who built Mantua, naming it after his mother. Ariosto, in the manner of romance writers, who take every liberty with the old mythology, has made Manto a fairy, and the founder of Mantua.

Ver. 84. *The walls*, &c.—] He means the city of Thebes, built by Cadmus the son of Agenor.

(Her chastity more worth than all below
Which gold can buy, or honours can bestow)
From human kind remote, the tender maid
He bred beneath the unfrequented shade,
Where this fair palace, from the world apart,
He caus'd the fiends to build by magic art.
With ancient matrons bred, in ripening time
His daughter here attain'd to beauty's prime.
He suffer'd not, in youth, her eye or ear
The face of man to view, his voice to hear;
(Himself except) and that she still might find
Examples fair, he from the female kind
Each noble dame, who ne'er from virtue stray'd,
In sculpture chizzled, or in paint pourtray'd:
Not those alone who shone in elder days,
Whose virtues shall survive to latest praise;
But every future fair whose worth shall grace,
And add new honours to th' Italian race,
Has here her form in living sculpture chas'd,
As yonder eight are round the fountain plac'd.
Soon as the father view'd her growing charms
In bloom mature to fill a husband's arms,
Whether 'twas chance, or fate my sorrows bred,
He fix'd on me to share his daughter's bed.
Beside this stately dome, the rich domain
Of forest, meadow, fountain, lawn, or plain,
For many a mile, he in the nuptial hour
Consign'd me for the virgin's wealthy dower.
Such was her beauty, so transcendent shin'd
Each grace, as left all fancy'd charms behind:
Of female gifts she knew each valu'd part,
And equall'd Pallas in the works of art.

She walk'd—she spoke—she sung—and Heaven was there!
She seem'd a goddess lighted from her sphere;
And such her depth in learning's sacred lore,
That scarce her father's knowledge reach'd to more:
So gentle was her soul, so form'd to love——
Still, still remembrance must my torment prove—
On me her joys, her pleasures all were bent,
With me she tarry'd, and with me she went.
Long, long we led this mutual happy life,
And I, alas! the first dire cause of strife!
Since to my arms I took my lovely bride,
Five years elaps'd, her aged father dy'd——
Ah me!—thenceforth my following woes I date,
Woes now endur'd, which here my lips relate.
While she, whom thus I praise, all praise above,
Secur'd my heart by every tie of love,
It chanc'd that in our land a noble dame,
Burnt for my sake with Cupid's fiercest flame:
No sage enchantress could her power excel,
She knew the force of every magic spell:
The night she lighten'd, or obscur'd the day:
She stopp'd the sun, or sped his swifter way;
Yet never could allure my faithful heart,
To heal the anguish of her amorous smart,
With that relief, I never had bestow'd,
But to her wrong where most my truth I ow'd.
Not all the charms and graces she possess'd,
Not all the love I knew inflam'd her breast;
Not mighty gifts, nor promises renew'd,
With which she day by day her suit pursu'd,

Could make me from my first dear flame transfer
The smallest spark of amorous heat to her.
My wife's affection, long in duty try'd,
Engross'd each thought, and every wish supply'd:
My hope, my trust in her, had made me scorn
The peerless Grecian dame * of Leda born;
Had made me scorn each glorious offer made
To shepherd Paris in th' Idæan shade.
But all my firm denials fruitless prov'd
T' oppose her suit, whose soul so deeply lov'd.
It chanc'd Melissa found me once apart,
(Such was her name so vers'd in magic art)
Far from my home; and fail'd not then to take
Th' occasion fair, my future peace to shake.
With stings of jealousy, her cruel skill
Too well she show'd, my rooted faith to kill;
Extolling first my purpose to preserve,
All faith to her, that ne'er from faith should swerve.
But canst thou know thy consort's truth (she cry'd)
Till such by ample proof be fairly try'd?
If now she fail not (though perchance her will
Assail'd might change) thou think'st her constant still;
While here confin'd in such sequester'd plan,
Save thine, she scarce beholds the face of man.
Whence is thy confidence so firmly plac'd?
And canst thou dare to me affirm her chaste?

* Helen.

Ver. 177. *It chanc'd Melissa* —] This is totally a different personage from her who is so considerable an agent in the poem, the benevolent enchantress, the constant protectress of Rogero and Bradamant: perhaps it had been more adviseable to have avoided the same name.

But hence, for one short month thy home forego;
And let each neighbouring town and village know,
That, absent thou, thy dame remains behind;
With message, visits, let each lover find
A free access—if then she be not led
By prayers or gifts to wrong the marriage bed;
Yet thinks conceal'd she might her wish pursue,
Then, and then only, mayst thou call her true.
With words like these, at length, th' enchantress shook
My weak resolves, and to her purpose broke,
My consort's virtue, ne'er essay'd before,
To fix by trial, and by proof explore.
Then I—What yet I never can believe,
Should she so far my fondest hopes deceive,
Say, how the truth for certain shall I know,
If praise or censure to her deeds I owe?
A goblet will I give, whose magic use
(Melissa cries) can strange effects produce,
By fam'd Morgana made in ancient time,
T' apprize her brother of Geneura's crime.
He freely drinks, whose consort merits praise;
Whose wife is false in vain the draught essays:
When to the vessel's brim his lips are prest,
The wine o'erflows and trickles down his breast.
Ere hence thou go'st, thy lips the drink shall try,
And now, I trust, will drain the goblet dry:

Ver. 211. *By fam'd Morgana* --] Morgana, according to the romance of the Round Table, was sister to Marco, king of Cornwal, the husband of Geneura, who, for the love of Sir Launcelot, forgot the faith she owed her husband. Morgana shewed him the infidelity of his wife by the effects of the enchanted cup.

Zatta.

As yet I little deem thy wife untrue,
But soon expect a further proof to view:
If, when return'd, thou wouldst again ensure
Thy faith, I dare not then thy breast secure:
For if unspill'd thou canst assuage thy thirst,
Of every husband thou in bliss art first.
The proffer'd boon I took; her hand display'd
The wondrous cup, and soon the proof I made,
When (all I hop'd) I found my dearest spouse
Still pure and faithful to her nuptial vows.
Melissa then—Awhile thy wife forsake,
And, hence retir'd, thy distant dwelling make.
Again returning prove the vase anew,
If clear thou drink'st, or wine thy breast embrue.
To me how hard from her my steps to move!
Not that my soul could doubt her truth or love,
But that I never (save with aching heart),
One day, one hour, could from her sight depart.
Hear then a new device, (Melissa cry'd)
By which thy consort's virtue shall be try'd:
Thy vesture will I change, thy speech, thy frame,
And as a stranger lead thee to thy dame.
Not far a village stands, where Po divides
In two defensive horns his parting tides:
Thither the town extends its ruling power,
Where ocean quits, and seeks by turns the shore,
Which, though it boasts not equal age, the fame
Of fair and rich with neighbouring towns may claim,
Built by the relics of the Trojan band,
That 'scap'd from Attila's destroying hand.

Ver. 247. *Built by the relics of the Trojan band,*] After the destruction of Troy, Antenor, with a company of Paphlagonians, took

A comely knight, young, noble, who excell'd
In courtly grace, here large possessions held,
Who, as he once his falcon's flight pursu'd,
My palace enter'd and my consort view'd.
Her form so far in one short meeting gain'd,
The deep impression on his heart remain'd;
And not an art he left untry'd to win
Her dear consent; but she the proffer'd sin
Rejecting stern, repuls'd him o'er and o'er,
Till quell'd he press'd her to his suit no more;
But could not from his memory remove,
Her beauty, graven by the dart of love.
Melissa sooth'd me now the proof to make,
And on myself this youth's resemblance take;
Then sudden chang'd (by some mysterious art)
My face, my speech, my mien, my every part.
Now with my wife a distant voyage feign'd,
She deem'd some foreign realm my step detain'd,
When, like her youthful lover chang'd, I came,
My gait, my voice, my dress, my looks the same.
Melissa near attended at my side,
Whose mien and sex a page's form bely'd,
Who with him fairer gems and jewels bore
Than ever flam'd on India's pearly shore.
I, that full well each close apartment knew,
Now with Melissa to the palace drew,

---

up his habitation between the Adigi and the Brenta, where he built Padua; but that city being afterwards demolished by Attila, that scourge of nations; the inhabitants that escaped his fury retired to the Adriatic sea, where they laid the foundation of the city of Venice; and some passing from that place built Ferrara.

Porcacchi. Eugenico.

And found the dame (the coast by fortune clear)
Alone, without a squire or damsel near.
With many a prayer I press'd my amorous suit,
And show'd for wicked deeds the golden fruit;
Display'd my treasur'd stores, of power to shake
The firmest mind, and vice of virtue make;
Where emeralds gleam'd, and where the ruddy blaze
Of rubies mingled with the diamond's rays.
Yet ev'n these presents claim'd but small regard,
(I cry'd) to what my future love prepar'd.
Her husband's absence then I urg'd, and press'd
The fair occasion to confirm me blest.
I bade her call to mind, my faithful flame
So long experienc'd some return might claim.
At first confus'd, a flushing colour burn'd
Her glowing cheek, and from my suit she turn'd:
But in her eyes the gems so brightly shone,
By slow degrees her softening will they won;
Till with a low and faltering voice she said,
(What when I think, my very soul is dead)
My vows should meet return, if well assur'd
Our loves might rest from all the world secur'd.
This fatal answer, like a venom'd dart
Shot through my soul and thrill'd in every part:
In all my veins a chilling frost prevail'd;
I strove to speak—but speech of utterance fail'd.
Melissa then th' enchanted mist dispell'd,
And sudden, in my proper shape beheld,
Again I stood—judge then how look'd the dame,
Before her lord betray'd to cureless shame.
Both ashy pale appear'd, nor silence broke,
Our eyes cast down; at length with pain I spoke

These few short words, which scarce my tongue supply'd:
Ah! faithless wife! and wilt thou thus (I cry'd)
Betray my honour, when a lover nigh,
Thou see'st with gifts thy venal love to buy?
Thus I—while nought to my reproach she said,
But tears incessant down her bosom shed.
Much griev'd she for the shame, but more she griev'd
To find her honour by such wiles deceiv'd;
By ME deceiv'd—hence soon to anger turn'd
Each tender thought, her soul with hatred burn'd.
She now resolv'd my loathsome sight to fly,
And when the sun forsook the reddening sky,
And left his car, she reach'd the river's side,
Embark'd, and stemm'd, by night, the silver tide.
Next morn before the youthful knight she stood,
Who long with earnest suit her favour woo'd,
Beneath whose mien and well-dissembled face,
By me so tempted to my own disgrace
She suffer'd late,—well may'st thou think her sight
Not little grateful to th' enamour'd knight.
She bade me thence be told my hopes were vain
To call her mine, or her lost love regain.
From that curst day with him the fair resides
In every joy, and me, alas! derides:
And still I groan beneath the load of grief
Myself have heap'd, and ne'er must hope relief:
Still swells my woe, and just it seems that death
Should close, as soon it must, this hated breath.
Scarce had I here a single year surviv'd,
But from one cause some comfort I deriv'd;
My comfort this—of all that here have stray'd
Since Sol ten times his annual course has made,

(For still I bring this vase to every guest)
Not one but sheds the liquor on his breast.
To find so many partners of my fate,
Affords some solace in my wretched state.
Amidst such numbers, thou alone could'st prove
So wise, to shun this dangerous test of love.
Desire to know what fits not of a wife
To learn, has poison'd all my future life.
Not long Melissa, with insidious heart,
Enjoy'd th' effects of her malicious art,
Since her I loath'd, nor could support the view
Of one, from whom my source of grief I drew.
Impatient she, his hatred thus to prove,
Whom more than life she still profess'd to love;
Though many a dame perchance, her rival gone,
Had still remain'd, yet she, the sight to shun
Of all she lov'd, but hop'd not to obtain,
Fled from this land to some remote domain,
Whence never could her tidings reach my ears again.
When, with a sigh, the mournful knight had clos'd
His heavy tale, Rinaldo seem'd dispos'd
To musing thought, by friendly pity sway'd;
At length he rais'd his head, and thus he said.
Bad counsel issu'd from Melissa's breast,
Which urg'd thee to provoke the hornet's nest;
And, unadvis'd, wert thou a depth to sound,
Which, when explor'd, thou fain would'st wish unfound;
And if through avarice the first assault
Subdu'd thy wife, why wonder at her fault?
Not she the first, nor fifth, amid the race
Of females, that have fall'n to like disgrace.

So strongly prest—a mind of firmer frame,
For less reward had sunk to deeper shame:
How many men, ere this, seduc'd by gold,
Their dearest patrons and their friends have sold!
But didst thou wish her some defence to make,
Why with such potent arms her virtue shake?
Know'st thou that bulwarks cannot gold withstand,
Which strikes the weapon from the victor's hand?
More is thy blame, who tempted her to sin,
Than hers, whom such reward so soon could win.
Had she, with equal bribes, thyself assail'd,
Thy boasted virtue might, like hers, have fail'd.
Rinaldo ceas'd; then from the board arose,
And of his host besought a night's repose;
For ere the morn reveal'd her dawning ray,
He meant, departing, to resume his way.
Short was his time, and at his utmost power
Behov'd him now to husband every hour.
The castle's lord reply'd—He there might rest
His weary limbs, with length of toil opprest:
The rooms were ready, and the couch prepar'd;
But would he to his counsel lend regard,
While all the night in quiet sleep he lay,
He, sleeping, might some miles advance his way.
A well-oar'd bark with spreading sail (he cry'd)
To speed thy voyage shall my care provide,
Where, unmolested, may'st thou pass the night,
And one day's journey gain by morning light.
The friendly offer pleas'd Rinaldo most,
And many thanks he gave his courteous host;
Then took his leave, nor longer time delay'd,
But hasten'd where for his arrival stay'd

The bark and crew; there at his ease reclin'd,
Their well-tim'd oars six sturdy boatmen join'd:
They cut the stream, with rapid course they fly
Light o'er the waves, as birds along the sky.
Soon as the knight of France declin'd his head,
A heavy sleep o'er all his senses spread,
But ere he slept, he gave the crew command
To rouse him when they reach'd Ferrara's land.
Melara on the left hand shore they leave;
Now on the left they Sermide perceive;
Till Figalordo and Stilletto now
They view, and reach the horns of threatening Po.
Of either horn the right the pilot takes,
The left, that leads to Venice, he forsakes;
He leaves Bondeno, and beholds decreas'd
The night's dun hue before the reddening east;
And from her empty vase Aurora shed
Her party-coloured flowers of white and red.
Rinaldo, waking, cast around his eyes,
And from afar Tedaldo's spires espies.
O happy city! (he began) whose name,
My kinsman, Malagigi, mark'd for fame;
What time he view'd each fix'd or wandering star,
Or forc'd some sprite the future to declare.

Ver. 410. *Melara—Sermide—*] Two castles on the Po.

Ver. 412. *Figalordo—Stilletto—*] Figalordo, an island in the same river, and Stilletto a castle.

Ver. 416. *Bondeno—*] A castle subject to the princes of Ferrara.

Ver. 421. *Tedaldo's spires, —*] A castle in the western part of the city of Ferrara, on the left hand of the Po, built by Tedaldo of Este, Anno 970, to resist the force of the Venetians, though Ariosto, with a poetical licence, here describes it in the time of Charlemain.

As with him here I pass'd, he gladly told
Thy rank decreed when years their course have roll'd,
That Italy should ne'er the like behold.
Thus he—while through the king of rivers flies
The winged bark, and gains an isle that lies
Not far from where the city's towers should stand,
This isle, as then a lone neglected land,
He views with joy, for well he knows its praise,
For every blessing in succeeding days.
As once before along those banks he steer'd,
He from his kinsman, Malagigi, heard,
That when with stars the fourth revolving sphere
Seven hundred times had chang'd the circling year,
This happy isle should every isle efface
Which briny seas, which streams or floods embrace;
And he, who view'd it, should forget the fame
Which once Nausicaa's blissful land might claim.
He heard, that this for structures should excel
That isle, where once Tiberius lov'd to dwell:
Nor could of old Hesperia's garden boast
The plants and fruits of this delightful coast.
Not Circe, in her nets or dens, confin'd
Such numerous animals of various kind:

Ver. 430. — *an isle that lies* —] A delightful small island in our poet's time called Belvidere, improved with gardens and buildings by Alphonso I. who collected there a vast number of beasts and birds of every kind. It is half a mile long, and a bow-shot over. *Fornari.*

Ver. 444. *That isle, where once Tiberius,*—] The island of Caprea near Naples, where Tiberius Nero, the Roman emperor, resided fifteen years, abandoned to all manner of debauchery; he adorned this place with many magnificent buildings. See further, ver. 476.

Venus and Cupid Cyprus should forsake,
And with the Graces here their dwelling make.
So should it flourish, such high honours find,
From him, whose art, whose power, and wisdom join'd,
Its city should with walls and fosse enclose,
And with its strength the world in arms oppose:
Such deeds are his, and such his glories won,
A Hercules his sire, a Hercules his son.
Thus past Rinaldo, pondering in his mind,
What oft his kinsman by his spells divin'd
Of things to come—but when he wondering view'd
The city's humble state, he thus pursu'd:
Shall then this spot (he cry'd,) this dreary waste,
With sciences and liberal arts be grac'd?
Shall this small hamlet fill the wondering eye?
Rich cultur'd meadows shall these wilds supply?
Where now moist fens and dreary swamps abound,
Shall verdant fields extend, with plenty crown'd?
Hail, city, hail! behold I rise to pay
Due reverence to thy mild, thy courteous sway;
To all thy lords, to every wreath of fame
Thy knights and foreign citizens shall claim!
The sovereign goodness of all-ruling Heaven,
The wisdom, justice, to thy princes given,
Preserve thee still in love, preserve in peace,
And see thy plenteous blessings still increase;

Ver. 452. *From him, whose art*, &c.] Alphonso I.

Ver. 456. *A Hercules*—] Alphonso I. son of Hercules I. and father of Hercules II. duke of Ferrara.

Ver. 463.—*small hamlet*—] The poet feigns Ferrara to have been at this time an inconsiderable village.

Defend thee from the rage of numerous foes
Against thee leagu'd, and their fell schemes disclose;
While neighbouring powers against thy peace repine,
Be envy theirs, but modest rule be thine.
As thus Rinaldo speaks, along the tides
With speed so light the well-trimm'd vessel glides;
Not swifter to his lure the falcon flies,
What time he answers to his master's cries.
The stream dividing now, the pilot takes
The right hand branch, and walls and roofs forsakes.
Saint Georgio left behind: he sees no more
The distant top of Gaibana's tower.
As so it fortun'd, thought succeeding thought,
At length to good Rinaldo's memory brought
The castle's lord, whose woes so late he knew,
Who from that city all his sufferings drew;
With this he call'd to mind the magic vase,
That to the husband shows the wife's disgrace;
How this the knight had try'd, how each he view'd,
That touch'd the brim with wine his breast bedew'd:
He now repents, now to himself he cries:
Well have I judg'd such trial to despise!
Success had but confirm'd my first belief,
And ill success had wrought my cureless grief.

Ver. 476.—*their fell schemes*—] He alludes to a design formed against the life of the duke, which was discovered by the wisdom of his brother Hyppolito.

Ver. 477.—*against thy peace*,—] He seems to point at the enmity of the Venetians to this city, with which they were often at war.

Ver. 485. *Saint Georgio left*—] A small island in the Po, sacred to the tutelar Saint of Ferrara of that name; the tower of Gaibana was near Ferrara.

So firm my nuptial faith, that could I drain
The goblet dry, but little were my gain.
Not so the loss—should that dire trial show
What of my Clarice I ne'er would know.
This were to lay a thousand stakes to one—
Scarce gain to win—but if I lose—undone!
While thoughts like these revolving in his mind,
The knight of Clarmont sate with head declin'd,
The pilot ey'd him with attentive look,
And (as he wish'd) the first occasion took.
With decent confidence and speech addrest
In modest phrase, t' explore his pensive breast;
And soon, as one who men and manners knew,
The Paladin to mutual converse drew.
Now both agreed the castle's lord to blame,
Who to such risk expos'd his wedded dame,
The heaviest trial woman can endure:
Since she who holds her heart from gold secure,
May safely guard her chastity from harms,
With flames surrounded, and begirt with arms.
Just thy advice, (the pilot thus pursues)
The suit he press'd few women could refuse.
Thou may'st, perchance, have heard th' adventure tell,
That in these parts a youthful dame befel;
Whom, yielding to a lover's warm assault,
Her husband doom'd with life t' atone her fault.
Still should my lord have known no breast can hold,
(How firm soe'er) against rewards and gold:
But at his greatest need, this truth forgot,
He rush'd, unthinking, on his wretched lot.
Yet well to him was this example known,
Th' example pregnant in the neighbouring town,

His native soil and mine—where from its bed
The circling lake and fens of Manzo spread.
I speak of one, Adonio was his name,
Who on his love, a judge's wedded dame
(A sprightly nymph and fair) in gift bestow'd
A wondrous dog, with virtues rare endow'd.

The Paladin reply'd—Of such a chance,
No tale has pass'd the Alps, and reach'd to France:
With you it rests—and never far or near,
In different nations yet has reach'd my ear.
Proceed—and if it irks thee not, relate,
The dame's adventure, and the judge's fate.

The pilot then—Within this country dwell'd
Anselmo, one of noble lineage held,
Who spent his youth in studies of the gown,
By Ulpiano's letter'd doctors known.
At length, a wife, fair, chaste, and nobly bred,
He sought, deserving of his nuptial bed;
When in a neighbouring city one he found,
Above her sex with wondrous beauty crown'd:
Her mien, her carriage, every breast might move,
Each look, each act united grace and love;
Too much, perhaps, for his estate, who chose,
What ill beseem'd his years, and his repose.
Scarce were they wedded, when his jealous mind
Left every one in jealousy behind;

Ver. 546. *Ulpiano's letter'd doctors known*—] He denotes by this the profession of the law or jurisprudence, which Ulpiano, one of the profession, taught in his writings. *Fornari.*

Not that she gave him other cause of care,
But that she seem'd too courteous and too fair.
Within this city held his dwelling place
A knight of ancient and illustrious race,
Deriv'd from those on whom the furrows, sow'd
With dragons teeth, a wondrous birth bestow'd.
This knight, Adonio call'd, beheld the dame,
Beheld and burnt with love's resistless flame:
To win her grace, on whom his all was plac'd,
He now began his ample means to waste
In pomp, in shows, in many a splendid treat,
For wealthy lords, for sovereign princes meet,
That scarce the treasure of Tiberius' hoard,
Could equal sums for such expense afford:
Till now, two winters heaping cost on cost,
Beheld his whole paternal fortune lost:
His house, where late such numbers made resort
From morn till eve, to pay their constant court,
Was now forsaken, when his board no more
Supply'd each dainty, with exhaustless store;
And he, the wretched patron, left alone,
By those whom late he fed no longer known;
Almost a mendicant, resolv'd to go
In some far distant land to hide his woe.

Ver. 569. — *the treasure of Tiberius' hoard,* —] This Tiberius was the nineteenth emperor at Constantinople, adopted by Justin, whom he succeeded in the empire. It is fabled, that seeing the sign of the cross upon the ground, he ordered it to be taken away that it might not be profanely trampled on; another cross still appearing, he ordered that to be likewise removed, and another after that; till at last, by digging deep into the earth, he came to an immense treasure, consisting of all the wealth of the eunuch Narsites, and of Rassimunda, wife of Alboians king of the Lombards.

With this intent, his home and native place
One morn forsaking, with a pensive pace,
Sighing, the margin of the lake he press'd,
Yet midst his cares, the sovereign of his breast,
Still caus'd his deepest grief—when all unthought,
Lo! Fortune here a strange adventure brought,
Which from the lowest state his highest rapture wrought.
A hind he saw, that with a knotty stake
Dealt frequent blows around a prickly brake.
Adonio ask'd the cause: the hind replies,
He view'd a serpent there of monstrous size,
Nor meant to quit the search, till he again
Had found, and with his hand the reptile slain.
Adonio, friendly to the snaky brood,
Scarce curb'd his anger, when the swain renew'd
His eager blows; for in their arms exprest,
His kindred bore a serpent for their crest;
In due memorial that their race they held,
From dragon's teeth amid the teeming field.
At length his words and deeds so far prevail'd,
The hind no more the lurking snake assail'd.
Adonio, parting thence, a region sought,
Where most unknown his former state he thought:
There, from his native soil afar remov'd,
Seven tedious years of want and sorrow prov'd;
Nor yet could distance, or could want control,
The secret workings of his active soul;
There love still reigns, resides in every part,
Beats in his pulse and rankles in his heart:
He lingers to return, to view again
Those charms he long had pin'd to view in vain.

In mean attire, of every meed bereft,
He seeks the country he so long had left.
Meantime it chanc'd our city to require
Some learned envoy to the Holy Sire,
Our resident beside the papal throne,
The period of his mission yet unknown.
The lot was cast, and on the judge it fell;
A day that seem'd his fortune to foretel.
Excuses, prayers and promises he try'd
To set this fatal embassy aside.
Depart he must—he groans, with grief oppress'd,
As if his heart were cleft within his breast;
And pale with jealous fear of future harms,
While banish'd from his dearest consort's arms,
By all he thought might move, he begg'd the dame
To keep her nuptial honour free from blame.
Not beauty, wealth, or lineage e'er could raise
A woman's name (he said) to height of praise,
If not in action chaste—that beauty shines
Conspicuous most, when truth its worth refines;
And, in his absence, might her virtue prove
A fair example of connubial love!
So warn'd the jealous judge—his consort hears
His sad departure, and dissolves in tears;
But swears the sun shall sooner lose his light,
Than she so ill his constant love requite:
With mind unspotted sooner will she die,
Than with a lover even in thought comply.
Though by her promises, her vows, her grief,
He calm'd his fears, and found a short relief;
Yet could he ne'er from fond enquiries cease,
Still finding matter to disturb his peace.

A friend he knew, who, vers'd in magic spell,
Could all events of future time foretel;
To him he went, and begg'd him to declare
If his Argia (so was nam'd the fair)
While he far distant from his home remain'd,
Would keep her nuptial chastity unstain'd.
By long entreaties won, the sage at last
Observ'd the skies, his schemes and figures cast.
Anselmo left him at his work, and came
Next day to hear the stars his fate proclaim.
Mute was th' astrologer, as loth t' impart,
What, known, would touch so near the doctor's heart;
At length compell'd, he own'd his gentle spouse
(His back scarce turn'd) would break her marriage vows,
Not by entreaties, or by beauty won,
But brib'd by int'rest, and by gold undone.
His former doubts, his former jealous fears,
Confirm'd too clearly by the threatening spheres;
Judge what his tortur'd bosom now must prove,
If e'er thy soul has felt the pains of love.
But most he griev'd, to think his faithless dame
For sordid pelf should sell her matron fame:
Yet to provide, that bribes the less might win
Her frail resolves (for want oft leads to sin),
With her he leaves his heaps of shining ore,
And all his jewels (an exhaustless store),
With these alike committing to her hands
His ample revenue of rents and lands.
Take all (he cry'd) for all to thee I give;
Not only as befits my wife to live,
But as thou wilt t' employ—to give, to lend,
With prudence buy, or with profusion spend:

For this the sole account I would receive,
Let me but find thee such as now I leave:
Let me but prove thee faithful to my bed,
And not a home be left to hide my head.
He pray'd her, in his absence, to retreat
From the full city to the rustic seat;
In sylvan quiet from the busy strife
Of noisy throngs to lead a happier life.
Thus he—for midst the flocks and furrow'd plains
He deem'd the shepherds and the labouring swains
Could ne'er with soft address, or amorous vows,
Corrupt the virtue of his lovely spouse.
Around her husband's neck her beauteous arms
Argia folds, and with endearing charms,
Would sooth his fears, while on his face, in showers,
From her fair eyes the briny tears she pours:
She mourns he ever should her truth suspect,
To think she could her spotless fame neglect;
That such unkind suspicion needs must prove
His want of confidence, his want of love.
'Twere long to tell what pass'd on either side;
What he so often urg'd, what she reply'd.
At length—To thee I trust my fame (he said)
And said no more, but turn'd his horse's head;
And as he turn'd from all he valu'd, felt
His wretched heart within his bosom melt;
While she, with straining eyes, her lord pursu'd,
As tear succeeding tear her cheeks bedew'd.
Meanwhile Adonio (as I said) forlorn,
Squalid and meagre hasten'd his return,
In hopes that none, in all his land, would know
His form so chang'd with penury and woe,

Now, near his native town, he reach'd the lake,
Where he, long since, within the thorny brake
Had from the rustic's hands redeem'd the snake.
Arriving here at early dawn of day,
The stars yet glimmering with a doubtful ray,
Beside the lake he view'd a lovely maid,
In rich attire of foreign make array'd:
Her mien was noble, yet alone she came,
Nor squire, nor damsel, waited on the dame.
She view'd Adonio with a smiling look,
Then op'd her rosy lips, and thus she spoke.
While me, O youth! thou little seem'st to know,
Thy kin am I—and much to thee I owe:
I boast thy blood, since both alike can trace
From mighty Cadmus our illustrious race.
Lo! I am she, whom mortals Manto call,
Who founded first yon favour'd city's wall,
Which thou must oft have heard from flying fame,
Has since been Mantua call'd, from Manto's name.
Of fairy kind am I—from infant breath,
We subject live to every ill, but death:
Yet such the terms on which from human fear
We stand exempt, scarce less than death severe:
For each is doom'd the figure of a snake,
On every seventh revolving day to take:
How do we loath to such a change to yield,
And drag a serpent's slime along the field!
Detested change, that each in vain should shun,
For which we curse our being, hate the sun,
And death invoke—now hear the thanks I pay
For aid from thee on one auspicious day.

Know first that with a reptile's skin enclos'd,
We stand to every ill, but death, expos'd.
No animals on earth are so pursu'd
By man's aversion, as the serpent brood:
Hid in this brutal form, we find a foe
In each we meet, when blow succeeds to blow;
Unless, swift earth'd, t' elude impending harm,
We 'scape the stroke of many a sturdy arm:
Better at once releas'd from pain to die,
Than in the ways all crush'd and mangled lie!
Great thanks to thee I owe, who near this lake,
Me, then a reptile hid in yonder brake,
Thy hands deliver'd from the rustic's stake:
Else had I much endur'd; for when we trail
Our form debas'd beneath the serpent's scale,
The Heavens, till then subjected to our power,
Refuse assistance, and our spells are o'er:
At other times, our word can cloud the light
Of mid-day Sol, and quench his beams in night:
Th' unshaken earth shall move, if we require;
Fire shall be turn'd to ice, and ice to fire!
Hither I come, thy service to reward
Free from that loathsome slime, I stand prepar'd
To grant thy every wish—thou shalt receive
Threefold from me the wealth thy sire could give:
Ne'er shalt thou feel pale want's distresses more,
But by thy spending still augment thy store.
And since full well I know, love still retains
Thy gentle heart a captive in his chains;
I mean to teach thee how thou shalt acquire
Thy fair one's will to favour thy desire.

The husband absent, shalt thou now repair,
Where, at her villa, dwells the gentle fair;
Then present, will I aid thy soft pursuit,
And of my counsels shalt thou reap the fruit.
She said; and told him in what form'd disguise,
What vestments first to meet his mistress' eyes;
How with prevailing prayers her breast to shake,
And next devis'd what shape herself to take:
For, save the fatal days that fairies doom
To mix with snakes, all shapes they can assume.
Adonio in a pilgrim's garb she dress'd,
From land to land on holy business prest:
Herself appear'd a dog, transform'd to sight,
Of smallest make, and more than ermine white;
Soft was his hair and shaggy touch'd the ground;
A fairer creature never could be found.
Thus chang'd; they journey'd on, till near they came,
Where dwelt, retir'd, the judge's lovely dame:
Here first the youth amidst the village strays,
And on his pipe a tune full deftly plays:
The seeming dog the spritely music hears,
And dancing on his hindmost feet appears.
The gaping rustics stare, they laugh, they shout:
The lady wonders at the revel rout:
She bids the pilgrim to her sight be brought;
(So fate, to work the doctor's ruin, wrought)
Adonio now before Argia stands,
Commands his dog; the dog, at his commands,
Obedient moves in every measur'd pace,
And frisks, and leaps, and apes the dancer's grace;
And close his master's voice and look attends,
With sense that far all brutal sense transcends.

The pleas'd spectators view him with amaze,
And mark his mimic feats with speechless gaze.
Great was the wonder of Argia fair,
And eager to possess a dog so rare,
She bade her trusty nurse an offer make,
At no small price the pilgrim's dog to take.
Hadst thou more treasure than suffic'd to fill,
Th' unsated appetite of woman's will,
All would too little prove (he made reply)
One single foot of this my dog to buy.
To prove how far in words the truth he spoke,
Apart from all the trusty crone he took,
And bade the animal on her bestow
A mark of finest gold his love to show:
He shakes his paws, he drops the mark of gold;
Adonio wills the nurse the prize to hold.
Now judge thyself if coin (he thus pursu'd)
Can buy a dog with such rare gifts endu'd:
Behold, whate'er I ask, he nought denies;
But gems, or rings, or costly vests supplies:
Yet tell thy lady, him she may obtain,
Though not for gold, him gold can never gain;
Let me for one short night her bed partake,
And in return this dog her own I make.
He said; and gave her to present the dame,
A gem that from the dog that instant came.
The greedy beldame (not of scruple nice)
Esteem'd the purchase at an easy price,
And to the fair in haste return'd, to tell
For what the stranger meant his dog to sell;
And press'd her close to buy at such a cost,
Where much must sure be won, and little lost.

At first averse the fair Argia hears,
For yet to break her plighted vow she fears;
And much she doubts the truth of what in brief
The nurse had told, surpassing all belief.
The nurse confirms it, warns her to reflect
Ere she so rare a proffer'd good neglect;
And now persuades her, with a chosen few,
Again the pilgrim and his dog to view.
  This second time Adonio met the dame,
Fill'd up the measure of the judge's shame.
Coin after coin the dog incessant shower'd,
Huge strings of pearl, and orient gems he pour'd;
That weaker soon her first resolves she felt;
And more she found her heart dispos'd to melt,
When him she knew, who thus her favour woo'd,
The same that once her gentle love pursu'd:
Till by the beldame's foul persuasion mov'd,
The presence of the youth who long had lov'd,
The gain that follow'd from her husband's wrong;
The wretched doctor's absence thence so long;
The hope that none her secret could betray;
By slow degrees her virtue fades away:
She takes the dog, and to her lover's arms,
In sweet reward, resigns her beauty's charms.
  Long time Adonio, with his lovely dame,
Indulg'd in bliss; in her an equal flame
The fairy rais'd; and ever at her side
To all her wants a ready aid supply'd.
  Through every sign the sun pursu'd his round,
Ere yet the judge his wish'd dismission found:
At length he came, but came with doubt dismay'd,
For what the prescient seer had once display'd:

Soon as he reach'd his home, with eager pace
His friend he sought, foreboding his disgrace,
And ask'd if virtuous still his wife maintain'd
Her faith unsully'd, or her fame had stain'd.
Th' astrologer the polar aspect trac'd,
And in their points each fatal planet plac'd,
Then answer'd, all had chanc'd he once foretold,
For sordid gain his consort's honour sold.
This answer, sharper than a sword or dart,
With pungent anguish thrill'd the doctor's heart.
No longer doubt remain'd—yet would he know
Each little step that work'd his cureless woe:
For this he drew the beldame-crone aside,
And every art to learn the truth he try'd:
But she, with looks unchang'd, each charge deny'd.
This prov'd in vain, he waited next till strife,
Between the beldame and his faithless wife,
Might what he sought disclose; for well he knew
Where females live, still jars and chidings grew.
Thus, as he hop'd, one day, with anger fraught
Against her dame, the beldame nurse unsought
Address'd the judge; no longer she conceal'd
The killing tale, but all the truth reveal'd.
'Twere hard to tell what cruel pangs possess'd,
What grief, what madness, fill'd the doctor's breast.
He groan'd—he rav'd—now death resolv'd to try,
The wretch's hope; but first his wife must die:
Their streaming blood, by one sad weapon spilt,
Must him from anguish free, and her from guilt.
With thoughts like these the wretched husband burn'd,
And to the city, bent on death, return'd;

Thence to his wife a trusty menial sent,
Instructed well to act his dire intent.
He bade him to the village seats repair,
And to Argia's ear this message bear;
That, by a fever's rage each vital power
Opprest, he fears she ne'er will see him more:
Hence (if the thoughts of love or duty sway)
She with the faithful guide would bend her way
To where in sickness on his bed he lay.
As thus deceiv'd he knew his wretched wife
Would deem no snare conceal'd against her life,
He charg'd the guide in some sequester'd place
To expiate with her blood his past disgrace.
Prepar'd to act his patron's dire intent,
The trusty envoy to his mistress went:
Her faithful dog the fair Argia took,
Her palfrey mounted, and her home forsook.
The dog had warn'd her of some evil near,
Yet bade her go, and go secure from fear,
Since he, her guard, with well experienc'd power,
Would yield assistance in the dangerous hour.
They journey'd till they reach'd a crystal flood
From towering Apennine, where near it stood
A gloomy forest, black with tufted shade,
And here her guide, who, with design, had stray'd,
From towns and cities far, with look mysterious stay'd.
This place he deem'd well suited to fulfil
The cruel purpose of his master's will.
His sword he drew, and to the dame declar'd
The judge's mandate, and the death prepar'd;
But, pitying, warn'd her, ere the deadly stroke,
Offended Heaven for mercy to invoke.

What secret magic could his aim deceive!
For when he rais'd his weapon to bereave
The dame of life, she vanish'd from his eyes,
And left him pale and speechless, with surprise.
Around he sought her long, but sought in vain;
Then, baffled, to his patron turn'd again;
And told, but told with scarce recover'd breath,
Some miracle had sav'd his wife from death.
Full little thought the judge that, near her side,
The fairy Manto every need supply'd.
The beldame-crone that all the rest reveal'd
(I know not why) had this alone conceal'd.
What shall he do? His honour unredrest,
He still must groan, with load on load opprest:
Her fault to few disclos'd, he fears that fame
Will now divulge, and wider spread his shame:
One chance might rest conceal'd; but this made known,
From tongue to tongue would through the world be blown:
He deems, that since the servant's lips disclos'd
His vengeful thoughts against her life dispos'd,
She ever from her dreaded home to fly,
Would to some lover, in her fears, apply,
Of power to hold her from a husband's claim,
And in derision bear his injur'd name;
Perchance, with deeper guilt than lawless love,
His wife's adulterer and his ruffian prove.
Hence in her search, such evil to prevent,
Letters and messages around he sent,
To every town in Lombardy's extent.

Himself in person tidings strove to gain;
But every message, every search was vain.
At length the slave he call'd; the slave, whose hand
Was charg'd to execute his dire command,
And bade him thither lead, where late, he said,
Argia from his eyes so strangely fled;
Who, hid in brakes, by day had mock'd his sight,
And found, perchance, some sheltering roof at night.
The slave his patron led, where, midst the wood,
Once dark with shades, a stately structure stood:
The fair Argia, with her guardian's aid,
This wondrous palace by enchantment made
Of alabaster, beauteous to behold;
Within, without, the building flam'd with gold.
No fancy can conceive, no tongue declare,
Within how wealthy, and without how fair.
The dome thou saw'st but yester night, compar'd
With this a cottage, scarcely claims regard.
Here richest silks, and hangings from the loom
Of brightest work, adorn'd each lofty room:
Above, below, in every part alike,
A thousand charms the dazzled senses strike.
Here vessels, wrought of gold and silver, flam'd:
There concave gems, red, green, and azure, fram'd
In plates or vases, crown'd the festive board;
And wardrobes shone with vests embroider'd stor'd.
The judge arriving (as the verse has told)
With wonder gaz'd the building to behold,
When here he thought nor hut nor cottage stood,
But dreary wilds, lone paths, and tangled wood.
He gaz'd, and paus'd, and scarce his sight believ'd,
In doubt some dream his wandering sense deceiv'd.

A female Æthiop at the gate was seen,
Of feature so deform'd, so loath'd a mien,
That ne'er before, nor since, the world around,
Could such a foul mishapen wretch be found.
Thick were her lips, and huge her pimpled nose;
Her humpen back above her shoulders rose:
She seem'd a beggar of the lowest tribe:
No words can half her filth obscene describe;
But such a hag to Paradise convey'd,
Had wither'd by her looks the blissful shade.
Anselmo wish'd to learn what prince or peer
Might there reside: the hag alone was near:
To her he then with courteous words apply'd:
"This house is mine"—the filthy Æthiop cry'd.
The judge believ'd she spoke in jesting vein:
But she, with many an oath, affirm'd again
The house was hers—inviting him at will
The gate to enter, and behold his fill.

Ver. 990. *A female Æthiop*—] A liberty is here taken with the original, in varying the circumstance of the story, too gross to admit of the most distant allusion. We have before seen from Ruscelli, that Ariosto had expunged two stanzas from the xxvth book as too licentious; and the same Ruscelli further informs us, that Ariosto, in his own printed copy, had particularly marked this passage, undoubtedly with design to change the offensive circumstance; and observes, that it was exceedingly to be wished, that the poet had removed this blemish from so glorious a poem. The translator had given this part of the story another turn before he met with this passage of Ruscelli, and is happy to adduce such authority for the alterations he has made, as he may seem thus but to conform to the last intention of the poet himself, had he lived to give the world another edition of his Orlando. Is it not some kind of reproach on the Italian editors, that in the editions subsequent to 1533, the objectionable parts pointed out by Ariosto had not been expunged?

And freely, for himself or friends, to bear
From thence whate'er he valu'd rich or rare.
Anselmo to a menial gave in haste
His steed to hold, and o'er the threshold pass'd;
Through chambers, halls, his sordid guide pursu'd,
And every part with equal wonder view'd;
The form, the scite, the ornaments that grace
Each hall, each roof; the riches of the place.
Not all beneath the sun (full oft he cries)
To purchase such a palace can suffice.
To him in few the brutal hag rejoin'd:
And yet this palace has its price assign'd,
Though silver nought we prize nor glittering gold,
Yet will it at an easier rate be sold.
She said; and made the judge the same request,
Which to his wife Adonio once address'd.
Her beastly love the judge indignant spurn'd,
And from the filthy hag resentful turn'd;
But thrice repuls'd, still more the beldame woo'd,
And with such soothing art her suit pursu'd,
Her palace offering for the beastly hire,
At length she bent him to her foul desire.
His wife Argia, in the dome conceal'd,
Who him so taken in her fault beheld,
Leapt sudden forth, and thus aloud exclaim'd:
Is this the reverend judge for wisdom fam'd?
That thus his learned function can debase
With such a hag, the scum of human race!
Think how the doctor look'd, think how he stood
Abash'd and mute! how flush'd his cheek with blood:
How oft he wish'd that earth would open wide,
And his transgression in the centre hide!

The wife, who from herself would turn the blame
By heap'd reproaches on Anselmo's shame,
Pursu'd—What punishment should'st thou receive,
Who me, relentless, would'st of life bereave,
For yielding to a lover's soft assault,
When Love and Nature might excuse the fault?
A youth, accomplish'd in his form and mind,
A gift that leaves this palace far behind!
If death I seem'd to merit at thy hands,
Know that thy crime a hundred deaths demands.
But though I here maintain the sovereign will,
Sole mistress of thy fate—to save, or kill—
Yet shall I now no further vengeance take
For thy transgression, but this league to make:
Lay by the husband—henceforth let us live
In lasting peace, and all the past forgive:
In word or deed I ne'er will more repine
At thy offence, nor shalt thou censure mine.
Thus she: the husband well approves the terms;
He seals her pardon, and the peace confirms:
With mutual confidence they homeward steer,
And ever after hold each other dear.

The pilot thus; and with his tale beguil'd
The tedious hour, while good Rinaldo smil'd
To hear the chance, yet pity'd much the shame
So deeply planted on the doctor's name.
He prais'd Argia much, whose wit had set,
For such a bird, her well-invented net;
Caught in that snare, in which (though truth to tell
With less reproach) herself so lately fell.

When now the Sun from high his beams had shed,
The Paladin commands the board to spread,
For which the Mantuan's hospitable care
Supply'd exhaustless store of costly fare.
Now to the left they leave a fertile land,
Vast fens extending on their better hand:
Argenta now appears, and now it flies;
And now the castle where Santerno lies.
As yet beside the stream no Bastia stands,
Where since, with little boast, the Spanish bands
Their standards bring; but where the Italian train
Attempt, with greater loss, the fort to gain.
Thence, with full speed, the sinewy rowers force
The flying bark along the river's course:
Till by a stagnant pool they bend their way,
And reach Ravenna's towers at noon of day.
Though good Rinaldo oft was little stor'd
With ready coin, at least he can afford
So much at parting thence his thanks to show,
And on the crew some light reward bestow.
Then, changing steeds, his journey he pursu'd,
And Rimeni, at close of evening, view'd;
Nor would at Montefior till morning wait,
But reach'd, with rising Sol, Urbino's gate.

Ver. 1076. *Argenta now—*] Argenta, a castle eighteen miles from Ferrara.

Ver. 1079. *Where since, with little boast,* &c.] Bastia, where the Spaniards suffered such a defeat from Alphonso. See Book xlii. Note to ver. i. &c.

No Guido then, no Frederico there
Resided; no Elisabetta fair;
Nor Leonora, nor Francesco nam'd
In later times; for these a knight so fam'd
With courteous welcome had awhile constrain'd
To rest with honour in their seats detain'd;
Such courteous welcome as they since have paid
To every noble knight or virtuous maid.
Since none appear'd his courser's reins to take,
Rinaldo hasten'd Cagli to forsake;
And to the mountain thence impatient sped,
Their streams where Gauno and Metaurus led.
The Apennine he past; and now no more
Beheld it on the right; then journey'd o'er
The Ombrian and Etruscan realms; then view'd
Imperial Rome; to Ostia then pursu'd
His rapid way; and next by sea he gains
An ancient town, where near in hallow'd plains,
Anchises' pious son interr'd his sire's remains.

Ver. 1094. *Guido, Frederico—*

Elisabetta, Leonora —] Frederico di Montefeltro, a man beloved by all for his many virtues; of him and his wife Baptista was born a son, called Guidobaldo (or Guido) heir to his father's virtues. After his death Francesco Maria delle Revere was created duke of Urbino, and married Leonora, daughter of Gonzaga. Elisabetta was wife of Guidobaldo. All these persons appear to have lived in the time of Ariosto, and to have resided at Ferrara.

Ver. 1102. *—— his courser's reins to take,*] To stop him with a friendly welcome, to entertain him hospitably.

Ver. 1103. *Cagli*—] Cagli was long in possession of the dukes of Urbino.

Ver. 1105. *Gauno and Metaurus* —] Gauno, a small river, that has now probably lost its name. Metaurus, a river famous for the death of Asdrubal.

His vessel here he chang'd, and to the shore
Of Lipadusa's isle his voyage bore;
That isle the champions for their list design'd,
That isle, where since the six in battle join'd.
Rinaldo urg'd the jolly sailor train,
With oars and sails, to cleave the briny main.
At speed they fly; but adverse winds detain'd
His tardy vessel from the wish'd-for land.
He came, but came what time Anglante's knight
Had reap'd the laurels of the glorious fight;
King Agramant and king Gradasso kill'd:
Yet hard the conquest of the sanguine field;
Great Monodante's son was now no more;
And pale in anguish on the sea-beat shore
Lay Olivero, feeble with his pain,
Whose foot no longer would his bulk sustain.
The noble earl could not his tears with-hold,
When good Rinaldo he embrac'd, and told
The death of Brandimart, their friend belov'd,
In every chance of arms and friendship prov'd.
Not less Rinaldo, when the knight he view'd
With helmet cleft, his mournful cheeks bedew'd.
Then Olivero in his arms he press'd,
And with consoling words each chief address'd,
While much himself repin'd, that late he came,
Too late to share their dangers and their fame.
Now to the town destroy'd the menial train
Of Agramant and stern Gradasso slain,
Each breathless corse with duteous care convey'd,
And in the ruins of Biserta laid.
Meanwhile the conquest by Orlando won,
To Sansonetto and Astolpho known,

Great joy in each infus'd, though damp'd to hear
The mournful end of one they held so dear:
The death of Brandimart each heart depress'd,
Each face the signs of deep-felt grief confess'd.
Ah! which of these who lov'd his friend so well,
To Flordelis the killing news shall tell?
As Flordelis at night in slumber lay,
The night preceding that unhappy day,
She dreamt the mantle which her pious care
Had fashion'd for her Brandimart to wear,
His ornament in fight, now, strange to view,
Was sprinkled o'er with drops of sanguine hue:
She thought her erring hand the vest had stain'd,
And thus in slumber to herself complain'd.
" Did not my lord command these hands to make
" His vests, his mantle, all of mournful black?
" Why have I then against his bidding spread
" The sable ground with fearful spots of red?"
Ill omens thence she drew—Th' ensuing night
Arriv'd the tidings of the glorious fight;
Astolpho yet conceal'd, with tender fear,
A truth too dreadful for a wife to hear:
Till now, with Sansonetto join'd, he came
(A mournful pair) before the boding dame.
Soon as she view'd the face of either chief,
In such a conquest clouded o'er with grief,
No more was needful—her distracted thought
Too well-divin'd the fatal news they brought:
Chill grew her heart, and sickening at the light,
Her closing eyes were cover'd o'er with night:
Senseless and pallid, stretch'd on earth she lay,
And look'd a wretched corse of lifeless clay.

Her sense returning, frantic with despair,
She call'd her much-lov'd lord—she rent her hair—
She bruis'd with cruel hands her groaning breast,
She rav'd as if some fiend her soul possess'd.
So seem'd the Menades, when wide were borne
Their shouts and clamours with the maddening horn.
From this, from that, she begg'd some sword or dart,
Some weapon's point to pierce her to the heart.
Now would she seek the ship that to the shore
The corse of either Pagan monarch bore,
On their remains with momentary rage
To glut her vengeance and her grief assuage:
Now would she pass the seas, to seek where dy'd
Her better half, and perish by his side.
Why did I leave thee, O! my Brandimart!
On such a day without me to depart!
I saw thee go—I fainted at the view—
Why did not Flordelis her lord pursue?
Had I been present in the hour of fight,
My eyes had watch'd thee with a lover's sight;

Ver. 1181. *So seem'd the Menades—*] The Menades were certain dames, or priestesses, who celebrated by night the rites of Bacchus, with hair dishevelled, with wild and frantic gestures, bearing in their hands spears twisted with ivy leaves, and horns which they sounded from time to time, in honour of their God.

Ver. 1191. *Why did I leave thee, O! my Brandimart!*] Nothing can be more pathetic than the passages that relate to the death of Brandimart: the complaint of Flordelis, the affecting and natural circumstances of her dream the night before she hears the news; the funeral obsequies performed by night in the island of Sicily, where the mention of Ætna gives a further solemnity to the scene; the behaviour of Orlando upon the occasion; and lastly, the death of Flordelis, are all circumstances finely imagined, and most poetically painted!

When fell Gradasso rais'd behind his blade,
My single cry had given thee saving aid.
My speed perhaps had rush'd between, and found
The happy time to take thy threaten'd wound:
My head, for thine, had met the Pagan sword,
A worthless ransom for my bosom's lord!
Yet will I die—though now my parting breath
Avails not thee, nor profits aught my death.
But had I dy'd for thee—what heavenly power
To better use could bless my dying hour?
Had cruel fate, or Heaven averse withstood
My pious aid to save thy dearer blood,
At least I had obtain'd the mournful bliss,
To bathe with tears, to press with many a kiss
Thy ashy cheek, and ere with sons of light
Thy soul had to her Maker wing'd its flight,
I might have said—To heavenly peace ascend;
Thy flight ere long shall Flordelis attend!——
Thus canst thou, Brandimart, thy consort leave,
And is it thus thy sceptre I receive!
With thee at Damogira thus I meet!
And thus thou shar'st with me thy regal seat!
How, ruthless Fortune! hast thou clouded o'er
My future prospects—hope is now no more!
Since I have lost this good, all comfort dies!
And not another wish the world supplies!
In words like these the fair afflicted mourns,
And now again her frantic rage returns;

Ver. 1197. *When fell Gradasso*, &c.] The Italian commentators have candidly observed, that it does not appear how Flordelis came to the knowledge of the exact manner of Brandimart's death.

Ver. 1217. *Damogira*.] The capital of the kingdom of Monadant, mentioned by Boyardo.

Again with cruel hand her cheeks she tears,
Beats her white breast, and rends her scatter'd hairs.
But leave the dame awhile to plaints and tears,
And let us seek Orlando and his peers.
Orlando wishes for his kinsman's weal,
To find some leech his dreadful hurt to heal;
And on his breathless Brandimart bestow
Such honour'd rites as friends to friendship owe.
The mountain now he sought*, whose flaming ray
Dispels the night, whose smoke obscures the day:
Propitious blew the wind, and, to the right,
Not distant far, the island rose in sight.
Soon as the sun declin'd to evening shade,
The busy mariners their anchors weigh'd,
While from her horns, to light their watery road,
The silent goddess trembled on the flood.
By dawn of day they trod the destin'd shore,
And thence their course to Agrigento bore;
And here Orlando on th' ensuing night
Bade all prepare to grace the funeral rite.
The pomp dispos'd, when now the sun had left
The fading sky, and earth of light bereft,
Amidst the peers, that, call'd by flying fame,
From distant towns to Agrigento came:
Amidst bright torches kindling all the strand:
Amidst loud cries and groans on every hand,
Orlando to the breathless body turn'd
Of him so lov'd in life, in death so mourn'd.
Bardino there, with years and sorrow bow'd,
Beside the sable bier lamented loud:

* Ætna.

Ver. 1248. *Agrigento*--] The capital of Sicily.

His eyes, that in the ship had pour'd a tide
Of briny tears, their fountains still supply'd.
He rav'd at Heaven, his cruel stars deplor'd,
And, like a lion pin'd in sickness, roar'd:
With frantic, trembling, wither'd hands he tore
His wrinkled flesh, and rent his tresses hoar.
Soon as the crowds the earl approaching view'd,
Each with shrill sound his plaints and cries renew'd.
Orlando near the corse, with sad survey
Awhile in silence gaz'd, as prone it lay,
Pale as Acanthus, or some fading flower,
Untimely cropt at morn or evening hour;
Deeply he sigh'd, and bending still a look,
Fix'd on his lifeless friend, at length he spoke.
O my brave friend! companion of my love!
Who, dying here, surviv'st in bliss above!
A happy life thou gain'st, no more to know
The toils and changes of our world below.
Forgive me now th' involuntary tear,
That mourns I still am doom'd to linger here:
I weep not thou art fled from earth's annoy,
But weep I cannot live with thee in joy.
Here am I left—thou taken from my sight,
What is there more t' afford my soul delight?
Distress and toil with thee inur'd to bear,
Why should I not thy peace and triumph share?
Great is my guilt, still clos'd in mortal clay,
Forbid to follow on thy glorious way.

Ver. 1268. ——*at length he spoke*——] Tasso has followed this beautiful passage, which Ariosto had first drawn from Virgil, at the death of Pallas. The speech of Godfrey over the dead body of Dudon, nearly resembles this of Orlando; but the description of the funeral is more solemn in the Furioso than in the Jerusalem.

If I with thee could every loss sustain,
Why am I not a partner in thy gain?
Alone thou gain'st, and I alone have lost;
Thou blest in Heaven,—I here in trouble tost!
France, Germany, and Italy shall know
Thy death too surely, and partake my woe.
How will my kinsman *, and my lord lament!
How will the Paladins their sorrows vent!
How will our church and empire rue the day
That snatch'd, in thee, their best defence away!
How shall thy death the Pagan world relieve,
What strength and courage will the foes receive!
What must thy consort feel?—I see her eyes
All drown'd in tears! I hear her piercing cries!
Me she accuses, and must ever hate
To think through me her lord has met his fate!
Yet, Flordelis! one comfort shall remain
Amidst the anguish which his friends sustain,
That every knight who risks for fame his breath,
May envy Brandimart his glorious death.
Not he in Rome's dire gulph absorb'd and lost,
The Decii fam'd, or Codrus, Argos' boast!

* Charles.

Ver. 1303. *Not he in Rome's dire gulph*—] Marcus Curtius, a noble Roman, who is said to have devoted himself to death. In the middle of the Roman forum, suddenly appeared an immense opening in the earth, which the people in vain endeavouring to fill up, at length had recourse to the oracle, and received for answer, that the gulph could only be closed by that in which consisted the strength of Rome. On this, Marcus Curtius, as if to show that arms and virtue were the true support of the city, put on his armour, and mounting his horse, leapt headlong into the gulph, which immediately closed upon him.

Ver. 1304. *The Decii fam'd, or Codrus*—] The two Decii, father and son, who devoted themselves to death for their country. Codrus,

Could nobler fall, and in their fall bestow
More than his country to thy lord shall owe.
Thus spoke Orlando o'er the warrior dead;
And now the priests their long procession led,
Black, white, and grey; while all the hallow'd train,
In order rang'd, pac'd slowly o'er the plain,
Imploring GOD, among the spirits blest,
To take the champion's soul to endless rest.
Innumerous torches pierc'd the veil of night,
And seem'd to emulate departed light.
The corse is rais'd; and thence the weight to bear,
Peers, nobles, knights, the honour'd contest share:
A pall of purple o'er the bier was spread,
Where gold and jewels mingled splendor shed:
Nor less the couch and pillow shone, embost
With sparkling gems, and wrought with art and cost:
Here stretch'd at length the lifeless knight was laid
In purple vests, of richest work, array'd.
Three hundred first selected through the land,
Of humble order, led the solemn band,
All cloth'd alike in vestments long, that clung
Around their limbs, and to their ankles hung.
A hundred pages next, and each a steed
Of mighty size bestrode, and warlike breed:
The steed and page alike in sable veil'd,
Along the ground their mourning vesture trail'd.
Before, behind, unnumber'd banners rais'd
With various ensigns and devices blaz'd

king of Athens, devoted himself in the same manner to death, the oracle having declared, that Athens would be victorious if their king fell by the hands of the enemy.

Around the hearse—the trophies of his might
From conquer'd legions won in dangerous fight:
All gain'd to Cæsar's and to Peter's power
By force that, now extinct, shall gain no more.
Than many a shield from many a warrior torn,
With proud impresses by their masters worn.
Two hundred then pursu'd, in ranks ordain'd
To swell the pomp: each better hand sustain'd
A kindled torch, and, like the rest, conceal'd
In mournful black, nor mien nor face reveal'd.
Orlando follow'd next, with stifled sighs,
The tear big swelling in his manly eyes.
Rinaldo then no less of grief betray'd:
But Olivero by his foot was stay'd.
'Twere long each ceremonial to rehearse,
And paint the solemn obsequies in verse;
What funeral gifts were made, what vestures fram'd
In various guise, what countless torches flam'd!
Now to the hallow'd fane their steps they bent,
Nor left a cheek unmoisten'd as they went.
His goodness, valour, youth, and grace engage
The grief of either sex, and every age.
Amidst the fane each pious office done
Of unavailing tears and female moan:
Soon as the holy priests, in heavenly strain,
Their prayers had chanted o'er the warrior slain,
Within a tomb of polish'd stone compos'd,
On two fair pillars rais'd, the corse they clos'd:
O'er this, inwrought with gold, Orlando threw
A costly mantle of impurpled hue,

Ver. 1333. *All gain'd to Cæsar's and to Peter's power*] That is, subjected to the emperor and the pope.

The dead to honour, till his love could raise
A structure worthier of the warrior's praise!
Orlando, ere he left Sicilia's isle,
Rare costly marbles for the sumptuous pile,
From various parts procur'd with studious care;
Rich porphyry and alabaster fair.
He form'd the plan, and every artist skill'd
Employ'd, with high rewards, the tomb to build.
And Flordelis, when to the isle she came,
Rich columns added to th' unfinish'd frame,
Which, when Orlando left Sicilia's shore,
The hapless dame, prepar'd, from Afric bore.
But when she found no tears her grief suffice,
Nor her sad soul reliev'd with endless sighs;
Nor prayers, nor masses for the dead addrest,
Appease the anguish of her wounded breast;
She there decreed her fix'd abode to make,
Till life's warm spirit should its hold forsake.
Then in the tomb she fram'd her dreary cell,
Alone, secluded from the world to dwell.
Full many a message to the mournful dame
Orlando sent; himself in person came
To take her thence, and with provision fair
Had trusted her to Galerana's care:

Ver. 1386. ——*Galcrana's care*.—] It does not appear in this poem who is meant by Galarena or Galerana, though the name is often to be met with in Boyardo, but without any explanation.

Era qui nella sola Galerana.

Orl. Inn. B. i. C. i.

But in the romance of *Aspramonte*, it appears that Galerana was wife to Charlemain.

Or would she rather with her sire reside,
Himself to Lizza would the mourner guide;
Or, at his cost, a cloister'd mansion raise
To dedicate to God her remnant days.
But in the sepulchre unmov'd she stay'd,
There night and day with holy fervour pray'd,
Though few the hours that thus her life she led,
For soon the Parcæ shear'd her vital thread.
Already from that isle, where bards have told
The Cyclops once were wont their place to hold,
The three brave knights of France with heavy mind
Departing, mourn'd the fourth they left behind;
But ere the warriors would the land forsake,
They sought with them some skilful leech to take
For Olivero's foot, which, sore aggriev'd,
No lenient rest, no healing salve reliev'd.
While deep he groan'd, opprest with shooting pain,
They pitying heard; and while they stood in vain
In deep debate, a thought the pilot mov'd,
When thus he spoke, and each the advice approv'd.
Not far remote (he said) a rock there stood,
On which a hermit made his lone abode,
With whom none ever, at his greatest need,
Had fail'd in aid or counsel to succeed.
Wonders he wrought that Heaven to man denies;
He made the blind to see, the dead to rise:
He, with the cross, could hush the winds asleep,
And still to calm the roarings of the deep:

Ver. 1394. *—the Parcæ shear'd,* &c.] Here concludes the affecting episode of Flordelis, whose death forms an amiable contrast to the popular story of the Ephesian matron.

And would they seek the man to God so dear,
They soon might find, releas'd of every fear,
Good Olivero from his hurts reliev'd;
Since oft the Saint had greater deeds achiev'd.
Orlando heard, and bade, without delay,
Steer to the hallow'd seat their rapid way:
With course direct they cut the briny tide,
And at Aurora's dawn the rock descry'd:
The bark, directed by the skilful crew,
Now near the shelfy land securely drew:
There by the menial train and seamen's aid,
The groaning marquis in the skiff they laid,
And through the dashing brine of billows hoar,
In safety landed on the craggy shore,
Where dwelt the sage, who to Rogero gave
The rite baptismal in the cleansing wave.
Heaven's holy servant, who in CHRIST believ'd,
With joy Orlando and his friends receiv'd;
With looks complacent every knight he bless'd;
And now enquir'd on what adventure prest,
They reach'd his cell; though by the saints foretaught,
He knew what cause the warriors thither brought.
Orlando told his purpose, to implore
Some healing aid his kinsman to restore;
Whom, fighting for the faith, his friends with grief
Beheld in anguish hopeless of relief.
The hermit bade them every doubt remove,
And promis'd Olivero soon should prove
His saving power; but since nor healing juice,
Medicines or simples could the rock produce;
The church he sought; there to his Saviour pray'd;
Then issu'd forth, secure of heavenly aid;

And now, by name th' ETERNAL THREE address'd,
With hand outstretch'd the feeble knight he bless'd.
O! virtue given to those who CHRIST adore!
Good Olivero felt his pains no more!
Firmly he trod, with more than strength renew'd;
While sage Sobrino, near, the wonder view'd.
Each day Sobrino's strength was more depress'd,
Each day the anguish of his wounds increas'd:
But when he, through the hermit's saving word,
Beheld the knight by miracle restor'd;
No more his soul will Mahomet believe,
But CHRIST in future for his GOD receive:
And, humble, penitent, he begg'd the sire
To grant the baptism our rites require.
He said; the sage his suit approv'd, and gave
The Christian cleansing in the limpid wave.
Nor this alone——with holy prayers he heal'd
His wounds, his strength renew'd, his pains dispell'd,
Not less Orlando, and each noble knight,
Rejoic'd to see the truth of Christian light
Disperse the Pagan darkness, than to see
Their lov'd compeer from pain and danger free.
But greater joy Rogero's soul confess'd,
While livelier faith and hope confirm'd his breast.
Rogero, by the tempest thither cast,
His hours in converse with the sage had past,
Who 'midst the warriors now in semblance mild,
With useful lore the well-spent day beguil'd;
Taught them to steer through this bad world of strife,
Of wretchedness——unjustly titled life;
Esteem'd by fools! and warn'd them not to miss
The road that leads to everlasting bliss.

Now bade Orlando from the vessel bear
Bread, wine, and viands, store of grateful fare,
To heap the genial board; and these he plac'd
Before the man of God, whose simple taste,
Long us'd to roots and pulse, he gently press'd
To share with them a more luxurious feast.
Their spirits thus refresh'd with wine and food,
The knights and hermit their discourse renew'd;
And, as it oft befalls in social wise,
When round the circle vary'd subjects rise,
At length Rogero (whose high deeds were blown
Throughout the world) was to Orlando known.
Then Olivero, and Rinaldo found
In him that youth so far in arms renown'd;
Nor had till then Rinaldo mark'd the knight,
With whom so late he met in listed fight.
Sobrino knew the young Rogero well,
When first he met him at the hermit's cell,
Yet held his peace: but when the rest had heard
That this was he, Rogero so rever'd
For warlike feats—all eager round him press'd,
And each with open look and smiles address'd:
One grasp'd his hand; one close embracing held;
One on his cheek the kiss of friendship seal'd:
But chief the lord of Mount Albano strove
To greet him with a brother's warmth of love.
Why he above the rest, I now conceal,
But with the book ensuing shall reveal.

END OF THE FORTY-THIRD BOOK.

THE

FORTY-FOURTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

THE ARGUMENT.

RINALDO promises his sister Bradamant to Rogero, at the instigation of the hermit, and with the concurrence of Orlando. The knights take their leave of the hermit, and sail to Marseilles. Astolpho dismisses the forces of king Senapus, who repair to their own country, and the duke himself returns to France, where he meets at Marseilles with Orlando, Rinaldo, Rogero, Olivero, and Sobrino. Charles, and all his nobles, prepare to welcome the conquering knights, who enter the gates of Paris in triumph. Great festival on the occasion. Dispute between Amon and his son Rinaldo concerning Bradamant, whom Amon had promised to Leon, son of the emperor Constantine. Distress of Bradamant and Rogero. The singular request of Bradamant to the emperor. She is taken away from the court by Amon, and closely confined in a castle. Rogero resolves to kill his rival Leon, and departs in disguise from Paris, attended with a single squire. He arrives at Belgrado, where he assists the Bulgarians, commanded by their king, against the Greeks commanded by Constantine and Leon, and entirely defeats the latter. Leon, in admiration of the valour of the strange knight, conceives a secret friendship for him. Gratitude of the Bulgarians. Rogero departs in pursuit of Leon.

THE

FORTY-FOURTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

OFT in the lowly roof, the humble cell
Of poverty, where pain and sorrow dwell,
Sincerer virtues in the breast we meet
Than in the stately dome and regal seat;
Where lords and kings are nurs'd in courtly wiles,
Midst deep suspicions and insidious smiles;
Where love and charity no place can claim,
And sacred friendship lives not but in name.
Kings, popes, and emperors, leagues of peace compose,
To-day are friends, to-morrow deadly foes:
Whate'er they seem, their thoughts in secret bear
No semblance oft to what their lips declare:
Nor right nor wrong they heed, but only prize
Those measures most, where most advantage lies!
All these in courts have ne'er the blessings try'd
Of godlike truth, for truth can ne'er reside,
Where, or in deep debate, or sportive vein,
The tongue, in speaking, speaks not but to feign:

Yet these, when once by adverse fortune led
Beneath the covert of some rustic shed,
May bend their souls to friendship's purer lore,
And taste a happiness unknown before!
The holy hermit in his cell could prove
More certain means to bind in cordial love
His noble guests, than courts could e'er dispense,
With all the turns of winning eloquence:
Their concord, firmly knit, shall ever live,
And death alone its fatal period give.
The saint with pleasure view'd each generous mind,
Where boldest hearts with gentlest manners join'd,
And truth, more white than swans, in native lustre shin'd.
Dissention now was chas'd from every thought,
The traces of each past offence forgot;
Nor warmer marks of friendship had they show'd,
Born of one race, and nurtur'd of one blood.
The Lord of Mount Albano first address'd
Renown'd Rogero, and the youth caress'd,
As one himself had found so well to wield
His glorious weapons in the listed field;
As one, whose courtesy so late he prov'd,
For courtesy o'er every knight belov'd!
But chiefly gratitude employ'd his thought,
On all Rogero for his race had wrought.
He knew his arm had Richardetto freed,
By Spain's offended king to death decreed,

Ver. 45. *By Spain's offended king*, &c,] The reader will here recollect the adventure of Richardetto in the xxvth Book, who, having been condemned by Marsilius to be burnt alive for an intrigue with his daughter Flordespina, was delivered by Rogero.

When in his daughter's bed the guard surpris'd
The amorous youth, in female weeds disguis'd:
By him, he knew, was either noble son
Of Buovo (as the tale before has shown)
Freed from the Saracen's unpitying bands,
From Bertolagi and Maganza's hands.
Such service done Rinaldo's generous mind
To love and honour the brave youth inclin'd;
And much he griev'd, so long forbid to pay
The debt he ow'd, till this auspicious day.
While one in Afric's Pagan court remain'd,
And one the cause of royal Charles maintain'd;
All greeting was deny'd—but when he view'd
Rogero here by hallow'd rites renew'd
To Christian life, full gladly he embrac'd
The wish'd occasion to redeem the past;
And zealous vows of future service made,
And grateful thanks and endless honours paid.
  The holy sire, who saw with placid look
The cordial greeting, on their converse broke,
And thus began—No further can remain
(And this I trust without repulse to gain)
But since by friendship you are drawn so nigh,
The bond to strengthen with a nearer tye,
Since from your houses join'd (whose separate name
Beholds no equal in the world of fame)
A line shall come, whose lustre must efface
The rays of Sol, throughout his annual race;
Whose honours shall descend from year to year,
And distant ages their renown revere;
While in their spheres the starry orbs are roll'd:
So God reveals, so bids me now unfold.

Thus spoke the holy sire, and more he said,
Though less requir'd Rinaldo to persuade,
Who gladly to Rogero's vows resign'd
His Bradamant, the happy league to bind.
Good Olivero and Anglante's lord
Much prais'd between the knights the fair accord;
And deem'd that Charles and Amon must approve,
With all the realm of France, this noble love.
Thus they; but little yet to them was known
That Amon, by consent of Pepin's son*,
To Greece dispatch'd an envoy, with design
To treat with Greece's emperor Constantine;
Who for his son had ask'd the martial fair,
Leon his son, his mighty empire's heir;
Who, though unseen, enamour'd of the dame
By distant rumour, felt the lover's flame.
Amon reply'd, that ere himself pursu'd
The treaty, such a marriage to conclude,
He to Rinaldo must the cause report;
Rinaldo absent then from Charles's court;
Who, soon returning, would, with joy sincere
The welcome news of such alliance hear:
Yet, for the love he bore his noble son,
He wish'd him to complete the league begun.
Meanwhile Rinaldo, from his father's view
Remote, of Leon's suit no tidings knew,
But, with Orlando's full consent, design'd
His sister's with Rogero's hand to bind;
While all the knights their union blest approv'd,
But chief the hermit, who such union mov'd;

* Charlemain.

Who deem'd that Amon would no less rejoice
At such a son of good Rinaldo's choice.
That day and night, and half th' ensuing day,
In converse with the blest recluse they stay,
Unmindful of their ship, though now the gales
With prosperous breath invite the ready sails.
The mariners impatiently attend
Their tardy lords, and many a message send
To urge their voyage, till the knightly crew
Prepare to bid the holy sage adieu.
Rogero, who so long an exile prov'd,
Nor ever from the rock his feet remov'd,
A farewel of his sage instructor took,
Through whom his errors he for truth forsook,
Orlando by Rogero's side his sword
Replac'd; to him Frontino he restor'd,
With Hector's arms, and thus his love express'd,
Since these he knew the knight had once possess'd.
But though the Paladin might better claim
A title to the sword of magic fame,
Which he, with toil and peril huge obtain'd,
In Falerina's dreadful garden gain'd,
Than could Rogero, who the weapon ow'd
To him, whose gift Frontino had bestow'd,
A lawless thief! yet this, with generous mind,
Orlando with his other arms resign'd.

Ver. 129. *In Falerina's dreadful garden*, &c.] See note to Book xli. ver. 192, for the full account of this adventure.

Ver. 131. *To him, whose gift Frontino*, &c.] Brunello, who gave his horse and sword to Rogero, as related at full in the General View of Boyardo's Story.

The pious hermit bless'd the warlike train,
Departing now their vessel to regain:
The seamen plung'd their oars beneath the wave,
And to the favouring winds their canvas gave.
Calm was the sky; nor vows nor prayers they need,
For fair Marseilles their rapid course to speed.
The port secur'd, we leave them there to stay,
Till brave Astolpho thither we convey.
When duke Astolpho had the conquest known,
(A bloody conquest, by the victor won
With little joy) and deem'd that France no more
Could fear an insult from the Pagan power:
He purpos'd that with all his numerous bands,
The king of Nubia to his native lands
Should homeward now his former course pursue,
By which he late against Biserta drew.
Already from Ugero's son* return'd
The fleet, whose meeting Afric's lord had mourn'd,
When, wonders new! scarce leaving every ship,
The sable bands had issu'd from the deep,
Sudden the poop and prow no more appear'd,
No more the cords are strain'd, the masts are rear'd;
Each vanish'd bark its ancient form receives,
And all th' Armada shrinks again to leaves!
The rapid eddies blew, and airy light
Whirl'd them aloft, and scatter'd far from sight.
From Afric now withdrew the Nubian force,
A countless host of mingled foot and horse;

* Dudon.

Ver. 140.—*we leave them there to stay*] He returns to them, ver. 200 of this Book.

But first Astolpho, for the troops bestow'd,
To great Senapus paid the thanks he ow'd,
Who drain'd his country's power such aid to yield,
And led them forth in person to the field.
To him Astolpho, in the bag confin'd
Commits the fury of the southern wind,
That fury, wont at midmost day to sweep
The unstable desert like the billowy deep.
He gave him this amidst the burning waste,
To guard them safely from the dreary blast;
But charg'd him, when his native land he gain'd,
To free the wind in durance now detain'd.
Soon as the host approach'd to Atlas' heights,
Each steed again (as blameless Turpin writes)
Became a stone; and thence on foot the bands
Return'd in safety to the Nubian lands.
Now time requires Astolpho should repair
Once more to France; but first he bends his care
The strongest forts in Afric won to guard
From all assaults; then for his flight prepar'd.
He mounts his griffin-horse, and through the skies
Sardinia reaches; from Sardinia flies

Ver. 163. *To great Senapus*] "It seems very extraordinary, that in the taking of Biserta the poet does not mention Senapus, who might be supposed as emperor, to have had the command of the army, or if he had resigned that post to the superior qualities of Astolpho, at least it is reasonable to think, that he would have had some important charge." *Lavezuola.*

This commentator's remark is so far just, that Senapus seems to be little attended to by Ariosto, though, in making the disposition for the attack he gives him a place of honour. This the critic has overlooked. The command of the army was evidently left to Astolpho.

To Corsus' shore; then hovers o'er the main,
Declining to the left his courser's rein;
At length to rich Provence with speed descends,
And in Maremma his long voyage ends.
When now he turns his thought to set at large
The feather'd steed; for so his sacred charge
Th' apostle gave, that when the Christian knight
Provence had reach'd, he there should end his flight:
No more with bit or rein the steed confine,
But freely to his liberty resign.
Already had that world (whose orb contains
What mortals lose, and makes our loss her gains)
Of every sound his magic horn depriv'd;
For, soon as in those holy seats arriv'd
The glorious knight, his bugle lost its power,
And not a breath could wake its terrors more.
Astolpho reach'd Marseilles, what time the band
Of five brave knights had anchor'd on the strand:
Orlando, Olivero now restor'd
To health and strength, Albano's noble lord*;
With sage Sobrino; but, above the rest,
Rogero, first of courteous knights confess'd.
The dear remembrance of their comrade kill'd
Each Paladin with generous sorrow fill'd;
And, in their generous breasts, that joy restrain'd
Which else had follow'd such a conquest gain'd.
And now from Sicily to Charles had spread
The news of either Pagan monarch dead.

* Rinaldo.

Ver. 194. *Already had that world*, &c.] The poet means the moon, where he tells that Astolpho found all things that had been lost on earth.

Of old Sobrino in the victor's chain;
Of valiant Brandimart untimely slain:
Of young Rogero, now baptiz'd, he heard:
His heart reviv'd, his face in smiles appear'd,
Deliver'd from the yoke of war, that late
Oppress'd his shoulders with the galling weight.
In honour now of those whose hands sustain
His empire's fame, the pillars of his reign,
He sends the nobles from his regal seat,
Along the Seine the glorious chiefs to meet,
Next issues from the walls himself, enclos'd
With kings and dukes in fair array dispos'd:
His royal consort near, and at her side
Fair courtly dames in splendid vesture ride.
Imperial Charles, the Paladin, nor less
The courtly nobles and the thronging press,
Than those, by nature bound in nearer tye,
Of great Anglantes bend a raptur'd eye;
On him, and all his train, alike bestow
The love and reverence to their worth they owe,
While from the tongues of thousands echo'd round,
The names of Clarmont and Mograna sound.
Embraces now, and mutual greetings done,
Rinaldo, Olivero, Milo's * son,
To Charles' high presence young Rogero bring,
And tell his lineage to the listening king;
That from Rogero, late of Risa nam'd,
The warrior born, was like his father fam'd

* Orlando.

Ver. 233. *The names of Clarmont and Mograna*---] The two great families of Rinaldo and Orlando.

For virtuous deeds, and well in many a fight
Our troops could witness to his dauntless might.
Meantime with Bradamant, Marphisa fair
Appears, a friendly and illustrious pair!
This with a sister's love Rogero strain'd,
But that her virgin modesty retain'd.
The emperor bade Rogero now his seat
Again resume, who lowly at his feet
In reverence stood; and by his side he plac'd
The noble youth, with highest honours grac'd;
Whom well he knew had late his faith secur'd
In Christian lore, and Mahomet abjur'd:
For every warrior, eager to unfold
His country's glory, all th' adventure told.
With pomp triumphant, and with festive state,
All turn and enter Paris' lofty gate.
The streets are green with boughs of cheerful bays,
Rich tap'stry covers all the public ways:
At gates and windows dames and damsels stand,
(A beauteous sight!) and from unsparing hand
Wih smiles upon the victor rain in showers
A thousand wreaths, and palms, and odorous flowers.
On every side, before th' admiring eyes,
The sculptur'd arch and figur'd trophy rise,
That, wrapt in smoke and flame Biserta show,
And every deed achiev'd against the foe.
Here various throngs in games and sports convene,
There some attend the mimes and story'd scene;
While all around those words inscrib'd appear:
"THE GREAT DELIVERERS OF THE LAND REVERE!"
Amidst the trumpet's clangor echoing round,
Sonorous fifes, and every tuneful sound:

Amidst the shouts, applauses, clamours loud,
And maddening raptures of th' unruly crowd,
The glorious emperor his palace gains,
Dismounts, and there the numerous throng detains,
For many days, with sport on sport increas'd,
The mask, the dance, the tournament and feast.
One day Rinaldo gave his sire to know
His promise on Rogero to bestow
His sister's hand; a promise duly weigh'd
With Olivero and Orlando made;
When each agreed the virgin ne'er could find
Another consort of such noble kind;
Much less a youth in virtue or in fame
To rise superior to Rogero's name.
He said; with anger Amon heard his son,
Who durst (unask'd of him) his purpose own
To raise Rogero to his sister's bed,
Whom he, with higher thoughts, design'd to wed
The heir of Constantine, not one whose hand
No sceptre sway'd, who shar'd nor wealth nor land.
The boast of blood but little can avail,
And virtue less, when large possessions fail.
But, more than Amon, Beatrice inflam'd
Against her son's presumption, loud exclaim'd:
Abroad, at home, she ceas'd not to declare
Rogero never should possess the fair;
Restless ambition kindling in her breast
To see her daughter empress of the East.
Rinaldo to his purpose fix'd remain'd,
And what he promis'd firmly yet maintain'd.
The mother, who believes her daughter's will
With hers concurr'd, incites the virgin still,

T' avow, she sooner would forego the light,
Than live the consort of a needy knight;
With threats she ne'er should boast her daughter's name,
If from a brother she receiv'd such shame;
And vow'd Rinaldo's power in vain should prove
To force his sister to Rogero's love.
Unhappy Bradamant, with downcast eye
Appear'd, nor to her mother made reply.
Such was her reverence of maternal sway,
That filial duty urg'd her to obey,
While her free soul disdain'd t' avow th' intent,
To which her will could never yield consent.
But ah! what will is hers, when passion reigns
In every pulse, and every wish constrains?
She dares not disapprove, nor dares appear
Content, but sighs in silent doubt and fear;
And when retir'd from every eye apart,
She pours the tear to ease her burthen'd heart;
Beats her white bosom, rends her golden hair,
And thus in secret vents her soul's despair.
Alas! I mourn these vows, which she whose will
Should rule o'er mine, forbids me to fulfil:
Shall I, of filial love forgetful grown,
Thus to a mother's hopes prefer my own?
What greater crime, than to neglect the claim
A parent holds, can stain a daughter's name?
Shall I a consort chuse where she denies,
Who claims obedience by the closest ties?
Yet—must so strong my filial duty prove,
To make me, my Rogero! e'er remove

My thoughts from thee! expunge my faithful fires,
To nourish other hopes, and new desires!
Or shall I every dear respect forego,
Which pious children to their parents owe,
And only prize the bliss that sways my heart?
Ah! me—too well I know a daughter's part.
I know—but ah! such knowledge nought avails,
When passion conquers, and when reason fails!
Love rules—as he directs, I give my hand;
I think—I act—I speak—at his command!
Of noble Beatrice, and Amon born,
I, slave to love—am made of love the scorn!
Grant I offend my parents—I may live
To hope their pardon—but will love forgive
If him I slight?—no reason will suffice
To calm his anger—till his victim dies!
How have I long unweary'd sought to draw
Rogero to embrace the Christian law?
At length I have prevail'd—and lo! the fruit
Another gathers of my vain pursuit!
Thus never for herself the bee renews
Her annual treasure of nectareous dews!
But let me perish ere it shall be said
I any consort, save Rogero, wed;
And should I dare dispute my parent's sway,
At least in this a brother I obey;
Whose better judgment unobserv'd appears
With weakness that attends declining years.
Orlando, what Rinaldo seeks approves,
And each alike confirms our mutual loves:
A pair, whom all mankind in honour place
Above the rest of our illustrious race.

Our choice approv'd by those whose merits shine
The flower of Clarmont and Mograna's line;
Ah! why must Amon claim peculiar right,
Before Rinaldo and Anglante's knight?
It must not be—the treaty scarce begun,
Not Constantine can claim me for his son,
But to Rogero plighted, Heaven has made us one.
If thus the virgin mourn'd with grief opprest,
Not greater calm enjoy'd Rogero's breast.
The fatal tidings, through th' imperial town
Yet undivulg'd, by him too well was known;
And oft he mourn'd his fortune's cruel spite,
That robb'd his soul of every wish'd delight;
Nor gave him sceptres, wealth, or ample land,
Oft given the worthless with unsparing hand,
Of every other good mankind receive,
Which study can acquire, or nature give;
He view'd them center'd in himself, and more
Than ever yet a youth possess'd before.
The comeliest person to his grace must yield,
No prowess scarce can meet him in the field;
And none of fame's first sons have nobler shin'd,
For birth illustrious, and a kingly mind.
The vulgar herd that honours oft dispose,
By turns exalting these, depressing those;
That wretched vulgar riches only prize,
Above the good, the generous, and the wise.
Sense, virtue, daring, all that makes desert,
The graceful person, and the blameless heart,
In sordid breasts no favour'd place can hold,
Till back'd by charms of ill-persuading gold!

Nor here exempt we from the vulgar name,
Save him, whom wisdom gives a better claim;
Not sceptres, crowns, or mitres, can exclude
Kings, popes, or emp'rors, from the motley crowd,
But wisdom only, and true judgment given,
To few, the favourites of all-ruling Heav'n!
Rogero then—If Amon's secret aim
Would raise his daughter to an empress' name,
Let him with Leon yet the league delay,
Till once the sun has cours'd his annual way:
I trust, ere then, in fight to overthrow,
Both sire and son, and lay their glories low;
And when this hand has Leon's sceptre won,
I may deserve the rank of Amon's son.
But should he, as he threats, his daughter wed,
And give her now to bless the Grecian's bed;
The promise, made me by Rinaldo, slight,
Made by his kinsman, good Anglante's knight;
Which to conform, that holy sage appear'd;
The marquis Olivero present heard,
With king Sobrino—Shall I tamely mourn?
By me such insult like a woman borne?
First let me die—but can I therefore move
My arms against the sire of her I love?
Should I against his life my weapon raise,
Would heaven, would earth, such action blame or praise?
Grant now, that Amon perish by my sword,
With all his race—would that relief afford
To what I feel!—Ah! no—'twould but ensure
Increase of woe to what I now endure:
Shall I, whose dearest wish was still to gain
My fair-one's love, her hatred thus obtain?

For should I slay her sire, and on his race,
My fury vent, would not such deed efface
All former kindness? Could she then bestow
Her hand on one so prov'd her kindred's foe?
Yet must I such dire wrongs unpity'd grieve?
Forbid it Heaven!—Death shall at least relieve
My breaking heart—but ere I die, shall fall,
With juster doom, that Leon, cause of all!
The wretch, who comes to rend a lover's peace,
Shall, with his father slain, this arm confess:
Not Helen's rape on Troy such woes entail'd:
Not Proserpine, in elder time assail'd
By rash Pirithöos, could from Pluto's ire
Such vengeance urge, as now my soul, on fire,
Prepares to wreak against the son and sire.
Perchance thou griev'st not, idol of my heart!
From thy Rogero for this Greek to part:
And wilt thou, for thy sire, thy kindred's sake,
Forego my love a stranger's hand to take?
Ah! much I doubt thou rather seek'st to give
Ease to a parent than my woes relieve;
And, at thy nuptial hour, preferr'st to see
Cæsar thy spouse, to one so poor as me!
Yet—can it be that e'er a regal name
The mean regard that pomp and titles claim,
With all the wealth of all the east combin'd
Should taint my Bradamant's exalted mind?

Ver. 441. *By rash Pirithoos*, &c.] Pirithöos descended into hell, with his companion Theseus, designing to carry off Proserpine, but was slain in the entrance by the three headed dog Cerberus, and Theseus was kept by Pluto prisoner, till afterwards delivered by Hercules.

Should make her less esteem her promise given,
And break that faith so often vow'd to Heaven;
Nor rather stand for Amon's wrath prepar'd,
Than e'er forget what once her lips declar'd?
Rogero thus; while oft some stranger near
Would chance his sighs and fond complaints to hear:
And hence the fair, for whose dear sake he griev'd,
With tears the tidings of his woes receiv'd:
But most she mourn'd Rogero should suspect
She, for this Greek, could e'er her vows neglect.
To ease his fears, and from his breast remove
A thought injurious to her spotless love;
She from her menials chose a trusty maid,
By whom she thus her secret thoughts convey'd.
Such as I was, Rogero! will I live,
And more, if more can be, while Heaven shall give
This pulse to beat—let love, or smile, or frown,
Let fortune raise me high, or cast me down,
In me behold a rock of truth, that braves
The howling tempest and the dashing waves:
Not spring or winter have I chang'd my place,
Nor aught shall ever shake my stedfast base.
First softest metals, when anneal'd in flame,
Shall sever adamant's impervious frame,
Ere cruel fortune, or relentless love,
Shall, from my soul, her constant faith remove.
First shall the stream to Alpine heights ascend,
Ere to new paths my wandering feet shall bend.
To thee, Rogero, I my heart resign;
(Nor weak the empire o'er a heart like mine)
No subjects can sincerer homage pay,
No king or emperor rule with firmer sway;

Nor need'st thou with a wall or fosse enclose
Thy city here against invading foes:
Without more force resistance shall be made,
And all repuls'd that dare the fort invade.
Think not that riches can my thoughts entice——
A noble heart yields not to such a price!
Nor proud nobility, nor dazzling height
Of regal state, that lures the vulgar sight;
Nor beauty, that can changeful bosoms move,
Shall from Rogero e'er estrange my love.
Fear not another form my heart shall shake:
My heart, by proof, not fram'd of wax, to take
Each new impression—Love his shafts may send,
But thy dear image shall my breast defend.
Iv'ry, or stone, or gems of hardest vein,
Where forms, imprest by sculptur'd art remain,
May easier break, than ever, to receive
Another form, the first impression leave.
Such is my heart, which love shall sooner break,
Than e'er compel a second form to take.
  These words of greeting from the noble maid,
Fair hope and comfort to his soul convey'd;
Words, that had power a thousand times to give
The lover life, and bid the dying live.
  But when, so long by stormy billows tost,
They hop'd for refuge from the friendly coast,
Behold an unexpected tempest bore
Their shatter'd vessel further from the shore:
For Bradamant, a nobler proof prepar'd
Of generous love than what her words declar'd;
Her courage rouz'd, each nice respect she broke,
To royal Charles she came, and thus she spoke.

If e'er my deeds my sovereign's grace have mov'd,
Be what I now demand, O king! approv'd.
But plight thy royal word, ere yet exprest
Thou know'st my suit, to grant what I request.
And sure my purpose, when disclos'd, I trust
Thou wilt not deem ignoble or unjust.
O maid belov'd! (imperial Charles reply'd)
To worth like thine what suit shall be deny'd?
And here I solemn swear, should'st thou require
My kingdom's half, to grant thy full desire.
The boon I ask is this, (the virgin said)
Thou shalt not suffer one this hand to wed,
But he, O king! whose skill in battle shown,
Whose courage and whose force eclipse my own.
Who seeks my love, I first his arm will try,
At sword and shield in equal joust defy:
The first who wins shall take me for his spouse,
The vanquish'd to another bear his vows.
She said; and princely Charles with smiles rejoin'd,
That well her suit beseem'd her dauntless mind,
And bade her rest in certain faith assur'd,
That all she wish'd his royal word secur'd.
Thus they: the tidings of this converse came
That day to Amon and his haughty dame.
Against their daughter each alike exclaim'd:
With deep resentment each alike inflam'd,
Too well in this perceiv'd some close intent,
More to Rogero than to Leon meant:
And hence they seiz'd by fraud the martial maid,
And to a castle from the court convey'd:
A strong built castle on the sea-beat shore,
Which Charles to Amon gave some days before.

They held her there a prisoner close confin'd,
And thence to send her to the east design'd;
Resolv'd, whate'er befel, she should forsake
Rogero, and the hand of Leon take.
The generous maid no less for mildness prais'd
Of female virtues, than for courage rais'd
Above her sex, with modest meekness bore
Sufferings inflicted by a father's power:
Yet was she firm the sharpest woes to prove,
Pains, bonds, or death, to keep unstain'd her love.
Rinaldo, who, by Amon's crafty slight,
Beheld his sister ravish'd from his sight,
No more at his disposal to remain,
His promise to Rogero pledg'd in vain,
Forgetting all respect to parents ow'd,
Against his father vents complaints aloud.
But little Amon heeds, resolv'd his voice,
And not his son's, should rule his daughter's choice.
This heard Rogero, fearing yet to mourn
The virgin, from his arms for ever torn:

Ver. 570. *This heard Rogero*---] Rogero was ignorant of what had passed between the emperor and Bradamant, which, though it came to the knowledge of Amon, does not appear to have been published till after the departure of Rogero, when proclamation was made by the command of Charles: Bradamant, in the next book, speaks of the proclamation being issued after Rogero's departure.

> Ah! my Rogero! whither art thou fled?
> Art thou so far remote (the mourner said)
> That ne'er to thee our challenge stood reveal'd,
> From thee alone, of all mankind, conceal'd?
> O! could the news have reach'd thy faithful ear,
> No speed, like thine, had met the summons here.

Ver. 743.

Should Leon live, he doubts long suit may gain
Her willing hand, or force at length constrain;
And hence (to none disclos'd his secret mind)
The death of Leon in his soul design'd;
Resolv'd, if valour could assert his own,
The sire and son to slay, and seize the Grecian throne.
Those arms he took which Trojan Hector wore,
Which Mandricardo since in triumph bore;
Then with the saddle good Frontino press'd;
But chang'd his wonted surcoat, shield, and crest.
He chose not now his fam'd device to wield,
The argent eagle in a heavenly field,
But on a ground, where deep vermilion glow'd,
A unicorn, all lily-white, he show'd;
Then singled from his train a squire well try'd,
In whom for truth he safely might confide,
Sole partner of his way, with strict command,
To keep his name conceal'd in every land,
He pass'd the Maes and Rhine, the country pass'd
Of Ostericchie, and Hungaria trac'd;
Along the Ister's banks his course pursu'd,
And, on the right, at length Belgrado view'd;
Where to the Danube join'd, with double force
The Sava to the ocean bends his course.

Ver 575. *The death of Leon*—] The Italian is,

.....far che moia e fia d'Augusto, Divo.

A ludicrous expression, and probably a sarcasm on the custom of deifying the Heathen emperors, " to make of Leon Augustus a God, by killing him," a turn not easily preserved in the translation, and perhaps scarcely worth the pains.

Ver. 585. *An unicorn* —] The crest or arms formerly borne by the princes of the house of Este.

He sees encamp'd a numerous army spread
Beneath th' imperial standard, proudly led
By Constantine, to repossess the town,
Which from his rule Bulgaria's powers had won.
There Constantine himself in person came,
With him his son and every chief of fame
T' assert the honour of the Grecian name.
Without Belgrado, stretch'd in prospect wide,
Down from the mountain to the subject tide,
Before the Greeks Bulgaria's army stood;
And either army drank of Sava's flood.
The Grecians o'er the stream prepar'd to throw
A length of bridge; but this their wary foe
With arms oppos'd; and fierce the contest grew
On either side, when near Rogero drew.
Four times the Greeks Bulgaria's bands surpass'd,
And barks they brought, and bridges fram'd to cast
Athwart the stream; and oft their foes defy'd,
With threats by force to gain the adverse side.
Back from the stream meantime, with cautious art
Leon retir'd, and on a different part
Far wheeling round the plain, the banks essay'd,
And join'd his bridges, and his passage made.
With twice ten thousand foot and horse he cross'd
And on their flank assail'd Bulgaria's host
With sudden force—The emp'ror, who descry'd
His son advancing on the further side,
With barks to barks conjoin'd, his bridges cast,
And with the remnant of his army pass'd.
The king and leader of Bulgaria's band,
Active in fight, and prudent in command,

(Vatranes nam'd) in vain with dauntless breast,
Against the Greeks his force and skill addrest:
Him Leon met, and with a numerous train
Surrounding, hurl'd him headlong on the plain,
Whom bravely scorning midst his foes to yield,
A thousand weapons slaughter'd on the field.
The fierce Bulgarians fought yet unsubdu'd;
But when on earth their king and chief they view'd,
And found on every side the tempest grow,
They turn'd their backs, and fled before the foe.
Rogero, mingled with the Greeks, beheld
Their arms prevailing, and Bulgaria's quell'd,
And now resolv'd their battle to restore,
For Constantine he loath'd, but Leon more.
He spurr'd Frontino; rapid as the wind
Frontino flying, left each steed behind;
And soon arriving, where the routed train
Fled to the mountain, and forsook the plain;
Now these, now those, he turn'd with hearten'd breast,
To meet the Greeks; then plac'd his lance in rest,
While with such force his thundering steed he drove,
His looks might strike with terror Mars or Jove!
Amid the Grecians, brave in vain, he spy'd
A daring youth in vests with crimson dy'd,
That o'er his arms, resplendent to behold,
Of finest silk embroider'd, shone with gold;
Nephew to Constantine, his sister's son,
By him belov'd and honour'd as his own:
Rogero's spear his shield and corslet tore,
And issu'd at his back besmear'd with gore:
He left him dead, and Balisarda drew,
Against the nearest of the Grecian crew:

On these, on those, by turns the steel he sped;
And here he cleft the trunk, and there the head:
Now in the throat or panting bosom dy'd
The smoaking blade, now pierc'd the heaving side:
Arms, legs, and hands and thighs, asunder hew'd,
While blood, in gushing streams, the vale embru'd.
Such slaughter seen, no Grecian durst withstand
Th' unequall'd force of that destructive hand:
The face of war is chang'd—and those who fled
From bands, which Constantine victorious led,
Now felt new courage rise in every breast,
And with recover'd force the Grecians press'd:
At once the broken ranks were seen to yield,
And every standard turn'd to quit the field.
High on a hill imperial Leon plac'd,
Beheld below his numerous squadrons chas'd;
And while he mark'd them with a sad survey,
Where from afar the plain in prospect lay,
Fix'd on the knight he gaz'd, by whom alone
His men were slain, and all his camp o'erthrown;
Yet could not, while he felt his slaughtering hand,
Withhold the praise his valiant deeds demand.
Well by his shining arms with gold inlaid,
His upper vest and shield's device display'd,
He knew the warrior came not with his foes,
Though now against him their defence he chose.
His more than human force with wondering eyes
He view'd; as if some Angel from the skies,
Was sent against the Grecians to dispense
The wrath of God for some unknown offence.
Thus what in vulgar breasts had hatred rais'd,
With noble soul exalted Leon prais'd;

Charm'd with his worth, far rather had he view'd
His towns dismantled, half his realm subdu'd,
For every ten a thousand press the plain,
Than such a godlike knight in combat slain.
As when some mother (even in anger mild)
Chides, from her sight, chastis'd, her darling child;
The little innocent, with sobbing sighs,
Nor to the father, nor the sister flies,
But turns to her, and soft in infant charms,
Hangs at her breast, and fondles in her arms.
So Leon, while he sees Rogero's hand
O'erthrow the first, and threat each remnant band,
Joys in his sight—for less th' offence can move
His hatred, than the glorious deeds that prove
The champion's valour, warm his soul to love.
While Leon him esteems, behold the knight
With ill return such friendly thoughts requite:
Rogero him detests, and with his sword,
Would now behold his rival's bosom gor'd.
Him long he seeks, and calls aloud, in vain,
The Greek to meet him on the embattled plain,
But still, with caution, through the warlike lines
The prudent Greek th' unequal fight declines.
Leon, lest equal fate should seize on all,
Commands thē squadrons from the field to call
With trumpet's sound; and sends t' entreat his sire
Beyond the stream for safety to retire,
If safety might be found; while with his power
Himself the bridges sought he pass'd before,
And now securely reach'd the further shore.
What numbers by the fierce Bulgarians dy'd,
Or captives groan'd! and but th' opposing tide

Forbade pursuit, all with their blood had stain'd
The hostile sword, or prisoners there remain'd.
Some from the bridges fell, and whelm'd beneath
The rushing current, found unlook'd-for death.
Some with swift foot to reach the river fled,
And some were captives to Belgrado led.

The battle ended, on one dangerous day,
In which their king and leader breathless lay;
Great loss and shame Bulgaria's bands had known,
Save for that aid the stranger's arm had shown:
The knight, who pictur'd on a crimson field
A unicorn, of snow-white hue, reveal'd.

Now all, who saw to him what palms they ow'd,
With shouts and clamours round the victor crowd:
In awful homage bent the circling band:
One kiss'd his feet, one bolder kiss'd his hand:
Each throng'd on each, more near and near they press'd,
Who nearest view'd esteem'd his fortune bless'd;
But he most blest, whose touch that man explor'd,
Scarce held a man, but like a god ador'd!
While all on him with voice united cry'd,
Henceforth to lead them on—their king and guide.
Rogero to their general suit agreed,
As king to rule them, and as chief to lead,
But would not truncheon then nor sceptre bear,
Nor to Belgrado on that day repair:
He Leon must pursue, ere from his sword
He further 'scap'd, or safe repass'd the ford:
Him must he follow, nor the track forsake,
Till giv'n by fate his hated life to take;
Since many a league he travers'd hill and plain,
To sate his great revenge with Leon slain.

This said; he parted thence, and eager flew
Through ways the squadrons taught him to pursue,
By which the Greek to reach the bridges try'd,
Ere danger, near at hand, the pass deny'd.
Rogero follow'd close, inflam'd with ire,
Nor call'd, nor waited for his lagging squire:
Yet such advantage Leon's flight could meet,
(For flight it must be call'd, and not retreat)
He found the passage free, he crost the stream,
Then broke each bridge, and left the barks on flame.
Rogero reach'd the banks when day withdrew
His parting beam, nor where to rest he knew;
And thence he journey'd by the moon's pale light,
But yet no town, nor castle met his sight.
Unknowing of his way, all night he press'd
His faithful steed, till, red in splendor drest,
Sol's eastern car the twilight gloom dispell'd,
When, on the left, a city he beheld.
There all the day he purpos'd to remain
T' amend the wrong Frontino might sustain,
On whom, nor freed from bit, nor eas'd from toil,
That night he journey'd many a weary mile.
For Constantine, Unguardo held the place,
A man exalted in his sovereign's grace;
And now (in dangerous times) a numerous force
The walls contain'd, of mingled foot and horse.
Where to his way the portal open stood,
Rogero enter'd, and full gladly view'd
What seem'd to speak, he ne'er elsewhere could meet
A better welcome, and more wish'd retreat.
It chanc'd that where he stay'd, at evening light
Arriv'd for shelter a Romanian knight,

Who present view'd the deeds his arm had wrought,
When late to aid Bulgaria's troops he fought.
This knight had scarce escap'd the bloody strife,
And still he trembl'd for his threaten'd life;
And still he saw in fancy's troubled eye,
The furious knight pursue, the Grecians fly.
Soon as his sight had caught the warrior shield,
The noted ensign and vermilion field,
He knew the knight, whose arm such buckler bore,
Was he that dy'd the plains in Grecian gore:
With eager step he sought the palace gate,
And audience gain'd, impatient to relate
Such news as well might claim the ruler's ear,
Such as shall in th' ensuing book appear.

END OF THE FORTY-FOURTH BOOK.

THE

FORTY-FIFTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

THE ARGUMENT.

ROGERO is betrayed in his sleep, and made prisoner by Unguardo, one of Constantine's governors. He is then delivered over to Theodora, sister to Constantine, desirous to revenge the death of her son killed by Rogero. The challenge of Bradamant is published by proclamation. She returns to the court. Leon generously delivers Rogero from prison. Afterwards, not knowing him to be Rogero, he engages him to enter the lists with Bradamant in his stead. Rogero, under the name and ensigns of Leon, fights with Bradamant, and then retires in despair to the woods. Lamentation of Bradamant. Marphisa pleads the cause of Rogero with Charles, and contests the claim of Leon. Orlando and Rinaldo side with them, and Amon opposes them.

THE

FORTY-FIFTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

WHEN highest plac'd on giddy Fortune's wheel,
Unhappy man must soon expect to feel
A sad reverse, and in the changing round
With rapid whirl as sudden touch the ground,
Of this Polycrates, with Lydia's lord,
And Dionysius ample proofs afford:
With numbers that from boasted wealth and fame,
One day has sunk to poverty and shame.

Ver. 5. *Of this Polycrates*--] Polycrates the tyrant, who reigned in the island of Samos, in the time of Cambyses, and maintained an absolute dominion over all the islands of the Archipelago, till at last, by a reverse of fortune, as Herodotus writes, he was treacherously taken prisoner by Oretes, a governor of Lydia, for the king of Persia, and miserably put to death.

Porcacchi.

Ver. 5. *—with Lydia's lord,*
And Dionysius--] Crœsus, king of Lydia, and Dionysius, the tyrant of Syracuse, are well known to have fallen from the height of prosperity to the lowest adversity.

But when a man, by Fortune's frown distrest,
Is to the bottom of her wheel deprest,
He soon may find the turning circle raise
His abject state, and bring him happier days.
How oft to earth have those their head declin'd,
Who dealt but late their laws to half mankind:
As Servius, Marius, and Ventidius, known
In ancient times; and Lewis in our own?
That kingly Lewis, by his royal bride,
In marriage to my noble duke ally'd,
Who, at Albino, seiz'd in bloody strife,
Had nearly paid the foes his forfeit life.
Not long ere this, the great Corvino bore
Severer trials; but those trials o'er,
Behold the first the realm of France obtain;
Behold the second in Hungaria reign,

Ver. 15. *—Servius, Marius, and Ventidius—*] The names of three noble Romans, who had experienced the like reverse of fortune.

Ver. 16. *—Lewis in our own?*] He means Lewis XII. king of France, son of Charles duke of Orleans. The duke of Orleans being suspected of treason in favouring the cause of Francis duke of Bretagne, against his lawful king, and being made prisoner with his son at St. Albino, was beheaded by Charles VIII. king of France, who for some time debated whether he should condemn the son to the same fate; but was satisfied with keeping him in prison. Charles VIII. afterwards dying, the fortune of Lewis entirely changed, and he succeeded to the crown of France, by the title of Lewis XII.

Ver. 21. *Corvino bore.*] Unnia de Vajuoda, had two sons, Ladislao and Matteo Corvino, who slew the count di Caglia, a relation of Uladislao king of Hungary; though some relate, that the count was killed by Ladislao only. The news coming to the ears of the king, he caused Ladislao to be beheaded, and kept Matteo in prison. The king soon after dying, Matteo was, with general consent, proclaimed king of Hungary, being only eighteen years of age. He proved a prince of as great valour and magnanimity as ever reigned in Hungary, and was a formidable enemy to the Turks.

Eugenioo.

Examples may be found in every page
Of modern times, or tales of earlier age,
That good to ill, and ill succeeds to good,
And praise or blame has each in turn pursu'd:
Hence mortals ne'er securely must confide
In wealth, in conquest, or in sovereign pride;
Nor with despair in adverse fortune mourn,
Whose restless orb has never ceas'd to turn.
Rogero by his enterprize begun,
The field from Leon and the emp'ror won;
So far confided in his single might,
For sure success in every future fight,
He deem'd himself, through thousands in array
Of horse and foot, could force his bloody way,
With single arm the sire and son to slay.
But she*, who wills not man's presumptuous mind
Should dare to promise all he hop'd to find,
Soon taught him how she chang'd from high to low,
And now a friend became, and now a foe:
This to his cost he learnt from him who spread
Danger and shame on his defenceless head;
The knight, who lately from the sanguine strife
Of routed Greeks had scarcely 'scap'd with life.
He to Unguardo welcome tidings brought,
That the fierce chief (whose arm such ruin wrought
On Constantine, that many a rolling year
Could scarce the loss in that defeat repair)

* Fortune.

Ver. 44. — *from him who spread, &c.*] The knight of Romania, who, after the battle between the Bulgarians and Greeks, in which the latter were defeated, discovered Rogero, and betrayed him to Unguardo.

All day and night within those walls remain'd;
Hence, favouring Fortune, by her lock detain'd,
From him, their prisoner made, would haply bring
Peace to their country, safety to their king;
Conclude the war with one decisive stroke,
And on the proud Bulgarians fix the yoke.
  Unguardo, from the troops, that smit with dread,
To him for refuge from the battle fled,
(For numbers, band by band, arriv'd, who try'd
In vain to pass the bridge, or ford the tide)
Had heard what slaughtering rage the Greeks pursu'd,
How half the host lay buried in their blood;
That one sole champion, who an army brav'd,
One suffering camp destroy'd, and one had sav'd;
And much he marvell'd with himself to know,
That, self-conducted to his fate, the foe
Fell in the snare; and, with a cheerful look,
His joyful speech his secret triumph spoke.
He stay'd till sleep had clos'd Rogero's eyes,
Then sent, in arms, his people to surprise
Th' unconscious knight, whom, sunk in rest profound,
In bed they seiz'd, and fast with fetters bound.
What could Rogero, when he wak'd, and spy'd
His naked limbs with cords ignobly ty'd?
By his own shield the champion thus betray'd,
In Novengrado's walls was captive made
To glad Unguardo, first of all mankind
For stern demeanor and a ruthless mind.
  A trusty envoy now Unguardo sent,
Who with the tidings to the emp'ror went.
  Imperial Constantine, his routed powers
That past the stream, that night from Saya's shores

Had safe to Beleteca's town convey'd,
Whose laws Androphilus his kinsman sway'd;
The sire of him, who first amid the fight,
With shatter'd cuirass felt th' Herculean might
Of that brave warrior's unresisted hands,
Whom stern Unguardo held in captive bands.
The emperor now commands with heedful care
The walls to strengthen and the works repair:
For much he doubted the Bulgarian host,
That such a warrior for their chief could boast,
Would rest not here, but to the last pursue
The scatter'd remnants of the Grecian crew:
But, he a prisoner made, no more alarms
The monarch felt, nor fear'd the world in arms.
Joy swell'd his soul, and rapture scarce exprest,
Beam'd in his face, while oft his speech confess'd
The warmest hopes—Bulgaria's name, I trust,
Shall soon (he cry'd) be humbled to the dust.
As he who views beneath his stronger hand,
The foe dismember'd, seems assur'd to stand
Of certain palms—so fix'd in hope appear'd
The emp'ror, when Rogero's fate he heard.
Nor more rejoic'd the sire, than generous son,
Not only as he deem'd Belgrado won
From this event, and all the lands that lay
Submitted to Bulgaria's haughty sway;
But, as he meant each friendly art to prove,
To bend the warrior's soul to peace and love,
And win him to his side: with him to friend
The valiant peers that Charlemain defend
He hears unmov'd; nor envies him the fame
Of great Rinaldo, or Orlando's name.

Far different passions Theodora felt,
On whose ill-fated son Rogero dealt
The speeding lance, that in his cuirass stood,
And issu'd at his back with reeking blood.
This dame her brother Constantine address'd,
Before his presence low her suit she press'd,
And clasp'd his knees, while fast the tears pursu'd
Each other's course, and all her breast bedew'd.
Ne'er will I quit these feet, my liege! (she said)
Till on the wretch, by whom my child is dead,
Thou giv'st me to revenge a mother's sighs,
When now a captive in our power he lies.
Thy sister's son!—reflect how thee he lov'd:
Ah! think for thee what royal deeds he prov'd:
And wilt thou hear his blood for justice call,
Nor on his murderer's head avenge his fall?
Behold, in pity of the Grecians' woe,
How God has freed us from so dire a foe!
And, like some bird in toils unheeded caught,
Him unsuspecting to our hands has brought:
To me, O gracious Prince! this wretch consign,
O let me with his pains alleviate mine!
Then shall my offspring on the Stygian shore,
His death, no longer unaton'd, deplore!
She said, and sobbing deep, with every art
Of female grief assail'd the emperor's heart,
And prostrate from his feet refus'd to move,
Though Constantine with speech and gesture strove
To raise the dame: the dame still closer press'd,
Till forc'd at length, he granted her request;
And, as she will'd, he issu'd his command
To bring the knight and yield him to her hand.

To cruel Theodora thus convey'd,
The champion of the unicorn was made
Her wretched thrall, whose unrelenting mind
The direst death, of most opprobrious kind
For him esteem'd too mild: her thoughts she bent
With every pain her captive to torment,
That power could heap, or cruelty invent.
With arms, and feet, and neck in shackles bound,
Deep in a dreary tower, in gloom profound
She cast him, where no ray of cheerful light
From Phœbus e'er dispell'd the dismal night,
Not there with other food his hunger fed,
But a short portion of unwholesome bread
Putrid and foul! and oft withheld, to waste
His life by slow degrees; and o'er him plac'd
A keeper, who excell'd her barbarous zeal
To make him every human misery feel.
Had Amon's fair and valiant daughter heard,
Or great Marphisa (both through earth rever'd
For deeds of arms) that thus with lingering pains
Rogero prisoner lay in galling chains,
To set him free, how soon, without regard
Of death and danger, either had prepar'd;
No more had Bradamant, to yield him aid,
Respect to Beatrice or Amon paid.
Meantime king Charles, revolving in his breast,
His promise given at Bradamant's request;
That none in marriage should her hand obtain,
But he who could in arms her force sustain,
Not only at his court, with trumpet's sound
Her challenge told, but through each region round

That own'd his sway, he bade the list proclaim,
Till wide from realm to realm was spread the fame.
The terms were these, declar'd by herald's voice,
That who on Amon's daughter fix'd his choice,
Should first against her prove his single might
From rising Phœbus till his setting light:
And should he, unsubdu'd, so long withstand
The virgin's force, she, by his stronger hand
Would own her prowess conquer'd, nor deny
Consent to knit with him the nuptial tie:
That waving all pretensions, would she yield
To him the choice of weapons for the field:
As well she might, inur'd all arms to bear,
On foot, on horse, in every form of war.
Amon, who durst in such a cause no more
Oppose his sovereign, gave the contest o'er;
And, after various thoughts in vain revolv'd,
To lead his daughter to the court resolv'd.
  Though deep resentment swell'd the mother's breast,
Nor in herself her anger she suppress'd
Against the dame; yet, for her honour's sake,
She caus'd fair robes, with sumptuous cost, to make
Of blended hues, and, as her rank requir'd,
With these the lovely Bradamant attir'd;
Who to the palace with her sire return'd,
Where soon, alas! her absent knight she mourn'd.
As one in April fair, or genial May,
Who leaves with blossom'd sweets the garden gay,
Again returning, when the solar rays
Decline more south, and shorter leave the days,
Thinks all a wild: so seem'd the court no more
To her that splendid court it look'd before.

She dares not ask, lest question might reveal
What in her heart she labours to conceal;
Yet listens oft, and hopes some tongue may tell
(Unask'd of her) what chance the knight befel.
All knew he left the court; but none divin'd
What course he took, or what his thoughts design'd:
Departing thence, he to his squire alone,
His faithful follower, made his purpose known.
Ah! how she sigh'd! ah! how with sudden dread,
Her heart was seiz'd to hear her lover fled!
Ah! how she fear'd, lest he in absence sought
By slow degrees to drive her from his thought!
That finding thus their loves by Amon crost,
And every hope to be her consort lost;
He shunn'd her sight, by distance to remove
The cruel pangs of unavailing love.
Perchance, from realm to realm to seek a dame,
Whose merits might expunge his former flame.
A new reflection then succeeds, and shows
Rogero ever constant to his vows.
Herself she blames, that could his faith distrust,
With weak surmises and with fears unjust.
Now she accuses, now her knight defends:
Now sinks the scale of hope, and now ascends!
Yet for her peace she rather strives to chuse
The best opinion, and the worst refuse;
Then mourns, as for some crime, that e'er her mind
To groundless fears and jealousies resign'd,
Should doubt his truth—then beats her breast and cries,
As if she present her Rogero spies.
Forgive me—I have err'd—but ah! the cause,
Through which I err, to deeper error draws

My hapless soul—the cause is love, whose dart
Has trac'd thy dearest image in my heart:
There lives thy courage, there each grace inshrin'd,
Th' acknowledg'd praise, the theme of all mankind!
It cannot be, but every maid or dame
Who views thy charms, must feel the gentle flame;
And every art employ, by woman known,
To loose my ties, and bind thee with her own.
Oh! had but love thy thoughts as justly trac'd
Within my heart, as there thy form is plac'd,
Full sure I were those undisguis'd to view
(What now conceal'd I deem them) just and true:
Then every anxious doubt and scruple o'er,
My heart should throb with jealous pangs no more.
As when the miser from his hoarded gold
Afar disjoin'd, in thought must still behold
His dearer part, and sees in fancy's eyes,
Some envious thief purloin the glittering prize.
So, my Rogero, when I cease to hear
Thy voice, to view thy face, soon chilling fear
All hopes destroys—I know my fears untrue,
But cannot, as I would, those fears subdue.
Turn, my Rogero, turn—that peace restore
Which grief has nearly kill'd, to rise no more.
As, when the setting sun forsakes the skies,
With shades increas'd increasing terrors rise:
Soon as his beams return, the shades decrease,
And with the lessening shades our terrors cease.
Rogero absent, every hope is crost,
Rogero present, every fear is lost!
Turn, my Rogero, turn, ere fears destroy
Each little hope, and poison future joy!

As sparks by night diffuse a gleamy ray,
That sudden fades at near approach of day:
So, when my sun withdraws his parting light,
My grief is strengthened with the mental night:
But when again in eastern state he burns,
My sorrows vanish, and my joy returns!
Come then, my dearest light! whose beams control
The sable terrors that surround my soul.
When the low sun brings on the shortening days
The earth no more her wonted charms displays;
The hollow winds are clogg'd with ice and snow,
No birds are heard, no blossom'd odours blow:
So thou, my life's dear sun, whose rays impart,
The genial warmth to cheer my drooping heart,
When thou art gone, what cares my soul infest!
What more than winter desolates my breast!
Return, my cheering sun, and with thee bring
The smiling treasures of the blooming spring;
So shall my soul thy healing influence prove,
O! chase my winter, and my clouds remove!
As Progne or as Philomela mourns,
That to her helpless young with food returns,
And finds the nest by cruel hands despoil'd:
As wails the turtle by her mate beguil'd:
So Bradamant laments her absent knight,
As torn for ever from her longing sight:
Adown her cheek the trickling sorrows steal,
While yet she strives her anguish to conceal,
How had her grief to grief unequall'd grown,
Could she have heard (to her, alas! unknown)
That, kept in torment, her unhappy lord
Lay prisoner sentenc'd to a death abhorr'd.

The dreadful sufferings, and the lingering pains
Of that good knight, who groan'd in hostile chains,
(His fate by that relentless dame design'd
With tortures keen of unexampled kind)
All-gracious Heaven (by suffering virtue won)
Brought to the ear of Cæsar's courteous son,
And his great soul inspir'd with means to save
The peerless hero from a cruel grave.
The noble Leon, who Rogero lov'd
(His name unknown) by that high valour mov'd
Which, first on earth, the wondering prince esteem'd
Above a man's, and more than mortal deem'd;
Long counsell'd with himself, in close debate;
At length devis'd such means t' elude his fate,
That Theodora never should complain,
Her wish'd revenge by him was render'd vain.
Apart to him he spoke, with whom remain'd
The prison's charge, whose walls the knight detain'd,
And told his purpose, ere the doom severe
Was finish'd, with the prisoner to confer.
'Twas night: he chose companion of his way
A friend, well try'd at every hard essay:
Then to the captain of the tower he came
And instant gain'd access with Leon's name
The keeper, for the visit well prepar'd,
Suspecting nought, without his wonted guard
Led Leon and his friend, where lay confin'd
The knight to death's severest pangs assign'd.
Now near the place arriv'd, the wary two
Pursu'd, and as the keeper stooping drew
A portal's bar, around his neck they cast
The fatal noose—he gasp'd, and breath'd his last.

A door they rais'd, and by a ladder plac'd
For such intent, the prince, with friendly haste,
Descending went to where Rogero lay,
Excluded from the beams of cheerful day:
A lighted torch he held, by which he found,
Stretch'd on an iron grate, the champion bound,
Where, in a pool beneath his dreadful bed
With putrid damps a stagnant water spread.
Without the hangman, axe, or cord, or knife,
The place had soon cut short his wretched life.
  Leon, dissolv'd in pity, to his breast
Rogero closely held, and thus address'd.
  Sir knight! thy virtues o'er my willing mind
Full empire hold, and to thy service bind
My future life—thy good o'er mine I prize,
And for thy safety I my own despise.
My friendship stands avow'd—thy love I place
Above my sire, my kindred, all my race.
Then hear me,—Leon am I call'd, the son
Of Constantine, to thy assistance won:
In person view me here, my love to show,
With danger, should my sire my purpose know,
To live an exile from his regal seat,
Or in his court his frowns eternal meet:
For thee he hates, by whom on yonder plain
His bands were near Belgrado chas'd or slain.
  He said: and, while he thus discourse pursu'd,
Whose gentle cordial ebbing life renew'd:
His pious hands each straiten'd band unty'd:
What thanks to thee I owe, (Rogero cry'd)
This being, sav'd by thee, is mine no more;
This to my dear deliverer I restore,

Whene'er, O prince! shall Heaven my prayers attend
For thee my sword to use, my life to spend.
Rogero thus; and from the dungeon fled,
Where in his place remain'd the keeper dead.
Himself unknown, unknown with him the two:
Good Leon to his home Rogero drew,
And there, in friendly guise, some days detain'd,
With promise, while in safety he remain'd,
His arms and generous courser to restore,
Though then withheld in stern Unguardo's power.
The prison open'd, and the prisoner's flight,
And keeper kill'd, were known by morning light.
This way and that was sway'd the hearer's mind,
Each heard the tale, but none the truth divin'd.
None through the world had Leon e'er believ'd
The friend from whom Rogero aid receiv'd:
Leon, whom each suppos'd with hate pursu'd
The knight, nor sought his safety but his blood.
Meanwhile the matchless courtesy impress'd
Such grateful wonder in Rogero's breast,
So chang'd the purpose, that, for many a mile,
Had led him thither with unceasing toil:
Repentant now his former thoughts he view'd;
Far other thoughts the soften'd knight pursu'd:
The first by hatred, gall, and venom fir'd;
The last by love and love-born peace inspir'd.
At morn, at night, he ponder'd in his mind,
(All other cares could scarce admittance find,)
How with like courtesy, or more, to pay
The grateful debt that on his honour lay:
To him it seem'd, whate'er his life's extent,
For such a friend should all his days be spent;

A thousand times death ventur'd for his sake
Would scarce, he deem'd, a just requital make.
At length from France the king's decree was known,
Which wide around the herald's trump had blown,
That he whose hand would Bradamant obtain,
Must with his sword and shield her force sustain.
Such little joy this news in Leon bred,
That from his cheek the doubtful colour fled:
For well he knew, by many a proof display'd,
His arm too weak to meet the Dordan maid.
Now with himself he seem'd the means to spy,
By art his want of vigour to supply;
If in his garb this unknown knight conceal'd,
He sent his proxy to the listed field;
Whose force and courage well he deem'd might stand
Against the best of Gallia's martial band.
But first he trusted to dispose the knight
To enter for his sake the field of fight;
Then, in his stead, from all disguis'd, to place
In Grecian garb array'd the dame to face.
Now to his friend the secret of his breast
He told, and urg'd, with prayers, the dear request,
Him, for his sake, beneath a borrow'd name
With foreign vesture clad, to meet the dame.
Much could the Grecian's eloquence, but more
Than all his eloquence, the sacred power
Of gratitude, that singly could control
The tenderest feelings of Rogero's soul:
While his heart shudder'd at the suit, he try'd
With outward smiles his inward pangs to hide:
And answer'd, that he stood prepar'd to prove
All hazards due to noble Leon's love.

Yet scarce his lips had given these accents breath,
When, at his heart, he felt a stroke like death.
By day, by night, the youth more wretched grew;
By day, by night, nor peace nor rest he knew:
He saw too well his future doom was seal'd,
But never wish'd his promis'd word repeal'd:
A thousand deaths he rather chose to die,
Than e'er a suit, by Leon urg'd, deny.
His death is fix'd: if Bradamant he leaves,
He leaves his life, her loss his soul bereaves
Of every bliss—but should his inward grief
Too feeble prove to work its own relief,
Himself can free with predetermin'd hand
His tortur'd spirit from her fleshly band:
Prepar'd for all, rather than living groan
To see her made a bride—and not his own.
Though resolute to die, his mind as yet
Uncertain, wavers how his fate to meet;
Sometimes he thinks his skill in arms to hide,
And to the dame expose his naked side:
For how so happy could he sink in death,
As by her hand to yield his parting breath!
But soon reflection whisper'd to his thought,
Not so must Leon's friendship be forgot:

Ver. 435. *Yet scarce his lips*, &c.] Metastasio, in his Olympiad, has closely copied this beautiful passage of Rogero's grateful generosity to Leon. Megacles, secretly in love with Aristea, daughter to Clisthenes, king of Sicyon, is in the drama requested by his friend Lycidas to enter the lists in his name, in order to win for him Aristea, who had been promised as the reward of the conqueror. Many circumstances in the elegant dramatist are delicately grafted on this inimitable original.

His faith he plighted in the single strife,
To win for him fair Bradamant to wife;
Not with feign'd show of fruitless arms deceive,
And Leon of his promis'd aid bereave.
Thus still unstain'd his candid faith he held;
And while his thoughts, now here, now there rebell'd,
He turn'd from all; save those that would persuade
His heart to keep the vow his friendship made.

Now Leon from his father Constantine,
Had leave obtain'd to forward his design,
With arms and coursers and a numerous guard,
And all that suited for his rank prepar'd.
His march began: with him Rogero rode,
Who now his arms restor'd, and courser, ow'd
To Leon's care—day following day they past,
Till entering France, they Paris reach'd at last.
Here Leon stay'd without the city's gate,
Then pitch'd beneath the walls, in regal state
His lofty tent, and one dispatch'd to bear
His princely greeting to the monarch's ear.

Full glad was Charles, and well his friendship show'd
By visits paid, and costly gifts bestow'd.
His cause of coming then the prince disclos'd,
And pray'd, to what the herald's voice propos'd,
A speedy issue, that the dame who chose
A lord that singly could her strength oppose,
The list would enter, since by her in arms
He came to die, or win her virgin charms.

Thus he; and Charles for Bradamant declar'd
That she th' ensuing morn, in steel prepar'd,
Would pass the gates, and in the list (by night
Beneath the bulwarks form'd) await the fight.

How from the setting sun to rising day,
Did sad Rogero groan the hours away!
So waits a wretch condemn'd the break of morn
The light that must to him no more return!
All arm'd he chose to enter in the field,
To keep from each his looks, his mien conceal'd:
No steed he rode, nor pointed spear would shake,
Nor, save his sword, would arms offensive take:
No lance he took, yet fear'd he not the power
Of that which fram'd of gold Argalia bore,
Which, next Astolpho, now the virgin held,
Which every warrior from his seat compell'd;
Yet none were conscious what the spear could do;
And none, whose hand the weapon wielded, knew
Its magic virtue, save the king alone,
Who made, and gave the weapon to his son.
Astolpho and the virgin, since decreed
To bear the lance in many a martial deed,
Both deem'd, alike, in jousts their native might
Bore off the palm from every other knight;
That every javelin, in their grasp, would gain,
Like this, the conquest of the listed plain.
Such fight Rogero now resolv'd to shun:
He fear'd Frontino in the tilt to run;

Ver. 491. *How from the setting sun*, &c.] The reader will, it is hoped, indulge the translator with a general observation on the circumstances attending this duel between Rogero and Bradamant, that the romantic turn of the fiction is more than compensated for by the many fine strokes of nature introduced in the narrative; particularly when he tells us, that while Rogero with the tenderness of a lover blunts his weapon, through fear to wound her, she, with the sentiments suiting her situation, adds sharpness to hers: these are certainly the touches of a master.

Him had the damsel seen, full well he knew,
Her heedful eyes might at a single view
That courser call to mind, which oft she rein'd,
Which long at Mount Albano she detain'd.
Rogero thus, whose every thought and care
Would keep his person secret from the fair,
Nor took his steed nor aught that might reveal,
By tokens, what he labour'd to conceal.
Another sword he for the combat chose:
He knew for Balisarda's lightest blows,
Nor helm, nor shield, nor cuirass could avail,
Nor strongly temper'd plate, nor twisted mail.
And ere the falchion by his side he plac'd,
Its point he blunted, and its edge defac'd.
To seem like Leon, o'er his arms he wore
The regal scarf, by Leon worn before;
The golden eagle, with his double head,
He bore emblazon'd on a field of red.
Well might the knights each other's vesture take,
Alike their stature, and alike their make:
Th' exchange complete, one issu'd to the field,
While one within the tent remain'd conceal'd.
  Thus arm'd amid the lists Rogero stood,
When with the dawn the bright horizon glow'd.
From his far different was the virgin's will:
Rogero, all in fear her blood to spill,
Rebates his weapon's edge: the haughty maid,
Eager with his to bathe her beamy blade,
Adds sharpness to the steel; and hopes to view,
Through sever'd plates, the wound each stroke pursue;
With point or edge to reach the vital part,
And drive the falchion to her suitor's heart.

As the bold courser, nerv'd for rapid pace,
Impatient waits the signal for the race;
Now here, now there, he shifts his feet by turns,
He pricks his ears, each smoking nostril burns:
So fierce the dame, who little thought the knight,
Her dear Rogero thus prepar'd for fight;
The trumpet waiting, seem'd through all her frame
To swell with ardor, and to glow with flame.
As often to the thunder's dreadful sound
Dire winds succeed, and from the dark profound
Upturn the waves; or from the desert land
In thickening volumes lift the heapy sand:
Wild beasts and swains, with flocks affrighted fly,
Bleak hail and rain come rattling from the sky:
So seem'd the virgin, when the trumpet blew,
So, with drawn sword, against Rogero flew.
Not less some ancient oak, or stone-built tower
Of deep foundation, yields to Boreas' power;
Not less some solid rock's resisting height
To angry billows, dash'd by day and night,
Than good Rogero (in his fated arms
Which Hector wore, secur'd by Vulcan's charms)

Ver. 567. — *in his fated arms*—] It appears here, that Rogero fought this duel with Bradamant in the enchanted armour, which he won from Mandricardo, which was impenetrable; over which he wore the regal vest of Leon, and yet in the next book, when he is brought back by Leon to the court of Charlemain, he is said to have the same arms which he wore in the list with Bradamant, and which are described to be hacked and batter'd in the combat: the poet's words are,

Con le medesme insegne, e sopra veste,
Che come dianzi nella pugna fero.
Eran tagliate ancor forate e peste.

Lib. xlvi. St. 52.

Yields to the tempest, that with rage address'd,
Pours on his bosom, side, his shield and crest.
Now at full length the maid her weapon drove;
Now endlong thrust, while all intent she strove
Between the jointed plates immers'd, to view
Her lover's blood the smoking steel imbrue.
Before, behind, now shifting side to side,
Oft wheeling round her furious strokes she ply'd;
And inward rav'd, opprest with high disdain,
To find that every stroke was aim'd in vain.
As one, that to some town strong siege applies,
Whose circling walls in solid bulwarks rise,
Oft gives th' assault; now seeks the gates to break,
Now fill the fosse, and now the ramparts shake:
He sees his falling ranks with slaughter thin,
And vainly hopes his entrance soon to win.
So toil'd the dame—but nothing could avail
Her wonted force to shatter plate or mail.
Now from his cuirass, now his helmet high,
Now from his shield she makes the sparkles fly:
Thick and more thick, as on the rustic shed
The pattering hail, her rapid blows she sped.
Rogero stood collected, to attend
With skill his safety, nor the maid offend.
He lifts his shield, and parries with his steel
The strokes he sees the adverse weapon deal:

..... All those arms that in the list he bore,
With every mark of that day's fight confest,
With riven plate, pierc'd mail, and batter'd crest.
Ver. 413.

Ariosto appears to forget that these arms were enchanted.

Seldom he strikes, or strikes with fondest care,
In doubt to hurt the lov'd, yet cruel fair.
Meanwhile the virgin burns, as fading light
The sky forsaking, warn'd to end the fight.
And now she call'd to mind the terms propos'd,
Her danger pressing as the evening clos'd;
For should she fail in one day's course to slay,
Or take her suitor, she becomes his prey.
Now where the flood Alcides' pillars laves,
Phœbus prepar'd to plunge beneath the waves
His golden head, when first a doubt prevail'd
Of her own strength, and hope of conquest fail'd.
As sunk her hope, the more her fury grew,
And thick and heavier round her weapon flew
To break that armour, which essay'd in vain,
Could all the day her force unhurt sustain.
As one, who to some task his hand applies,
And sees the night th' unfinish'd work surprize,
In vain with double toil would time retrieve,
Till strength and day-light lost, his views deceive.
O wretched damsel! wert thou given to know
The knight at whom thou aim'st the mortal blow;
Didst thou Rogero see, the youth on whom
Hang all thy wishes, all thy joys to come!
Far rather would'st thou die than see his death,
On whose dear life depends thy fleeting breath;

Ver. 615. *O wretched damsel!*] Spenser has a passage similar to this, where Arthegal and Britomart fight together unknown to each other; and Arthegal, pressing her with great fury, the poet breaks out into this exclamation,

> Ah! cruel hand, and thrice more cruel heart,
> That work'st such wreck on her to whom thou dearest art!
> *Fairy Queen*, B. iv. C. vi. St. 16.

And should thy own Rogero stand avow'd,
How would'st thou mourn each stroke thy arm bestow'd!
King Charles, and all th' assembled peers, who thought
That Leon thus, and not Rogero, fought,
Beholding how so match'd in equal field,
He stood with Bradamant his arms to wield;
How, with such skill he could himself defend,
And yet the safety of the dame attend,
With wonder gaz'd—while breath'd from breast to breast,
Each to his fellow thus his thoughts express'd.
" Sure heaven has aptly form'd this noble pair,
" She merits well the knight, and he the fair!"
When Phœbus in the seas had quench'd his light,
Imperial Charles commands to stay the fight:
And dooms the maid no more delay to make,
But for her spouse victorious Leon take.
Rogero would not here his helm unlace,
Nor from his limbs the weighty mail unbrace,
But on a palfry mounting, swiftly went
Where Leon waited in the regal tent:
His arms around the warrior Leon threw,
And like a brother to his bosom grew;
Then swift his helmet rais'd, his face reveal'd
And with a cordial kiss each cheek he seal'd,
My all is yours!—dispose of all (he cry'd)
Partake my treasures and my power divide:
Ne'er shall I rest till some return I make,
For friendship thus display'd for Leon's sake.
Yet what return!—how shall I e'er repay
The boundless gift of this auspicious day?

Not though the crown of our imperial race
I take from mine, and on thy temples place.
Thus he: Rogero, who in anguish burn'd,
Who loath'd his being, no reply return'd;
But to the prince restor'd his vest and shield,
So late his ensigns in the listed field:
His unicorn he took; and now, as prest
With heavy toil, and feigning want of rest,
He thence withdrew, and soon his tent regain'd,
Where, when the night in middle silence reign'd,
Unseen of all, his limbs in arms he cas'd,
And on his generous steed the trappings plac'd;
Then press'd the seat, resolv'd alone to stray,
And his Frontino left to chuse the way.
Frontino now direct, now devious past,
Now through the champaign, now the woodland waste,
And all the remnant night his lord he bore,
Who ceas'd not once his fortune to deplore:
On death he call'd; from death invok'd relief;
To heal the anguish of a lover's grief:
Death, and death only, could a period give
For woes too exquisite to bear and live!
Of whom, alas! (he cry'd) shall I complain,
For all this suffering which I now sustain?
Ah! would I now revenge the pangs I feel,
On whom, alas! such vengeance shall I deal
But on myself?—To me my fate I owe,
From me alone my springs of sorrow flow.
It fits that on myself my rage I turn,
Myself the wretched cause of all I mourn!

But how, when on my Bradamant is brought
An equal woe, can I support the thought?
Though for myself I unreveng'd might groan,
Her pains that vengeance claim, deny'd my own.
Yes—I will die for thee—for thy dear sake
This willing life shall some atonement make:
I but regret such fate I fail'd to prove,
Ere I so far had injur'd her I love!
Why dy'd I not, when, doom'd to cruel pains,
I lay in ruthless Theodora's chains?
Then had I hop'd to find the pitying tear
Of Bradamant bedew Rogero's bier;
But when she knows that Leon's bliss I held
Above her own; that, not by force compell'd,
To him I sacrific'd a lover's flame,
How will she, dead or living, loath my name!
While words like these his inward grief confess'd,
Sighs following sighs quick bursting from his breast,
Uprose the sun, when gazing round he spy'd
Thick dreary wilds perplex'd on every side.
Fix'd in despair, and resolute to die,
Remote from man, where not a human eye
Might view his fate; this place appear'd design'd
To suit the dreadful purpose of his mind.
The wood he pierc'd, where deepest he survey'd
The meeting shade inwove with meeting shade;
But first from reins and bit Frontino freed,
Releas'd, and thus address'd his gallant steed.
O my Frontino! were it mine to give,
What worth like thine should from thy lord receive;

Ver. 709. *O my Frontino!*—] These speeches to horses are frequent in the romance writers, and are not without example in the greater

Thou should'st not envy him who now obtains
A starry seat on Heaven's ethereal plains:
Not Cyllarus and bold Arion claim
Superior praise, or ask a nobler fame;
Nor any steed, whose merits could engage
The Grecian or the Latian's story'd page;
Since thou may'st rank with these, with these that most
Excel their breed; not one of which can boast
What thee exalts o'er all thy generous race;
For she, the pride of beauty, valour's grace,
Oft with her hand supply'd the foodful grain,
Thy trappings girt, and fix'd thy curbing rein.
Dear wert thou to my dame—but wherefore mine?
My dame no more!—that title I resign!—
I yield her to another—trusty sword!
Now turn thy point against thy faithless lord.
While thus Rogero through the desert grove
Can birds and beasts to share his sorrows move,
For these alone his mournful plaints attend,
As down his breast the frequent tears descend;
Think not his faithful Bradamant remains
In Paris free from love's heart-rending pains:

---

poets, for which we may refer the reader to the speeches of Achilles and Hector to their horses. Cervantes, not improbably, with an eye to this passage of Ariosto, makes Don Quixote, before he enters upon his penance in the mountain of Sierra Morena, upon releasing Rosinante, to address him in the following manner. "O steed, as excellent in thy performances as unfortunate by thy fate, he gives thee liberty who wants it himself. Go whither thou wilt; for thou hast it written in thy forehead, that neither Astolpho's Hippogriff, nor the famous Frontino could match thee in speed."

Jarvis's Don Quixote, Vol. i. B. iii. C. xi.

No vain excuses more, no feign'd delay
With Leon can elude the nuptial day.
What would she do for her Rogero's sake
Ere yield consent another lord to take?
Break every tie, the king, the court oppose,
Make parents, friends, and all the world her foes.
Should nothing yet avail, at least might death,
With sword or poison, end her hated breath:
And better far she deem'd to live no more,
Than living her Rogero's loss deplore.
Ah! my Rogero, whither art thou fled?
Art thou so far remote (the mourner said)
That ne'er to thee our challenge stood reveal'd,
From thee alone, of all mankind, conceal'd?
O! could the news have reach'd thy faithful ear,
No speed like thine had met the summons here.
Ah! wretch—what other can my thoughts suggest,
Than that which, but surmising, rives my breast.
Why com'st thou not to make my joys run o'er—
But ah! thou liv'st in bonds—or liv'st no more!
Too surely Constantine's detested heir
Has for thy life or freedom spread the snare;
By fraud thy timely coming to prevent,
Lest thy return should frustrate his intent.
From mighty Charles a sovereign grant I gain'd,
A grant, which, save myself, had none obtain'd;
In firm belief thou only in the list
Of single trial, could'st my arms resist:
Thyself except—all others I defy'd——
Lo! God has punish'd such o'erweening pride;
And he, who never yet in arms had run
One glorious course, from me the palm has won.

But am I vanquish'd, that I fail'd to take
Proud Leon's life, or him my captive make?
Can this be just?—Were these the terms agreed?
Or this the doom by partial Charles decreed?
What once I proffer'd, if I now disclaim,
I know inconstancy must brand my name:
But am I then the first or last to show
That change must ever govern all below:
Yet call me lighter than the leaves that strow
The plains of autumn from the sapless bough:
Let but my truth to him I love be prov'd,
Firm as a rock, by surging tides unmov'd,
Surpassing every praise by woman told,
In modern story, or in times of old!
These words and many more the virgin spoke,
While sighs incessant from her bosom broke:
And all the live-long night in tears she lay,
The night succeeding that ill-omen'd day:
But when in grottos of Cimmerian shade,
Retreating night her weary limbs had laid:
Heaven brought her aid—whose all-directing mind
In her Rogero's future bride design'd:
By Heaven impell'd, at morn the fearless dame,
Marphisa, to the sovereign presence came;
And said, her soul in secret had disdain'd
The wrong Rogero in his wife sustain'd:
His was the bride—nor would a sister view
Another's claim usurp her brother's due;
And proffer'd to maintain in single fight
The hand of Bradamant Rogero's right;
But proffer'd chief before the destin'd bride
To prove the truth (if she such truth deny'd)

That in her presence she those words had heard
Of faith exchang'd, by all mankind rever'd;
Given to Rogero by the virgin fair
With every rite that binds th' affianc'd pair,
That each from each no second choice could prove,
Or to another e'er transfer their love.
Thus she; and Charles was mov'd at what she said,
And bade the virgin to his sight be led.
To her the king Marphisa's words declar'd,
And Amon, present, in the converse shar'd;
While Bradamant with eyes cast downward stood,
Nor yet the truth deny'd, nor yet avow'd;
Yet seem'd her mien and modest blush to own,
What thus Marphisa's friendly zeal made known.
Rinaldo much, and much Anglantes' knight
Rejoic'd to hear Rogero's sacred right
So well maintain'd; the nuptials set aside,
And Leon baffled of his promis'd bride.
Rogero now must Bradamant espouse,
They deem, nor Amon more control their vows;
And she, deliver'd from her sire's command,
To good Rogero give her willing hand.
If thus between the pair the contract stood,
Rinaldo and Orlando might conclude
Their promise well confirm'd: so strife might cease
And all henceforth be union, love, and peace.
Impatient Amon then—A shallow wile
Is this, contriv'd a parent to beguile.
But were that truth, which you in fraud pretend,
Believe not thus my fix'd resolves to bend.
For let us grant (what yet I still deny)
My daughter could in some fond hour comply

To give her hand in marriage to the youth,
And he to her had pledg'd his future truth;
Yet, when or where was this exchange of heart;
The time, the place, each circumstance impart.
Such contract must have been (if e'er believ'd)
Before Rogero had our faith receiv'd.
But what imports a contract made before
Rogero had embrac'd the Christian lore?
Such vows can never with our laws agree,
When he a Pagan, a believer she.
For this has Leon risk'd his fame in vain
With Bradamant, on yon contested plain?
And will our emp'ror, still for justice fam'd,
Reverse the sentence he so late proclaim'd?
These pleas of vain delay which each would bring
You should long since have urg'd, ere yet the king,
At her request, the martial challenge spread,
Which to the trial generous Leon led.
  Thus Amon, who to part the lovers sought,
Against Rinaldo and Orlando brought
His specious charge—while Charles, to either side
Impartial, nor to this, nor that reply'd.
As when some wood the north or south receives,
A murmuring noise is heard among the leaves:
Or Eolus his wrath on Neptune pours,
The loud waves dash, and refluent beat the shores.
The rumour thus of deep dissention bred
Among the peers, through all the kingdom spread:
On this alone each ear attentive hung:
This was the theme of every eager tongue.
Some with Rogero, some with Leon join'd;
But most to good Rogero's cause inclin'd.

For one that favour'd Amon, ten preferr'd
The lover's claim: the emp'ror silent heard,
Referr'd the just decision to the laws,
And to the nation's counsel left the cause.
The nuptials thus deferr'd, Marphisa came,
And new conditions thus began to frame.
Since, while my brother lives, none else (she cry'd)
Can with this dame in wedlock's bands be ty'd,
Let Leon (if he seeks the maid to wife)
First meet Rogero's arms in single strife,
And he, by whom his noble foe is slain,
Without a rival shall his bliss obtain.
Marphisa said: the trial thus propos'd,
Imperial Charles to Leon's ear disclos'd,
Who, while he saw auxiliar at his side
The champion of the unicorn abide,
Secure of conquest o'er Rogero stood,
And every enterprize undaunted view'd.
He heard unmov'd Marphisa's challenge given;
But little dreamt that grief his friend had driven
To savage wilds, abandon'd and forlorn;
And vainly long expected his return.
And now he fear'd too boldly he presag'd
Success, and rashly had his name engag'd.
One day, another came, nor yet appear'd
The absent knight, nor tidings yet were heard.
By proof too well assur'd, he knew his hand
Could ne'er in combat with Rogero stand;
And hence alarm'd, he sought with anxious mind
The warrior of the unicorn to find.
Through cities, towns, and villages he sent,
Afar and near his trusty envoys went:

Nor thus content, in person next he prèss'd
His steed, and to the search himself address'd:
He sought amidst th' unnumber'd Christian train;
But vain his search, enquiry all as vain,
Till sage Melissa came; what aid from her
He met, I to th' ensuing book defer.

END OF THE FORTY-FIFTH BOOK.

THE

FORTY-SIXTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

THE ARGUMENT.

LEON goes in search of Rogero, and is met by Melissa, who conducts him to the wood where Rogero had retired with a resolution to end his life. Meeting of the two friends. Rogero discovers himself to Leon. Generosity of Leon. Rogero returns with them to the court of Charles. His reception there. The Bulgarian ambassadors invite him to take possession of the crown of Bulgaria. Amon and Beatrice consent to give him Bradamant to wife, and the marriage is celebrated with great pomp. Particular description of the nuptial tent and bed provided by Melissa. On the last day of the festival a knight appears before the assembly, and challenges Rogero to single combat. The knight proves to be Rodomont. Rogero accepts the challenge; and, after a dreadful combat, Rodomont is slain; with whose death the poem concludes.

THE

FORTY-SIXTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

NOW, if my chart be true, these longing eyes
Will soon perceive the port in prospect rise
Where to that power I hope my vows to pay,
Who safely led me such a length of way;

Ver. 1. *Now, if my chart be true,* &c.] The very poetical opening of this last book, with the metaphor drawn from a ship, appears to be imitated by Spenser in the first book of his *Fairy Queen*, Canto xii.

Behold I see the haven nigh at hand,
To which I mean my weary course to bend,
Veer the main sheet and bear up with the land,
The which afore is fairly to be kenn'd, &c. St. 1.

Now strike your sails, ye jolly mariners,
For we be come into a quiet road,
Where we must land some of our passengers,
And light this weary vessel of her load.

Here she awhile may make her safe abode,
Till she, repaired have her tackles spent,
And wants supply'd.....And then again abroad
On the long voyage whereto she is bent,
Well may she speed, and fairly finish her intent. St. xlii.

When late I fear'd a wandering course to keep,
Or scarce return, escaping from the deep,
With shrouds and tackle torn—But now, behold
Th' approaching bay its welcome arms unfold!
Hark! how the sounds of transport rend the sky!
Hark! how the thunders o'er the billows fly!
I hear the clang of bells, and trumpets loud,
Mix'd with the tumults of the shouting crowd!
All seem rejoic'd to hail me near the shore,
My voyage finish'd and my perils o'er!
O! with what fair and prudent dames around,
O! with what knights I see the harbour crown'd!
See Mamma and Geneura grace the coast,
Lo! there the damsel train, Corregio's boast.

And Dante in the beginning of his second,

> Per correr miglior acqua alza le vele
> Homai la navecella del mio ingegno,
> Che lascia dietro a se mar si crudele.
>
> Now let my muse's vessel court the wind
> With spreading sails, securer seas to find,
> And leave the cruel stormy main behind.

Berni has borrowed the two first lines of Dante, and placed them at the beginning of his second book of the Innamorato.

And Pope,

> Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,
> Pursue the triumph and partake the gale?
>
> *Essay on Man*, Ep. IV.

Ver. 17. *See Mamma and Geneura—*] He mentions Geneura three times, but it does not clearly appear whether they are all different persons. Mamma is no where else mentioned in the work.

Ver. 18. *—the damsel train, Corregio's boast.*] A general praise of the females of the family of Corregio. See Book xlii. Note to ver. 668.

See these Veronica of Gamb'ra join,
So dear to Phœbus and th' Ionian nine!
Sprung from the first, again Geneura view;
Behold a Julia near her steps pursue!
I see Hippolita, of Sforza nam'd,
Trivulzia, from the holy cavern fam'd.
Emilia Pia, hail! and hail with thee
Fair Margarita: Gratiosa see!
Angela Borgia, deck'd with every grace:
Richarda, born of Este's generous race.
Lo! where Bianca and Diana stand
With all the sisterhood (a lovely band!)
Lo! beauteous Barbara and Laura there,
Both wise and virtuous prov'd beyond compare:

Ver. 19. *Veronica of Gamb'ra*—] Signora Veronica de Gambera, countess of Corregio, and sister to the cardinal of Gambera, composed many verses, that show great marks of genius, in close imitation of Bembo. *Fornari.*

Ver. 22. *Julia near*—] Another Julia is mentioned, ver. 54. and particularly characterized; but it is uncertain whether they are different persons.

Ver. 23. *Hippolito, of Sforza nam'd*—] Supposed to be one of the family of Ludovico Sforza, so often mentioned.

Ver. 24. *Trivulzia, from the holy cavern fam'd.*] Trivulzia, a virgin of Milan, who at fourteen years of age gave surprising marks of genius; she was learned in the Latin and Greek languages, and from her excellence in poetry is said by the poet to have been bred in the cave of Apollo, where the Sybils delivered their oracles in verse. *Fornari.*

Ver. 25. *Emilia Pia, hail! and hail with thee*
Fair Margarita—] Emilia Pia is spoken of in the Cortegiano of Castiglione with great praise. *Fornari.*

Ver. 28. *Richarda*—] See Note on Book xiii. ver. 466.

Ver. 29. *Bianca and Diana stand*] This Diana is supposed here to be the same person that is celebrated in the xliid Book, ver. 652.

Ver. 31. *Lo! beauteous Barbara and Laura*—] He is here supposed to mean Barbara Turca, daughter of the duke of Brandenburgh

The sun from India's clime to Afric's coast,
Surveys not two that nobler praise can boast.
Behold Geneura! one whose virtues shine
With richest gems in Malatesta's line;
That never regal or imperial name
Receiv'd from any more exalted fame.
O! had she liv'd, what time with mighty hand
Cæsar of old subdu'd the Gallic land;
When flush'd with conquest, if to pass the flood
And Rome defy, in awful pause he stood;
Sure low on earth his vaunted banners thrown,
And every trophy in his battles won,
He to her will had bow'd his haughty crest,
Nor e'er his country's liberty oppress.

---

married to Ludovico Gonzaga II. marquis of Mantua; for his courage surnamed the Turk, and by her companion Laura, the third wife of Alphonso, who, though of mean extraction, was a woman of excellent parts. *Fornari.*

Ver. 35. *Behold Geneura! one whose virtues shine*
With richest gems in Malatesta's line;] Geneura Malatesta, wife to one of the Obizzi in Ferrara, worthily celebrated by Tasso, and to whom he dedicated his first poems. There was another Geneura, wife of the marquis Nicholo of Este, and sister to duke Hercules, who married Malatesta duke of Arimino, which may perhaps be the Geneura first mentioned by the poet. Ver. 17.

Ver. 41. *When flush'd with conquest, &c.*] Julius Cæsar having conquered Gaul, marched with his victorious army towards Rome, in order to demand the consulship, but halted on the banks of the Rubicon, it being a decree among the Romans, that whoever passed that river in arms was an enemy to the state. Cæsar, having debated some time with himself, it is said, that a man of gigantic stature suddenly appeared, who, snatching a trumpet from one of the soldiers, sounded a charge, on which Cæsar exclaimed aloud, "Let us go...the die is cast," and immediately crossed the river with all his army.

Next of my Bezolo, in order told,
Wife, mother, sister, all his kin behold.
With Bentivoglio's see Torelli's stand,
With Pallavigini's, Visconti's band:
These peerless dames the praise from all shall gain,
From new or old, from Greek or Roman strain.
For beauty, grace, where'er her foot she moves,
Julia Gonzaga every heart approves:
Where'er she darts around her radiant eyes,
She looks a goddess lighted from the skies.
See next her one, who close in blood ally'd,
With faith unsully'd Fortune's frowns defy'd.
See Ann of Arragon, by Heaven so grac'd,
Fair, courteous, gentle, faithful, wise, and chaste.
Her sister view, before whose beauty's blaze
All beauty fades, and every charm decays!

Ver. 47. *Next of my Bezolo*—] Frederico Gonzaga, surnamed of Bezolo, from a castle on the river Oglio, was a valiant commander, celebrated in the wars of France. *Fornari.*

Ver. 49. *Bentivoglio—Torelli—*
Pallavigini—] He here celebrates all the noble ladies of Bologna and Milan, of Ferrara, Urbino, and Mantua. *Fornari.*

Ver. 54. *Julia Gonzaga*—] This is that noble lady mentioned by Jovius in his history, who being made captive by Barbarossa, with great difficulty, by means of a swift horse, escaped in the night, half naked, from the hands of Barbarossa, who had designed her for a present to Solyman. *Lavezuola.*

Ver. 57. *—who close in blood ally'd,*] Isabella della Colonna, kinswoman to Julia Gonzaga, and wife of Luigi Gazolo. *Fornari.*

Ver. 59. *See Ann of Arragon*—] Marchioness of Vasto, the illustrious wife of Alphonso Davolo, daughter to Ferrantes of Arragon.

Ver. 61. *Her sister view*—] Signora Giovanna, wife to Ascanio of Colonna.

Lo! there the dame who takes from Styx's shore
(A great example now beheld no more)
Spite of the Parcæ, and in Death's despite,
Her glorious spouse to shine in heavenly light.
See where my patrons of Ferrara stand;
With these I see Urbino's courtly band.
Mantuans I see!—what dames, what damsels fair
From Lombardy and Tuscany repair!
Unless their beauties blind my dazzled sight,
Lo! Unico appears, a noble knight,
And Aretine, his age's glorious light!
Now Benedict I see, his kinsman, drest
In cowl of purple, and in purple vest;
With Mantua's cardinal; and he whose fame,
The conclave graces with Campeius' name.
All these (or much I err) in looks and air
Such friendly joy for my return declare;
That all my power can scarce suffice to show
The grateful thanks I to their goodness owe.

Ver. 63. *Lo! there the dame who takes,* &c.] Marchioness of Piscara, spoken of in the xxxvith. Book. See Note to ver. 123.

Ver. 72. *Lo! Unico appears—*
And Aretine—] The Cortegiano of Castiglione, is full of the excellent qualities of this Unico. Aretine is spoken of largely in the Note to ver. 207 of this book.

Ver. 74. *Now Benedict I see—*] Cardinal of Ravenna, who died at Ferrara. *Fornari.*

Ver. 76. *—Mantua's cardinal—*
Campeius' name—] Hercules, son of Francisco Gonzaga, a man of singular virtues, the last of the marquisses of Mantua, and brother to Frederick the first duke, was by Clement VII. made a cardinal of Mantua. Lorenzo Campeius of Bologna, a learned churchman and civilian, he composed many treatises: he was likewise made a cardinal by Clement VII.

With these Lactantius, and Trissino see,
With Paulo Panza, Claudius Ptolemy.
The Roman Juvenal methinks is near,
Sasso and Molza, and to me so dear
The Capilupi; and, of equal fame,
Florian Montano comes my praise to claim.
Then he who led us to th' Ascrean shore
In nearer paths, by feet untrod before,
Julio Camillo; while it seems I view
Sanga and Berna midst the gentle crew:

Ver. 82. *Lactantius and Trissino—*
With Paulo Panza, Claudius Ptolemy.] Lactantius and Claudius Ptolemy were of the same family and bore the name of Ptolemy. Claudius was an excellent poet. Trissino, of Venice, was well read in Greek literature; he published many works in prose and verse, and was author of the epic poem entitled *Italia Liberata*. Paulo Panza was a Genoese, and wrote elegant Latin verses.
Fornari.

Ver. 84. *The Roman Juvenal—*] By the Roman Juvenal is meant Cortegiano, famous in the time of Leo X. and Clement.
Fornari.

Ver. 85. *Sasso and Molza—*] Pamphilo Sasso of Madona, wrote many verses, and composed in Latin. For Maria Molza, see Note to Book xxxvii. ver. 790.

Ver. 86. *The Capilupi—*] Lelio Capilupi, of Mantua, wrote Sonnets and Latin verses; the poet says Capilupi in the plural number, meaning likewise the brother, called Hippolito, and perhaps the other three, they being five in all. *Fornari.*

Ver. 88. *Then he, who led us, &c.*] Julio Camillo, a Latin poet, who published many treatises, among which was "The Theatre of Knowledge," by which he professed to shorten the road to learning, in allusion to the fiction of Hesiod, of suddenly becoming a poet by dreaming of Parnassus, and drinking of the water of Helicon.
Fornari.

Ver. 91. *Sanga and Berna—*] Sanga was a skilful arithmetician, and for that quality much valued by Clement. Francesco Berna was a canon of the cathedral church of Florence: he composed many elegant poems full of wit and satire. *Fornari.*

Flaminio next: with these in fair accord,
Lo! Alexander, my Farnesian lord:
What learned throng he leads on either hand!
Phœdro, Capello, Portia swell the band.
Bologna's Philip, Maddalena here,
And Blosio and Pierio next appear,
With Volteranno: Vida, ever fam'd
For elocution, of Cremona nam'd.

Ver. 92. *Flaminio next*—] Marco Antonio Flaminio da Imola, was a writer on sacred and philosophical subjects, and likewise an excellent Latin poet.

Fornari.

Ver. 93. *Lo! Alexander, my Farnesian lord:*] This Alexander being raised to the Pontificate, assumed the name of Paul III. and being himself a scholar, he was a pattern of genius and learning.

Fornari.

Ver. 95. *Phœdro, Capello, Portia*—] Phœdro de Volterra was of the houshold of cardinal Pompeo della Colonna, together with Camillo Portia. For Capello, see note to Book xxxvii. ver. 57.

Ver. 96. *Bologna's Philip, Maddalena here,*] By the first, the poet is thought to have meant Philip, surnamed Beroaldo of Bologna, who was entertained by Leo X. and made librarian of the Vatican, in which post he died. Maddalena, famous at the Roman court, composed two ingenious epigrams upon Echo, which passed sometime for ancient, and were much applauded.

Fornari.

Ver. 97. *And Blosio and Pierio*—] Blosio Balladio, was secretary to Clement VII. and well deserved to be mentioned by Ariosto among the worthies of the age. Pierio was a gentleman of Cividal, a writer in prose and verse: he published the various readings of Virgil, and a treatise on the Sphere, and wrote also a book on Egyptian learning.

Fornari.

Ver. 98. *Volteranno: Vida* —] Rafaello Volteranno, a man of deep learning. M. Girolamo Vida, of Cremona, wrote on sacred subjects in Latin verse.

Fornari.

Lascari and Mussuro (generous pair!) 100
And Novagero, whom his deeds declare
In virtue first: Andrea Maroni view:
See Monaco Severo those pursue.
Two Alexanders more in yonder band:
There Orelogi and Guarino stand: 105

Ver. 100. *Lascari and Mussuro* —] Giovanni Lascari was the noblest and most learned of all the Greeks that took shelter in Italy from the Ottoman arms. He was well received by Lorenzo of Medicis, and sent by him into Greece, to bring away the ancient Greek books: he lived in splendor, though he was supported by the liberality of others, and died at Rome. M. Mussuro was born in Crete; an elegant poet: he came to Rome, was liberally patronized by Leo X. and made archbishop of Ragusa; and, before he died, arrived at the dignity of cardinal.

Fornari.

Ver. 101. —*Novagero*—] Andrea Novagero, a Venetian gentleman, was under the discipline of M. Antonio Sabellico, while he publickly read lectures in the Greek and Latin. He wrote witty epigrams, free from all licentiousness, and was a great enemy to Martial. He likewise followed, at one time, the profession of arms. He died of a fever, brought on by violent fatigue, in the forty-seventh year of his age, the king of France lamenting his death, and paying him funeral honours.

Fornari.

Ver. 102. —*Andrea Maroni view:*
See Monaco Severo —] Andrea Maroni was a great favourite of Pope Leo, by whom he was crowned poet, for his talent of composing Latin verses extempore. Monaco Severo is said by some to be a monk of the monastery of Angels of Florence, and an intimate friend of Ariosto. He was author of many excellent compositions in prose and verse.

Fornari.

Ver. 104. *Two Alexanders more*—
There Orelogi and Guarino stand:] By one of these he means Alexander Orelogi, a nobleman of Padua; and by the other Alexander Guarino.

Fornari.

Lo! Marius of Olveto! lo! where shine
The gifts of Pietro Aretine divine,
The scourge of power and all the tyrant line.

Ver. 106. *Lo! Marius of Olveto!* —] Mario Equicola, called of Olveto, from his country in the kingdom of Naples. He lived a long time in the court of the marquis Frederico of Mantua. He wrote a book, entitled, The Nature of Love; and many treatises in history and antiquity. *Fornari.*

Ver. 107. *Pietro Aretine* —] Pietro Aretine, a native of Arezzo, in Tuscany, born about the year 1490; a man of mean birth, but wonderful genius. He composed many satires and criticisms on the works of the learned, and disquisitions on the actions of the great. His writings were held in universal repute: retiring to Venice, he turned the force of his satire against kings, and obtained thereby the title of "The Scourge of Princes." King Francis I. the emperor Charles V. the princes of Italy, several cardinals, and other great lords, purchased his friendship by considerable presents, either in fear of the poignancy of his wit, or in admiration of his talents. Hence the insolence of Aretine increased so far that he caused a medal to be struck, representing himself on one side with these words, *il divino Aretino;* and on the reverse he appeared seated on a throne, receiving presents from the ambassadors of princes, with this inscription, *I principi tributati da populi tributano il servidor loro.* "Princes who received tribute from the people, pay tribute to their servant."

At last the growing reputation of Nicolo Franco, his rival, and some blows which he received in chastisement from some Italian noblemen, greatly humbled him. He at times debased his genius by the grossest impiety and licentiousness, and the reading of many of his works was prohibited by the church, particularly his Dialogues, Letters, Discourses, and Twenty Sonnets on impure subjects, designed by Julio Romano, which were engraved by Marc Antonio, for which the engraver was thrown into prison by Clement VII. Towards the end of his life he composed a Paraphrase on the Psalms, under the title of "Aretino Penitente;" or, as others say, of *Partenio Etiro*, being the anagram of his own name. He wrote likewise the Lives of the Blessed Virgin of St. Catharine, Thomas Aquinas, and others. He died at Venice about the year 1556, in the 66th year of his age, and was buried in the church of St. Luke; a melancholy instance, in many respects, of the perversion of great and extraordinary talents, while the following epitaphs, which were written on him, must be an eternal stain to his memory.

Next two Jeronimos, and next I spy
Leoniceno and Mainardo nigh: 110

Condit Aretini cineres lapis iste sepultos,
Mortales atro qui sale perfricuit.
Intactus Deus est illi, causamque rogatus,
Hanc dedit: ille, inquit, non mihi notus erat.

This marble covers Aretine's remains,
Whose venom'd gall on all mankind was thrown;
He touch'd not God in his unhallow'd strains,
This cause assign'd.....God was to me unknown.

Qui giace l' Aretin amaro tosco
Del' sem human', la cui lingua trafisse
E vivi e morti; d' Iddio mal non disse,
E si scuso co'l dir, I no'l conosco.

Here Aretine, man's bitter poison, lies,
Whose tongue the living and the dead could blot:
Of God alone no ill could he devise,
And thus excus'd his pen...I know him not.

An Italian writer, speaking of Aretine, says, " Se sarebbe affatto cancellata la memoria se l' Ariosto burlandosi dell titolo ch' egli fi haveva preso indebitamente non avesse detto nel Furioso.

Ecco il flagello
De principi, il divin Pietro Aretino."

He would probably have been forgotton if Ariosto, in the derision of the title which he had so unwarrantably assumed, had not said in his Furioso,

Behold the scourge
Of princes, the divine Peter Aretine.

But surely there can be no reason to think that Ariosto meant to fix any stigma upon his name, when he introduces him among so many whom he evidently extols for some virtue or great quality. It is much more to be believed that the poet joins the general suffrage of mankind in extolling one, then probably in the zenith of his reputation. See *Fornari*, *Bayle*, &c.

Ver. 109. *Two Jeronimos*---] Girolamo (Jeronimo) Verita, a gentleman of Verona, and a poet.

Ver. 110. *Leoniceno and Mainardo*---] Nicolo Leoniceno, an able physician, was the first who translated Galen from the Greek into

Cælio and Panizzato, Theocrine;
Bernardo Capel here; and there is seen
Pietro Bembo, whose example taught,
And to its purity our idiom brought.
See Guaspero Obizo next in place,
Who joys the fruits of Bembo's pen to trace.
With Fracastoro, Bevazzano here
I see, and Trifon Grabriele near:

---

the Italian tongue: he was a great philosopher, and continent and abstemious in the highest degree. He was in great favour with Hercules II. duke of Ferrara, and with his son Alphonso. He translated some of Lucian's Dialogues, and the History of Dion; and, by the sobriety of his life, attained, with health, the ninetieth year of his age. Mainardo was a physician of Ferrara, who wrote Medical Epistles, and gave many illustrations of the principles of physic, not before known. *Fornari.*

Ver. 111. *Cælio and Panizzato, Theocrine;*] Cælio Calcagnino of Ferrara, and long time a tutor to youth, and patronized by the duke. His genius was fertile, but most approved in his elegiac compositions, his prose being esteemed rather dry and inelegant. *Fornari.*

Ver. 112. *Bernardo Capel here*--] Bernardo Capello, a Venetian gentleman, and an esteemed Tuscan poet. *Fornari.*

Ver. 113. *Pietro Bembo*--] Cardinal Bembo, often before mentioned, was the first who, since the time of Petrarch and Boccaccio, had revived the Tuscan Muse. *Fornari.*

Ver. 115. *Guaspero Obizo*--] A gentleman of Padua, chiefly known by the friendship of Bembo. *Fornari.*

Ver. 117. *Fracastoro, Bevazzano* --] Girolamo Fracastoro, a physician of Verona, a poet, and writer on astrology in prose. Bevazzano, a Venetian courtier, well known in the time of Leo X. and Clement: he afterwards led a retired life. *Fornari.*

Ver. 118. *Trifon Gabriele*--] A Venetian, a man of deep penetration, who lived to a great age: he was esteemed another Socrates, and was frequently referred to in the literary disputes of that time. *Fornari.*

See Tasso distant from the noble crew:
Now Nicholo Tiepoli I view:
With him see Nicholo Amanio bend
On me his eyes; Fulgoso see attend
My prosperous course; and joy with wonder show
To view me near the land the billows plough.
Lo! my Valerio from the female train
Steps forth, and seems a converse to maintain
With Barignan, attending at his side,
How best defence in future to provide
Against the flames with which he still has burn'd
For that soft sex that ill his love return'd.

Ver. 119. *Tasso* —] Bernardo Tasso, the father of the great Torquato Tasso, a poet much esteemed, and author of *Amadigi*, a poem taken from the famous romance of Amadis de Gaul: he was secretary to the prince of Salerno; and his native place was Bergamo. The poet says he is at a distance, or standing beyond the crowd of noble Venetians whom he first mentions.

Fornari.

Ver. 120. *Now Nicholo Tiepoli* —] A noble Venetian senator of great authority, one of the first reformers of Paduan studies.

Fornari.

Ver. 121. *Nicholo Amanio* —] A gentleman of Cremona, and a doctor; he composed many verses. *Fornari.*

Ver. 122. —*Fulgoso see attend*] It is imagined that the poet means Antonio Fulgoso, a Genoese, who had the command of four of his country gallies. *Fornari.*

Ver. 125. *Lo! my Valerio*—] Gian Francesco Valerio, a Venetian gentleman, the same spoken of in the xxviith Book. See Note on ver. 1011. He is said before to have been a bitter enemy to the women, and by this passage appears to have been slighted by them.

Ver. 127. *With Barignan*—] Piero Barignano, of Pasara, a courtier at Rome in the time of Leo X. he wrote elegant verses, and was a member of the Roman academy. *Fornari.*

See grac'd with gifts, all human gifts above,
Pico and Pio, join'd by blood and love.
With these I one behold, by none excell'd,
Whom yet these longing eyes have ne'er beheld,
Great Sannazarius, who the Muses' train
From Mountains led to dwell beside the main.
Behold Pistophilo, unblemish'd found,
For learning and for industry renown'd.
Th' Acciavoli and Anghiari here,
No more my safety on the ocean fear.

Ver. 132. *Pico and Pio* —] Giovan Francesco Pico, count of Milandola, justly entitled the Phœnix, for the splendor of his birth and his rare endowments of body and mind. His works were well known. He died young, in the xxxth year of his age, in 1491, ten years before Ariosto began his poem. Alberto Pio, was born of an ancient and honourable family; he was a man of letters, and skilled in the profession of arms; he died at Paris, not much advanced in years, at the time that Charles V. and Solyman met near Vienna. Pico and Pio were related by a common descent from Manfredi. *Fornari.*

Ver. 135. *Great Sannazarius*—] Jacobo Sannazario, a Neopolitan, was born and bred at Naples, received into the familiarity of Frederico of Arragon, and followed that prince in his misfortunes. He composed many things in Latin and in the Tuscan language. He wrote piscatory eclogues, and a serious poem, entitled, " De partu Virginis." He died by a disease, brought on by vexation at seeing Margellina, his favourite village, laid waste by Philliberto Aurentio, one of the emperor's generals, and was buried in this place, in a church dedicated by him to the Virgin Mary. *Fornari.*

Ver. 137. *Behold Pistophilo* ...] M. Buonaventura Pistophilo was secretary to the duke of Ferrara, to whom Ariosto dedicates his seventh satire. *Fornari.*

Ver. 139. *Th' Acciavoli and Anghiari*...] The three Acciavoli of Florentine original, were at the court of Ferrara in Ariosto's time, when the edition of 1532 was published, (for no mention is made in that of 1515). The elder was named Pietro Antonio, the son Giacobo, and the nephew Archelao. All three are recorded as excellent poets by Lilio Gregorio Giraldi, in his second dialogue. *De poetis suorum temporum.* *Fornari.*

Annibal Malaguzzi next I see;
(My kinsman lov'd) then equal in degree
Good Adoardo; these in future days,
I trust the honour of my house shall raise
And bear from Calpè's heights to Ind our lineal praise.
Victorius Faustus, Tancred, hundreds more,
With welcome hail my glad approach to shore.
Dames, knights, and nobles of the gallant crew,
Seem all with joy my safe return to view;
Then let us speed the bark with every sail,
Since short the remnant course, and fair the gale.
Now turn we to Melissa, and relate
Her friendly aid t' avert Rogero's fate:
That wise Melissa, whose benign intent,
To Bradamant and her Rogero bent,
Had ever watch'd, with fond maternal care,
What good or ill befel the faithful pair.
She, who in every wish and act conspir'd
To see that union which her soul desir'd,

Ver. 141. *Annibal Malaguzzi*—] He calls this Annibal his kinsman, because the poet's mother was of the house of Malaguzzi. *Fornari.*

Ver. 144. —*my house*—] Rheggio, where the poet was born.

Ver. 146. *Victorius Faustus*—] Victorio Fausto read Greek in Venice, with a provision of five hundred crowns, and two hundred more for superintending the gallies of the arsenal. *Fornari.*

For the rest of the illustrious persons, of both sexes, here immortalized by the poet, Fornari, the Italian commentator, from whom the foregoing notes are taken, declares, that he had not been able to come to the knowledge of them; yet Fornari's Commentary was written only sixteen years after Ariosto's death. He observes, that probably some of these were private friends, whose names were never handed down but in the records of the poet.

Commanded now her spirits to and fro,
By magic art on her behests to go;
And still as one went forth, another came
With tidings gather'd for his anxious dame.
By these she learnt that good Rogero lay
In desart wilds, to pining grief a prey,
With dire resolve t' abstain from all repast
Of strengthening food, and waste with cruel fast
His wretched life: but soon Melissa gave
Her pitying aid the love-lorn knight to save.
To seek him out her dwelling she forsook,
And took, by chance, the path that Leon took:
The prince she met, who late had sent before
His envoys every region to explore;
And now in person went with anxious mind
The champion of the unicorn to find.
The sage enchantress, who a demon rein'd,
That day, in likeness of a steed, constrain'd
The saddle and the curbing bit to bear,
Thus met with Constantine's imperial heir.
If in your soul such courteous thoughts reside,
As your fair noble mien bespeaks, (she cry'd)
Vouchsafe your aid and comfort to a knight,
First of this age in virtue as in might,
Who, if some power afford not swift relief,
Draws near the period of his life and grief.
The bravest knight that ever at his side
The sword has girt, or to his breast apply'd
The cuirass bright, that ever yet could wield
The beamy spear, or lift the fencing shield;
The gentlest, comeliest youth the world has known
In ancient times, or boasted in our own;

For one unheard-of act, in friendship's cause,
Without some aid to life's sad period draws.
Then deign, O prince! to view his wretched state,
And prove if aught can yet avert his fate.
She ceas'd: and Leon, who in thought divin'd
That this was he, the knight he wish'd to find,
Pursu'd, without delay, the path she led,
To snatch so brave a warrior from the dead;
And ere they far had pierc'd the desert way,
They came, where next to death Rogero lay:
They found him weak and spent, so nearly past
All human help, with three days cruel fast,
That scarce was vigour left him from the plain
To rear his bulk, but all his strength in vain
Had prov'd his trembling members to sustain.
Out-stretch'd he lay, with armour cover'd o'er,
His head the casque, his side the falchion bore;
His pillow rude the famous targe he made,
Whose field the snow-white unicorn display'd:
There, while he griev'd how ill his deed return'd
The faithful love with which his mistress burn'd,
He sigh'd—he rav'd—he call'd himself ingrate
That gave the bitterest dregs of cruel fate
To her he lov'd; while tears his face o'erflow'd,
While every look and frantic gesture show'd
His fix'd despair, and, lost to all beside,
Nor Leon, nor Melissa he descry'd:
Nor, at their sight, his tears or plaints suppress'd,
Nor stopt the sighs deep bursting from his breast.
Leon attentive stood his speech to hear,
Then left his steed, and now advancing near,

He found that love had pierc'd his bleeding heart,
But knew not her whose love had wing'd the dart:
For while Rogero's lips his sorrows show'd,
They nam'd not her from whom his sorrows flow'd.
Near and more near the prince advancing drew,
Till face to face he stood in open view;
Then with a brother's warmth the youth address'd,
Lay at his side, and clasp'd him to his breast.
Yet much I doubt the brave despairing knight
Rejoic'd but little at his Leon's sight,
From whose known zeal he well might fear to find
A purpose to prevent his death design'd.
With gentlest words that friendship could impart
To soothe the anguish of a wounded heart,
Thus Leon spoke—Refuse not to disclose
The secret cause from which thy sorrow rose:
Few are the pangs which human kind endure,
But knowledge of the wound may point the cure:
Tell me thy grief—while yet of life possest,
Ah! let us ne'er of hope our souls divest,
It grieves me sore, what touch'd thy woe or weal,
Thou should'st from me thy truest friend conceal:
Not only now by friendship firmly ty'd,
No time henceforth our union shall divide;
But from that moment, when thy victor sword
Seem'd every cause of hatred to afford,
Thou still wert mine, and might'st from me receive
Whate'er my wealth, my friends, my life could give!
Decline not then to impart thy secret grief,
And leave a friend t' work a friend's relief.
Should all my help be fruitless to remove
Thy soul's distress—the last sad refuge prove

Of welcome death—but ah! such thoughts refrain
Till every human aid is try'd in vain.
He said; and with such friendly warmth address'd
His soothing speech, and urg'd the dear request,
That sad Rogero's heart, not fram'd of steel,
Or harden'd adamant, but made to feel
Fair friendship's power, refus'd not to comply
With what he deem'd discourteous to deny.
Yet thrice he strove to speak, while on his tongue,
With open lips, the faltering accents hung.
At length he spoke—When I, O prince! proclaim
(As soon I shall) my unexpected name:
Trust me, thou wilt no more oppose my fate,
But rather wish this object of thy hate
A speedier death—In me Rogero view!
Whose rage so lately could thy life pursue;
Who for this cause the Christian court forsook,
And to thy camp his hostile journey took,
Lest Bradamant, obtain'd from me, should fill
Thy happier arms; well known that Amon's will
Favour'd thy suit—but since man's erring kind
Oft plans what God has other far design'd,
Thy matchless courtesy, O prince! repress'd
The vengeful purpose of my jealous breast.
Not only former hatred I resign'd,
But to thy welfare all my thoughts inclin'd.
Thou pray'dst me, (little conscious that thy prayer
Rogero urg'd) to win the peerless fair—
To win for thee!—and, ah! thou might'st as well
From this sad heart the vital flame expel:
Yet ah! too sure the dear event has shown,
If thy desires I priz'd beyond my own.

Lo! Bradamant is thine!—secure with her
Thy happiness, which I to mine prefer:
But since to me she's lost—wilt thou deny
My woes the only privilege to die?
What can this breast of wretched life deprive,
If I the loss of Bradamant survive?
Yet more—thou canst not, while I live, address
A lawful plea the virgin to possess:
Oft have our names been join'd in nuptial vows,
Nor can she link with me a second spouse.
When Leon, in his friend, Rogero view'd,
Awhile unmov'd in silent gaze he stood:
Fix'd as a sculptur'd form memorial stands,
In some fair temple rais'd by pious hands.
He deem'd an act so courteous must excel
Whate'er the past or present times can tell.
When sudden thus Rogero stood confess'd,
No less affection warm'd his generous breast;
No less he for Rogero's sufferings bore,
Than once for him Rogero felt before;
And hence, to prove him worthy of his line,
Th' imperial heir of royal Constantine,
He will'd, howe'er in prowess left behind,
To emulate Rogero's courteous mind.
Then thus—If on that memorable day
When to thy valiant arm my camp gave way,
Thy hated name to me had stood reveal'd,
(Thy name, Rogero, till this hour conceal'd)
Still had thy worth no less my favour won,
Than when I view'd thy deeds, thyself unknown:
The love I bear thee now, alike confest
Ev'n then had banish'd hatred from my breast.

Rogero's name I loath'd before I knew
That to thyself this hated name was due.
Thus far I own—but think not what before
My hatred rais'd can raise my hatred more.
For had I known (when doom'd to racking pains
I set thee free from Theodora's chains)
What since I know—my soul had still pursu'd
As now, whate'er might work thy future good.
If from my hand such friendship couldst thou prove,
Not bound by sacred ties of grateful love;
Should I not now thy dearest wish pursue,
O! I were basest of th' ungrateful crew.
Self-robb'd of every bliss, thy bosom ow'd
To Heaven and love—on me thou hast bestow'd
Th' invalu'd gift—but, lo! to thee I give
Th' invalu'd gift again, and bid thee live.
Happier in this, thy anguish to relieve,
Than from thy hand the virgin to receive.
No claim have I—to thee belongs her heart:
What though I love her for her high desert,
Should she another wed, my secret grief,
Not fix'd as thine, might find from time relief.
Ah! can I wish that death should loose the bands
That hold, in nuptial league, your plighted hands,
And give me, eas'd of every rival strife,
To take the virgin for thy lawful wife?—
Not her alone—but all the world can give
I here abjure——O let me cease to live,
Rather than men shall say, one thought distress'd,
Through me, the peace of such a champion's breast!
Yet let me here thy doubts unkind reprove,
That thou, who like thy own, my soul canst move,

Whose will is mine, shouldst sooner chuse to die
Than on my friendly zeal for help rely.
These words, and many more, which, long to tell,
From Leon's lips in soft persuasion fell,
With reasons justly weigh'd, at length subdu'd
Rogero's purpose, who no more pursu'd
His dire resolve——I yield, I yield! (he said)
Nor longer seek to mingle with the dead.
But what to thee is due, whose saving breath
Has twice redeem'd me from the stroke of death?
Then costly wines and meats of flavorous taste,
Melissa's care before Rogero plac'd,
And with kind words consol'd the gentle knight,
Whose fainting spirit stood prepar'd for flight.
Meantime Frontino, who the neighing heard
Of kindred coursers, from the woods appear'd:
Him Leon bade th' attending squires receive,
And rein'd and saddled to his master give,
Who, led by Leon, scarce, with trembling feet
And sinking knees, could mount his wonted seat.
So was that strength decay'd, that strength which late
Had, 'midst an army, scatter'd death like fate,
When drest with cuirass, helm, and shield unknown,
The Greeks by him beheld their camp o'erthrown.
Now from the wood these three their way pursue,
And soon an abbey's friendly walls they view,
Whose kind retreat receives each welcome guest:
That day, and two succeeding days they rest,
Till, by the slumbering couch and genial board
The champion of the unicorn restor'd
To pristine vigour, with th' enchantress dame,
And Leon, to th' imperial city came.

Here chosen envoys were receiv'd but late
On solemn business, from Bulgaria's state;
The grateful state that to their regal throne
Rogero chose, and deem'd in France alone
To find their prince, and thither sent to bring,
From royal Charles, their new elected king,
That each to him might pay a subject's vows,
And with the diadem enwreath his brows.

With these ambassadors the squire appear'd,
From whom the tidings of his lord were heard;
How near Belgrado's walls Rogero fought,
What deeds his valour for Bulgaria wrought,
When Leon and his sire his arm o'erthrew,
And all th' imperial host dispers'd or slew:
For which the victors vow'd to him their crown
Rejecting every ruler of their own;
And now, in Novengrado's walls betray'd,
The youth by stern Unguardo was convey'd
To Theodora's hands; when soon was spread,
The certain rumour of the keeper dead,
The prison open'd, and the prisoner fled.
But none by tidings or surmise could tell
What fortune since the noble knight befel.

Now unobserv'd, with vestments not his own,
Rogero enter'd Charles' imperial town,
Through private ways; and at the morning light
With Leon came, before the emp'ror's sight.
Rogero held, with double branching head,
The golden eagle on a field of red;
And, as agreed, the Grecian habit wore,
And all those arms which in the list he bore;

With every mark of that day's fight confest,
With riven plate, pierc'd mail, and batter'd crest;
That each believ'd in him the knight they view'd,
Who Bradamant in equal fight subdu'd.
With him, unarm'd, came Leon at his side,
Array'd in costly robes with regal pride;
And all around the prince was seen to wait
A train that well beseem'd his lofty state.
To Charles he bow'd, who from his sovereign seat
Already rose the noble pair to meet.
Good Leon by the hand Rogero led,
On whom all eyes were fix'd, and thus he said.
  Lo! here the knight, who late sustain'd the fray
From morning's early dawn till close of day.
Since Bradamant nor made him prisoner yield,
Nor slew, nor drove him, vanquish'd, from the field,
If rightly he conceives your high decree,
He asks, O king! the meed of victory,
The virgin won—and comes from thee to take
That hand, which valour thus his own could make,
Though, from thy late disposal, none shall dare
Contend with him to wed the matchless fair;
Yet say, if courage may deserve the dame,
What other knight shall urge a nobler claim?
If he must win, who holds her most above
Her lovely sex, what heart like his can love?
And here he stands, prepar'd in single fight,
With arms undaunted to defend his right.

Ver. 415. *With riven plate, pierc'd mail, and batter'd crest;*] For a remark on this passage, see Book xlv. ver. 567.

Imperial Charles, and all his court, amaz'd,
When this they heard, awhile in silence gaz'd;
Each deem'd that Leon had the combat won,
And not this knight, who seem'd to all unknown.
Marphisa, who, with many a noble peer,
Stood silent by, scarce gave a patient ear
Till Leon ceas'd; but with disdain inflam'd,
Stept forth, and thus in hasty words exclaim'd.
Since absent hence, Rogero is deny'd
T' assert his title to the plighted bride,
Lest, wanting friends to yield a generous aid,
Another undisputed should invade
His sacred rights—Lo! I, his sister, dare
The boldest he, who rashly shall declare
For Bradamant a lover's boasted name,
Or vie presumptuous with Rogero's claim.
Sternly she spoke; and from her eyes appear'd
Such fiery glances, that th' assistants fear'd,
Lest, not awaiting lists by Charles prepar'd,
Her hand had then some deed of vengeance dar'd.
Leon no more Rogero now conceal'd,
But, lifting up his helm, his face reveal'd;
Then to Marphisa turn'd—Behold (he cry'd)
Himself appears the contest to decide!
As old Egeus gaz'd, with ghastly hue,
When at the direful board his son he knew,

Ver. 463. *But, lifting up his helm*, &c.] The whole of this episode of Leon and Rogero is admirably supported, and few discoveries can be imagined more interesting than this of Rogero.

Ver. 466. *As old Egeus gaz'd*, &c.] Egeus, king of Athens, being on his travels entertained at the house of Pittœus, in Trezene, had an intrigue with Etra his daughter, and when he departed left with

To whom he, by his impious wife impell'd,
In ruthless ire the deadly poison held;
Who, had not then the monarch's eyes descry'd
The fatal sword, had by his father dy'd:
So look'd Marphisa, when, by Leon shown,
She found Rogero in the knight unknown:
Sudden around his much-lov'd neck she clung
With eager grasp, and at his bosom hung.
Orlando then, Rinaldo then express'd
Their love; but first imperial Charles address'd
The noble youth: not Olivero bold,
Not gallant Dudon, nor Sobrino old,
Could from his wish'd embrace their arms withhold,
Knights, Barons, Paladins, alike enjoy'd
The happy change, that every thought employ'd.
Leon, whose lips in speaking could excel,
At length, these greetings done, began to tell
Before the king and nobles of the state
(Who stood to hear the prince his tale relate)
How brave Rogero's matchless strength in arms,
Though prov'd to his and to his people's harms,
Could at Belgrado more excite his love,
Than all his realm endur'd his hatred move:

her his sandals and sword, charging her, if she should be brought to bed of a boy, to send him to Athens with these tokens. She was afterwards delivered of Theseus, who being grown up, took the sword and sandals, deposited with Etra by his father, and went to Athens, where he found all the city in confusion by the machinations of Medea, who at the arrival of Theseus, made him suspected by Egeus, and persuaded the king to destroy him at a banquet by poison; but fortunately, as the youth reached out his hand to receive the cup, Egeus perceived his sword, and embracing him, acknowledged him for his son.

That, when to torture doom'd by her whose hands
Detain'd the noble knight in cruel bands,
He, mindless of the ties of blood, reliev'd
The wretched captive, and from death repriev'd;
Then how Rogero, from his prison freed,
Repaid the service with a generous deed,
That past nor future ages could exceed.
He told, how inly stung with deep despair,
When for his friend he won the martial fair,
The knight resolv'd to die, and verg'd on death,
When timely aid prolong'd his fleeting breath:
And in such moving phrase the tale he drest,
That not an eye the feeling tear suppress'd.
He ended here; and then persuasive woo'd
Relentless Amon, till his words subdu'd
Tenacious age, not only from his thought
Drove his first purpose, but so far he wrought,
Amon refus'd not at Rogero's hand
To plead excuse, and urge the nuptial band;
Beseeching now the youth to crown his vows,
T' accept in him his sire, in Bradamant his spouse.
Soon to the virgin, where retir'd she sate,
And mourn'd the turns of her disastrous fate,
With gladsome accents many a tongue convey'd
The happy news, which, when the love-lorn maid
At first receiv'd, the blood around her heart
By grief collected, from that vital part
So sudden flew, as near with joy had left
Her chilly frame of life itself bereft:
All trembling and unnerv'd her feet in vain,
With strength exhausted, would her weight sustain,

Though such her courage and her force made known
In many a fight, as oft the Muse has shown.
Not greater joy the wretch condemn'd can feel,
When sentenc'd, by the gibbet, axe, or wheel,
To shameful death; or when the hangman's hand
Has folded o'er his sight the fatal hand;
If chance his ears th' unhop'd-for sound receive
Of that blest voice which brings his life's reprieve.
With transport Clarmont and Mograna view'd
Between each house what union fair ensu'd:
Not less Anselmo old and Gano mourn'd:
Not less Ginami, Gini, Falcon burn'd
With envious rage, while each, with outward smiles,
Conceal'd a bosom fraught with serpent guiles,
To plan, in future time, the murderous snare:
As lurks the crafty fox to seize the hare.
Of these had numbers (a degenerate train)
Fall'n by Orlando and Rinaldo slain.
Though oft the prudent king th' effects suppress'd,
Of what each treacherous mind might else suggest,
And still'd their plaints; yet Bertolagi kill'd,
With Pinabel, their breasts with fury fill'd,
While what they knew, as half unknown they feign'd,
And deep conceal'd their rancorous thoughts restrain'd.
Th' ambassadors, that from Bulgaria sent,
(As late I told) to Charles impatient went,
In hopes that valiant knight, their king design'd,
The champion of the unicorn to find;

Ver. 533. *Not less Anselmo old and Gano*, &c.] Ancient enemies to the houses of Charlemain, Orlando, and Rinaldo, so often mentioned by Boyardo, and other romance writers.

When him they met, they blest the happy hour
That to their wish could him they sought restore,
Their chief belov'd! and him on bending knee
Implor'd with them Bulgaria's realms to see,
And visit Adrianople's regal town
That kept for him the sceptre and the crown.
Their hopes on him they plac'd, with conquering arms
To guard their threaten'd state in new alarms:
For Constantine in person with a force
More numerous, thither bent his threaten'd course:
But with their king Rogero's presence blest,
They hop'd from Greece th' imperial sway to wrest.
  Won by their gratitude, and loyal prayer,
Rogero gave consent the crown to wear;
And vow, if nought his purpose should withstand,
In three short months to reach Bulgaria's land.
Leon Augustus, at the converse nigh,
Here bade Rogero on a prince rely;
That since his hand Bulgaria's sceptre sway'd,
With them and Constantine the peace was made;
Nor need he hasten his departure thence
To head the legions for the realms defence;
But pledg'd his honour (in his father's name)
Of all his conquests to renounce the claim.
  No virtue that Rogero's soul possess'd,
Could move so far th' ambitious mother's breast,
Or to her love her promis'd son endear,
As join'd with his the name of king to hear.
  The nuptials were perform'd with splendid pride,
As suited royal Charles, whose hand supply'd
The princely sums, and every honour fram'd,
As if from him a daughter's blood she claim'd.

Such was the virgin's worth (nor need we join
To hers the worth of all her noble line)
The generous prince had scarcely deem'd it lost,
Though half his realm were wasted in the cost.
He bade, by sound of trumpet, wide proclaim
An open court, where each unquestion'd came;
And granted, till the ninth revolving day,
Free lists for all to meet in martial play.
Amid the plain he rear'd delightful bowers
Of twining branches, wreath'd with odorous flowers,
Where silk and gold display'd such blended light,
No eye had e'er beheld so fair a sight:
For not the walls of Paris could contain,
From various nations, such a countless train.
There rich and poor; there all degrees on earth,
Of Grecian, Latian, and Barbarian birth,
Throughout the world: that tongue can scarce relate
The lords and envoys sent from every state;
All lodg'd at ease, in various shelters spread,
From rich pavilions, to the humble shed.
The night before, the sage divining dame
Had bent her care the nuptial couch to frame,
And nuptial tent, for that great day design'd:
That day for ever present to her mind.
Long had she wish'd to see this pair unite
Their plighted hands in Hymen's holy rite;
Since, from their stock, she knew what race must prove
The happy fruit of their connubial love.
And now, the genial bed Melissa plac'd
Amidst a wide pavilion, richly grac'd
With every art, beyond the proudest cost
That peace can furnish, or that war can boast.

This work of skill on Thracia's distant shore
From Constantine the wise enchantress bore,
With Leon's fair consent—but more to raise
The prince's wonder, and the court's amaze;
To show her matchless power, that could retain
Th' infernal dragon in her curbing chain,
Of him, as suited her designs, dispose;
And all the band of God's rebellious foes;
From vast Constantinople's regal towers
To Paris' walls, by help of Stygian powers,
This rich pavilion at the noon of day,
From Constantine who held imperial sway,
Through air she brought, and in the field she spread,
A sumptuous lodgment for Rogero's bed.
The feast complete, again the nuptial tent
To Constantine by miracle she sent.
Two thousand years had circled since a dame,
Of Ilion's race, employ'd her hand to frame
The wondrous work: her Heaven-instructed mind
Here great events of future days design'd.
Cassandra was her name: this tent she gave
Her brother Hector, bravest of the brave:
In texture fair of blended silks and gold,
She here had pictur'd, beauteous to behold,

Ver. 620. *Th' infernal dragon*, &c.] *Gran verme infernal*, the devil. Dante calls Cerberus the great worm (gran verme) and Lucifer, the dreadful worm (verme rio) our Milton has the like expression.

> O Eve, in evil hour didst thou give ear
> To that false worm.....
>
> *Paradise Lost.*

Ver. 635. *Cassandra*—] Daughter to Priam.

The gentlest knight, that from his noblest race
Through rolling years a distant age should grace.
This Hector, as her gift, rejoic'd to take,
For the gift's value, and the giver's sake,
And priz'd till death: but when, by treason slain,
He fell, and Greeks subdu'd the Trojan train;
When Sinon to his friends the gates unbarr'd,
And worse ensu'd than words have yet declar'd,
This tent, by lot, was Menelaüs' share:
This tent he chanc'd in Egypt's realm to bear,
There for his wife, of whom he stood bereft
By Proteus' hand, with him the gift he left:
Helen her name, the loveliest of her kind,
For whom to Proteus he the gift resign'd.
Then to the Ptolemies in due descent
It fell; and next to Cleopatra went;

Ver. 643.—*but when, by treason slain,* &c.] Ariosto, with the romantic writers in general, whenever the siege of Troy is alluded to in his poem, gives the story a partial turn in favour of the Trojans, from whose great hero Rogero is said to derive his origin. In the xxxivth Book, he makes St. John impute the account given by Homer of the Grecian heroes and heroines to the venality of the poet. He always speaks of the death of Hector as brought about by treachery. To this we may observe, that our great countryman, Shakespeare, whose materials are often drawn from popular stories, particularly from an old story book of the siege of Troy, has, in his Troilus and Cressida, represented the characters of the Trojans superior to the Greeks, and has made Achilles kill Hector at an unfair advantage.

Ver. 649.—*his wife, of whom he stood bereft*

By Proteus' hand—] Ariosto here alludes to a story of Helen told by Herodotus, that Paris, returning with Helen from Troy, was received by Proteus king of Egypt, who afterwards sending away Paris, detained Helen, with all her treasure, at his court; and Ariosto here relates, that she was ransomed by Menelaus for this tent, which he gave to Proteus.

Eugenico, Porcacchi.

Till in the seas of dread Leucadia lost,
It swell'd the plunder of Agrippa's host;
And by Augustus and Tiberius gain'd,
Preserv'd at Rome till Constantine remain'd:
That Constantine, for whom, while Heaven shall turn
Around the pole, Italia's sons will mourn.
When Constantine remov'd from Tyber's shore,
The precious tent he to Byzantium bore:
This from another Constantine, the maid
In magic skill'd, to distant France convey'd.
Rich cords of gold the fair pavilion strain'd,
An ivory pole the canopy sustain'd:
There comelier forms embroider'd rose to view,
Than e'er Apelles' wondrous pencil drew.
There gaily clad, in shining robes, are seen
The Graces three, ministrant to a queen
In matron throes, of whom a child is born
To bless his age, and all mankind adorn.
See near him Jove, and speech-fam'd Hermes stand,
And Mars and Venus: with unsparing hand
Each sheds the tribute of ethereal flowers,
And roseate unguents in celestial showers!
The infant swathes in letter'd gold proclaim
Hippolito—a future glorious name!
In riper years him Fortune shall convey
Through every deed, and Virtue lead the way.

Ver. 670.—*ministrant to a queen*
In matron throes—) Leonora of Arragon, daughter of Ferdinando king of Naples, to whom the poet here gives the title of queen, married to duke Hercules I. by whom she had Hippolito of Este, Ariosto's patron, whose birth is here celebrated.

The figur'd work a foreign train express'd,
With length of hair and long descending vest;
These envoys from Corvino to require
The growing infant of his tender sire:
His parting duty Hercules receives:
His mother Leonora next he leaves:
The Danube now he gains, where round him pour
The thronging tribes, and as a God adore.
Hungaria's prudent king with wonder hears
Such ripening knowledge in such early years;
To his young merits every honour pays,
And o'er his barons gives him sovereign praise.
In sign of trust he to his infant hand
Consigns the sceptre of Strigonia's land:
Still at his side the youth his place maintains,
Or in the palace, or the tented plains.
Where'er the monarch takes his glorious stand
Against the German or the Turkish band,
Hippolito is near to catch the flame
Of early virtue from his patron's fame.
See Fusco near attends with counsel sage,
To point the sense of learning's ancient page:

Ver. 683. *These envoys from Corvino,* &c.] Beatrice, sister of Leonora, and wife of the great Matteo Corvino king of Hungary, being without children, sent for young Hippolito from his parents; who arriving in Hungary, was received by the king with every mark of esteem and affection, and afterwards made him archbishop of Strigonia, before he had arrived at eighteen years of age. Ludovico Sforza called Il Moro, the duke of Milan, who had married Beatrice, the sister of Hippolito, hearing of his great virtues, procured for him the bishopric of Milan; after which, being very young, he was created cardinal, and taken to assist him in the government.

Ver. 701. *See Fusco near.*] Tommaso Fusco, first tutor to Hippolito, and afterwards his private secretary. Cœlio Calcagnino dedicated to him his translation of Lucian.

" Wouldst thou the meed of glory keep in view,
This path reject, and that with zeal pursue,"
He seem'd to say—so well the figures wrought
By matchless art express'd the maker's thought.
Soon in the Vatican behold him plac'd
A stripling cardinal—while prudence, grac'd
With soft persuasion from his lip distils,
And with surprise the hallow'd conclave fills.
What shall he prove when riper age he bears?
(Thus each to each, in wonder rapt, declares)
O! should he e'er be cloth'd in Peter's vest,
What rule so hallow'd, and what time so blest!
Lo! there are games and sports depictur'd, view'd
The pastimes by th' illustrious youth pursu'd;
Who now on Alpine heights, the woodland bears,
And now wild boars in fen and valley dares.
Borne on a courser that outstrips the wind,
He holds in chace the goat or fleeter hind;
Till these o'ertaken crown his rustic toils,
The bleeding victims of his forest spoils!
Behold him there amid the learned band
Of sage philosophers and poets stand:
One sets to view the planetary tribes,
While one the heavens, and one the earth describes!
These mournful elegy or joyous verse;
Those epic strains or sprightly odes rehearse.
Music he hears in dulcet notes, that roll
To lull the passions, or to fire the soul!

Thus lively painted in the tints of truth
Was seen the childhood of the godlike youth.
Cassandra there his virtues gave to see;
His prudence, justice, valour, modesty;

And that fifth virtue, which with these combines,
Through which each other more exalted shines.
Lo! there the youth, who now companion stands
With him who hapless rules th' Insubrian bands,
With him in peace he sits, and counsel holds;
With him in war the banner'd snakes unfolds.
With him he seems one equal task to share
In days of triumph, and in days of care;
In flight he follows, comforts him in grief,
And yields in danger aid; in pain, relief.
See! where he seems each anxious thought to wake,
For good Alphonso and Ferrara's sake.
He meditates, with every art, to find
The treason lurking in the traitor's mind,
And to his noble brother shall declare
What guile the nearest of his kin prepare.
For which he to that title builds a claim,
Which Rome of old annex'd to Tully's name.
In other parts, with shining arms array'd,
He flies to give the threaten'd church his aid,
And with a few undisciplin'd oppose
A numerous host of well-appointed foes:
Alone his presence can suffice to cheer
The holy brethren, and relieve their fear,

Ver. 735. *And that fifth virtue*..] What the poet means by the fifth virtue is uncertain. Perhaps charity may be said to ennoble all the other virtues.

Ver. 738. *With him who hapless*, &c.] Ludovico Sforza, duke of Milan, deposed by Lewis XII.

Ver. 752. *Which Rome of old*, &c.] Cicero was called father of his country, for having delivered the republick from the conspiracy of Catiline.

And he whose hand so soon the flame repell'd,
May justly boast—I came—I saw—and quell'd!
Behold, where near his own paternal shore
He meets in arms the strongest naval power,
That ever yet from Venice' sea-girt race
Was sent the Turks or Argive force to face.
He this subdues, and to his brother's hand
Each captive gives, with all the spoils obtain'd,
And only to himself reserves that fame
He ne'er can graft upon another's name.
The knights and dames beheld with eyes intent,
But knew not what the mystic figures meant;
Since none so learn'd was present to relate
These shadow'd emblems of succeeding fate:
Yet all with pleasure gaz'd, their sight amus'd
With each fair form, and all the scrolls perus'd.
But Bradamant alone the story knew,
Which she from sage Melissa's converse drew.
Rogero, though his mind was here untaught,
Compar'd with Bradamant, yet he to thought
Recall'd, how midst his future race enroll'd,
Of this Hippolito Atlantes told,
And oft was wont his honours to unfold.

Ver. 760.—*I came, I saw, and quell'd!*] Julius Cæsar having obtained a victory over Pharnaces king of Pontus, wrote to his friends in Rome this laconic account of his success, *Veni, vidi, vici!* Tasso has, like Ariosto, made a familiar use of these words in the xviith Book of the Jerusalem, where the soldan of Egypt commissions Emerines to lead his army to the assistance of Aladine against the Christians.

Ver. 769. *The knights and dames beheld*, &c.] In the old poem of *Aspramonte*, is a description of the bridal bed of Rogero and Gallicella, the father and mother of our Rogero, from which, possibly, Ariosto might take his hint for the pavilion and bed here described. See *Aspramonte*, c. x.

What verse the courteous praises can report
Of royal Charles, and all his splendid court?
Pleasures still new the festive hours afford,
And plenteous viands crown the smiling board.
Each hardy knight his hardy deeds essays,
Each day a thousand shiver'd spears displays:
By foot, by horse, are various battles wag'd,
Some pair'd, and some in mingled rout engag'd.
But o'er the rest Rogero bears the fame,
And wins the palm from every rival name;
In wrestling and the dance, in every kind
Of youthful feats he leaves the rest behind.
The last great day, ere games and tilting ceas'd,
The nobles seated at the solemn feast,
Where Charles upon his left Rogero plac'd,
And lovely Bradamant his right hand grac'd;
Lo! pacing o'er the plain, appear'd in view
A knight all arm'd, who near th' assembly drew;
Himself, his steed with sable cover'd o'er,
His stature large, and semblance proud he bore:
This knight was Sarza's king, who smit with shame
What time the virgin at the bridge o'ercame
His boasted might, had sworn thenceforth to quit
His sword and arms, nor rein the foaming bit;
But like a hermit, in some lonely cell,
A year, a month, and day in penance dwell.

Ver. 807. *A year, a month, and day*—] It was the common practice of the knights of chivalry to punish themselves for any defeat in battle, attended with humiliating circumstances, by a voluntary abjuration of the profession of arms for a certain stated time. Cervantes seems to allude to this custom, when he introduces the Knight of the Moon's making it one of the conditions of his duel with Don Quixote, that the knight of La Mancha, if vanquished, shall relinquish knight-errantry for the space of one year.

So punish'd on himself each ancient knight
His honour tarnish'd by successless fight:
Though yet of Charles he heard loud rumour tell,
And what events the king his lord befel:
True to his oath, no more his sword he drew,
Than if nor Charles, nor Agramant he knew.
But when at length, complete the time requir'd,
He saw the year, the month and day expir'd,
With other armour, steed, and sword, and lance,
He reach'd with eager speed the court of France.
His courser's seat he kept unmov'd, nor bow'd
His haughty head, nor sign of reverence show'd;
As if he scorn'd king Charles and all the state
Of those high peers that there assembled sate.
Each one his wonder in his looks express'd,
To see this bold, this self-intruding guest;
And all forgot their food and talk, intent
To hear the knight, and what his coming meant.
When now full opposite to Charles he stood,
Where by his side the noble youth he view'd,
With fiery glance the silence first he broke
And thus aloud in threatening accents spoke.
The prince of Sarza, Rodomont am I,
And thee Rogero to the list defy!
And ere the night extends her raven wing,
Will prove thee here disloyal to thy king!
That thou, whose name a traitor's deeds disgrace,
Deserv'st not midst these peers an honour'd place:
Though well to all thy falsehood must be known,
Nor thou, a Christian, canst the charge disown:
And how to fix on thee a traitor's stain,
I come to call thee to th' embattled plain.

Or, is there one will offer, for thy sake,
To meet my arms—his offer here I take;
Or if ye, singly, shrink the course to try—
Come more—your arms united I defy—
Whate'er the odds, this sword yon knight shall prove,
A recreant to his lord and country's love.

He ceased: Rogero from the emp'ror's side
Arose, and thus, with leave of Charles, reply'd:
That he, or any tongue that durst defame
His deeds, and brand him with a traitor's name,
Most foully ly'd—that to his sovereign just,
None rightly could arraign his breach of trust:
And that he stood prepar'd his truth to prove
In loyal duty and a subject's love:
Nor needed others here his cause befriend,
His own right hand suffic'd him to defend
His name traduc'd, and well he deem'd it such,
The foe perchance might find that one too much.

Up started then Rinaldo, Brava's knight*,
The marquis †, with the brethren ‡, black and white;
Marphisa, Dudon—these whom friendship draws
T' engage the Pagan in Rogero's cause.
These seven united plead, that he whose hand
So late was knit in Hymen's holy band,
Should at his nuptial feast from quarrels cease,
Nor stain with sanguine war the rites of peace.

No more—no more—(Rogero thus replies)
Think not such reasons can for me suffice.
Then swift those arms are brought, which late in fight
He conquer'd from the stern Tartarian ‖ knight.

---

* Orlando. † Olivero. ‡ Gryphon and Aquilant.
‖ Mandricardo.

Charles girds his trusty falchion to his side;
By great Orlando's hands his spurs are ty'd:
Marphisa and his Bradamant invest
With plate and mail his limbs and manly breast:
Astolpho brings his horse of generous breed:
The Dane's brave son* beside the ready steed
His stirrup holds: Rinaldo, and the care
Of Namus, for the knights the field prepare:
With these the marquis Olivero join'd:
Now here, now there, they drive the vulgar kind
From the proud lists for deeds of arms assign'd.

The dames and damsels, struck with panic fear,
With features pale, like frighted doves appear,
That driv'n by threaten'd tempest from the plain,
Quit for their dear lov'd nests the springing grain,
When hollow winds are heard, when lightnings fly,
When thunders rumble from the darkening sky,
Presaging on the delug'd fields to pour
From low-hung clouds the hail or rattling shower.
Each female for Rogero felt alarms,
Oppos'd to such a dreadful foe in arms.
So fear the vulgar herd—while many a knight,
And many a baron seem'd to doubt the fight:
Those deeds were present yet to every thought,
Deeds which in Paris' walls the Pagan wrought,
When he, with single arm by sword and fire,
Such ruin spread, and made whole hosts retire.
Ruin that lasted still, that long remain'd,
And such, as greater never realm sustain'd.

---

* Dudon.

The heart of Bradamant, above the rest,
With all love's terrors heav'd her gentle breast:
Not that she deem'd, howe'er for prowess held,
The Saracen Rogero's force excell'd,
Or thought that Rodomont must surely claim,
The meed that crowns in arms the victor's name.
Yet could she not her busy doubts remove,
Such doubts as ever spring in those that love.
O! with what rapture had she prov'd her might
In all the dangers of this untry'd fight.
Though more than certain fate had there design'd
Her life's sad period—her unconquer'd mind
Had dar'd for one a thousand deaths to face,
(Could death so oft be met by human race)
Rather than see the lord of all her vows,
A life far dearer than her own expose.
But since she knew no prayer would bend her knight
To yield to her the perils of the fight,
A sad spectatress, with dejected look,
She sate, while frequent sighs her bosom shook.
Meanwhile Rogero there, the Pagan here,
Against each other rush with rested spear:
Like brittle ice the spears in fragments fly,
Like birds the fragments mount into the sky!
Without effect, though faithful to its aim,
The Pagan lance against the buckler came,
So temper'd was its orb which Vulcan fram'd
For Hector's use—his point Rogero aim'd
With better force, that, midst the hostile shield,
Through steel and bone its furious passage held.
That thrust had to the fight a period given,
But short the weapon broke; and swift to Heaven

The splinters flew, while stagger'd with the force
Back on his crupper fell each warrior-horse.
Full soon with spur and rein each fearless knight
His steed recover'd to pursue the fight.
Their useless spears dismist, their swords they drew,
And wheel'd their steeds, while round their heads they threw
The flashing steel, and now with pointed blade
On plate and mail the weakest part essay'd.
No serpent skin then arm'd the Pagan's breast,
That hide which once the hostile stroke repress'd:
Nor Nimrod's dreadful sword that day he wore,
Nor on his brows the wonted helmet bore:
For when along the bridge the tilt was run,
And Bradamant from him the conquest won;
His arms against the sacred shrine he plac'd,
A mournful trophy of his deeds disgrac'd.
Strong arms he wore, yet not in proof compar'd
With those that once were wont his limbs to guard;
But every temper must in vain oppose
The dreadful force of Balisarda's blows,
Which never metal forg'd by mortal hand,
Nor all the charms of magic could withstand.
So well to aim his point Rogero knew,
That oft he pierc'd the Pagan's armour through:
When Rodomont in many a part had view'd
His own bright mail with purple gore bedew'd,
And scarce could ward a stroke which swiftly sent
To reach the flesh through shield and corslet went;
He rag'd—he foam'd—not with such fury raves
The stormy sea, when black with wintry waves:
His buckler cast aside, his sword he drove,
With either hand, resistless from above,

On good Rogero's crest—so from the sky
Some ponderous weight, by leavers rais'd on high,
Falls thundering down—with every nerve the foe
Full on Rogero dealt the staggering blow.
Here well th' enchanted helm avail'd to save,
Else that dire blow the king of Algiers gave,
Had sever'd horse and man—Rogero low
His head twice bending to the saddle bow,
Spread wide his arms, and, senseless with the pain,
Appear'd just falling headlong to the plain:
And e'er his scatter'd sense the youth recalls,
From the stern foe the stroke repeated falls;
A third succeeds—but soon the blade unfit,
With such fierce strokes, the temper'd casque to meet,
In shivers breaks, its master's aim deceives,
And in his grasp the broken weapon leaves.
Still Rodomont, with fury unrestrain'd,
Rogero press'd, who senseless still remain'd;
So sore the blows had batter'd round his head,
Such mists of darkness o'er his sight were spread;
Him soon the Saracen from sleep awoke,
With nervous arms he clasp'd his neck, and shook
The gallant youth, till from his seat he drew,
And to the ground the struggling warrior threw:
Scarce had he fall'n, when swift from earth he sprung
With anger deep, with shame yet deeper stung.
For, as on Bradamant he cast his eyes,
He saw pale terrors o'er her features rise:
She view'd, and trembling view'd, her dearest knight
Hurl'd from his seat, and, sickening at the sight,
Her tender soul seem'd ready wing'd for flight.
Rogero, who to heal his shame, prepar'd,
His falchion brandish'd, and the Pagan dar'd

To new assault—the Pagan spurs his steed
T' o'erwhelm the knight; the knight with skilful heed
Eludes the shock, and in his hand restrains
The hostile courser by the straiten'd reins.
He whirls him round, and stands with point addrest
To pierce the mailed side or plated breast:
With two deep wounds he galls his thigh and side;
And fast from either flows the crimson tide.
Stern Rodomont, who in his hold retain'd
The hilt and broken blade that yet remain'd,
With these a dreadful stroke, in fell intent,
At utmost strength on good Rogero sent.
Rogero, who his fair advantage knew,
Had seiz'd his arm, and now with force he drew
The furious king, and bending to and fro,
Compell'd at length his saddle to forego.
He fell—but whether by his force or skill,
So fell, he seem'd Rogero's equal still,
Alighting on his feet—but all the field
That saw Rogero yet his weapon wield,
High hopes conceiv'd—meanwhile with every slight,
The youth essay'd to keep the Pagan knight
At distant bay, nor close too near with one
Of such huge limb, strong nerve, and giant bone.
He view'd the Pagan's gaping wounds, he view'd
His side and thigh with purple streams imbru'd,
And hop'd, with ebbing strength, he soon must yield
To him the glory of the well-fought field.
Still in his grasp the furious Pagan held
The broken weapon; this, with force impell'd,
He threw—the weapon sent with certain aim
Against Rogero's helm and shoulder came.

So dreadful was the stroke, the gentle knight
Reel'd here and there, and scarce his utmost might
Suffic'd to keep his tottering bulk upright.
To close in nearer strife the Pagan try'd:
His wounded thigh his hasty step deny'd;
And while he urg'd his feeble nerves in vain,
One knee, beneath him bending, touch'd the plain.
His time Rogero took, he press'd his foe,
He whirl'd his falchion round, with blow on blow,
And laid once more the haughty Pagan low.
Again more fierce he rose; and now they join'd;
They grasp'd, with arms around each other twin'd.
His wounded side and thigh that vigour drain'd,
Which Rodomont so oft in fight sustain'd.
Rogero well his pliant limbs could wield,
And long had practis'd in the wrestlers' field.
His 'vantage now he saw, and close pursu'd,
And where the Pagan's deepest wounds he view'd,
Where most he saw the purple current flow,
Close and more close he press'd th' enfeebled foe.
But Rodomont, with rage and shame impell'd,
By turns Rogero's neck and shoulders held,
Now forward drew, now backward thrust, and press'd
The youthful hero to his cruel breast,
And lifted high—now here, now there, he strain'd
The dauntless knight, and still his hold retain'd.
While every means he tries on earth to throw
The Christian youth; nor less his gallant foe,
Collected in himself, his art and might
Employs to disappoint the Pagan knight,
And keep him still beneath; oft wheeling round,
Rogero shifts his hold, and shifts his ground.

At length fierce Rodomont his waist enclos'd
With firmest grasp—now, breast to breast oppos'd,
They toil—they pant—Rogero chief apply'd
His art against the Pagan's wounded side:
Athwart his bending knee one foot he thrust,
And, lifting, hurl'd him prostrate on the dust
Headlong.—When thus the furious Pagan fell
On the hard earth, the blood, as from a well,
Stream'd from each wound, and deep on every side,
The fatal plain with gory crimson dy'd.
Rogero now, with Fortune's favour crown'd,
To keep the Pagan prisoner on the ground,
One hand the dagger to his sight address'd,
One hand with fearful grasp his throat compress'd,
While either knee his heaving bosom press'd.
As in Pannonian or Iberian gloom,
Where wretched miners cheerless days consume
For shining ore, if fate above impends,
And sudden ruin on their head descends,
Crush'd up and bruis'd, their spirits scarcely find
A vent to leave their mortal part behind.
So lay the Sarzan prince, so press'd beneath
The victor, struggled in the jaws of death.
The dagger, now unsheath'd, Rogero shook,
And at his vizor seem'd to aim the stroke:
He bade him yield, as vanquish'd in the strife,
With plighted faith to spare his forfeit life:
But he, whom thought of death far less dismay'd
Than aught that signs of dastard fear betray'd,

Ver. 1075. *As in Pannonian or Iberian*, &c.] He alludes to the metallic mines of Hungary and Spain, the latter so named from the river Hebrus.

Still bent and twin'd; while all in vain he prov'd
Against the knight, who kept his place unmov'd.
As when the mastiff, panting on the plain,
Whose throat the nimble greyhound's fangs constrain
With deadly gripe, in fruitless fury lies,
With jaws dire foaming, and with fiery eyes:
Not all his force the victor can elude,
By skill and vigour not by rage subdu'd:
So Rodomont essay'd each art to make
The conquering youth his powerful hold forsake.
He strove to rise; but still the wary knight
Press'd him to earth with unabated might,
Now, writhing here and there, the Pagan strain'd
Each nerve, and freed at length his better hand,
That in its grasp th' insidious poniard bore;
(The poniard from the sheath releas'd before)
With this he sought to aim the murderous wound
Beneath Rogero's reins—the youth renown'd
The danger saw, should still his generous heart
Defer the Pagan's death, his just desert.
Then at full stretch he rais'd his arm above
The prostrate king, and thrice the weapon drove
Deep in his horrid front—so ends the strife,
And leaves secur'd Rogero's fame and life!
Where Acheron's infernal waters spread,
Freed from her icy limbs, blaspheming fled

Ver. 1092. ..... *the nimble greyhound...*] Alano, the name of a peculiar kind of dog of great strength and agility.

Ver. 1113. *Where Acheron's infernal waters spread.*]

Vitaque cum gemitu fugit indignata sub umbras.

Virgil. Æn. Lib. xii. v. ult.

Th' indignant soul, that here with impious pride
All human faith, and Heaven's own laws defy'd.

The reader cannot but observe, with what judgment and spirit Ariosto, in imitation of Virgil, concludes his work with the death of Rodomont, having so fully completed his story, which, with an infinity of episodes and adventures, had delighted the imagination, and fascinated the attention through forty-six books; in all which, it will, I believe, be readily allowed, that the interest has not only been powerfully kept up, but that the last book is entered upon with as pleasing and anxious a curiosity as any part of the poem.

END OF THE FORTY-SIXTH AND LAST BOOK.

POSTSCRIPT.

HAVING brought this long work to a conclusion, I cannot close the volume without some acknowledgment for kindnesses received, and without expressing a hope that a perusal of my translation will not wholly disappoint those expectations which may have been raised by my preface, or entertained from a knowledge of that admiration which the Italians universally testify for their favourite poet.

It will be sufficiently flattering to me, should the English reader experience but a small part of that pleasure which has recompensed me for the hours of anxiety and application that must attend such an undertaking; but whatever support I may have found from that degree of enthusiasm, which every translator, who has the least pretence to taste or genius, will imbibe from such a poet as Ariosto, I must likewise declare, that no little encouragement has been afforded me by the countenance of those friends, who, if I may be allowed to make use of

the beautiful figure of my author, at the opening of his last book, will, I trust, stand on the beach to welcome my return from so hazardous a voyage. To this I must add, that the favour shown by the public, in the reception of the first volume of my Orlando, would of itself, without any other consideration, have effectually determined me to persevere in making an entire version of this wonderful poem; a design which I had conceived and entered upon many years before I engaged in the translation of Tasso, but which the avocations of a life devoted to business, long prevented me from pursuing.

In my preface, life, and notes, I have endeavoured to insert whatever might gratify curiosity, or give every necessary elucidation, on which occasion I must return my thanks to those gentlemen who have smoothed the way in this part of my labours, by giving me information and assistance; and here let me declare my sense of the kindness of one who was ever ready to patronize any apparent work of genius. My first obligations are due to the late Mr. Garrick, who gave me free access to the books in his collection: he saw the beginning of my translation, but did not live to see the completion of a work, in the success of which he once seemed kindly to interest himself. It never will be thought superfluous that I pay this regard to the memory of him, whose

death I sincerely lamented, and who, however soon forgotten by the many in the dissipation of the day, has, in the words of one of his most respectable friends, left that gap in society which will not easily be filled up.

In the late Dr. Hawkesworth I have found reason to regret the loss of one, whose taste and friendship I had formerly experienced in my version of Tasso, and which would have been sensibly felt in the present publication; he saw the first part of the foregoing translation, and gave me every encouragement, declaring himself more struck with the wild beauties of the Orlando, than with the more classical merits of the Jerusalem.

I must here make my grateful acknowledgments to the friendship and politeness of Mr. Barnard of St. James's, for being honoured with the indulgence of consulting the Royal Library. To this gentleman's particular kindness, and general liberality of sentiment, every return is due for favours shown to the man, and to the translator.

Nor can I pass over unnoticed the very flattering manner in which, without any previous recommendation, I was permitted to make use of the library of the late Reverend Mr. Crofts, a resource the more grateful to me, as this collection has been allowed to exceed any other in the number of Italian books, amongst which

are many early writers of the greatest rarity and estimation.

I must likewise confess the assistance which I have derived from the friendship of Mr. Sastres, of whose taste and knowledge in Italian literature I was happy to avail myself in any difficulty.

I owe my thanks to all my subscribers; but my first thanks are due for the great honour that has been conferred on me in the permission of introducing Ariosto to my countrymen with becoming dignity, by an insertion of such august names at the head of my encouragers.

I must not forget my obligations to the Governor-General of Bengal, and to the rest of the gentlemen in the East-India Company's service at that settlement, for their very generous patronage of my proposals; at the same time let me discharge a melancholy duty to the memory of a deceased friend, who showed his early attention to my attempt of giving an English Orlando, and whose disposition, as a friend, a scholar, and a patron of genius, led him in the most cordial manner to continue that countenance in India, which he had given to the work in England: with the name of Major Pearson, whose loss I have every reason to regret, let me join the name of Mr. Clement Francis, now of Calcutta, who,

with the ardour of unfeigned friendship, has done every thing to promote my subscription in that part of the world.

To Mrs. Angelica Kauffman, whose pencil needs no praise from me, I am beholden for the elegant design to the first volume, which she was pleased in the most polite manner, to contribute towards the embellishment of my book.

To other friends am I indebted for acts of kindness. To Dr. Warton of Winchester, for his warm encouragement in the progress of my labour; to his brother Mr. Thomas Warton; to my friend Dr. Burney; all zealous admirers of our poet; and to the worthy and elegant author of Leonidas, the great lover and judge of the works of Imagination, by whom I was very early stimulated to so arduous an undertaking.

Among those whose good wishes have always gone along with the translator, it is with peculiar satisfaction that I can insert the name of Dr. Samuel Johnson; and I am happy in this opportunity of giving a public testimony of my sincere and respectful affection for him, whose friendship I consider as one of the most grateful circumstances of my life, since the value of his character can only be known by those who live with him in the habit of intimacy; but alas! such knowledge leads us

continually to lament the condition of mankind, in which, at a certain period, every warning of mortality makes us dread a dissolution of the dearest connections, while we are tempted to regret, that some of the apparently superfluous years allotted to the profligate or the useless, cannot be added to those whose lives are an honour to human nature.

15*th May*, 1783.

GENERAL INDEX.

The large Numerals denote the Volume; the small the Book; the Figures the Verse; and N the Notes.

A.

ADONIO, lover of Argia, wins her love by the help of the fairy Manto, VI. xliii. 543.
See Tale of Adonio and the Judge's Wife.
ADVENTURE of Mandricardo at the castle of the Syrian fairy, and the manner in which he achieved the arms of Hector, II. xiv. 240. N.
——— of Orlando with the fairy of riches—his sounding the enchanted horn, III. xix. 272. N.
——— of Orlando at the bridge of Aridano, his descent to the subterraneous palace of Morgana—the wonders he saw there—his delivering Ziliantes, Rinaldo, and others, from the power of that enchantress, *ib.*
——— of Rinaldo at the Joyous Garden, IV. xxxi. 670. N.
——— of Rinaldo at the Vermilion Rock—dreadful tale of Marchino and Stella—human sacrifices to a monster—Rinaldo is cast to the monster to be devoured—he kills it, *ib.*
——— of Orlando at the enchanted garden of Falarina—he wins the sword Balisarda, and destroys the garden, V. xli. 192. N.
See the other heads.
Æneas, punished in the infernal regions for leaving Dido, V. xxxiv. 106.
Agramant prepares for the invasion of France to revenge his father Troyano, and, by the advice of the king of Garamanta, takes Rogero with him. See General View of BOYARDO's Story.

Agramant lands in France, attacks the Christians, and defeats them, *ib.*
——— prepares to muster his forces, II. xiii. 571.
——— the forces reviewed—the names and characters of the several leaders, xiv. 77.
——— makes preparations for the assault of Paris, xiv. 499. 780.
——— assaults one of the gates in person, xv. 41.
——— enters the battle, xvi. 545.
——— is beat down by Rinaldo, xvi. 614.
——— recovers his seat, III. xviii. 254.
——— is defeated, and returns with his army into the works, *ib.* 1100.
——— sends his messengers to recall the knights and leaders to their standards, xxiv. 792.
——— defeats Charles, and once more lays siege to Paris, IV. xxvii. 246.
——— endeavours to compose the quarrels among his knights, *ib.* 299.
——— orders lots to decide the combatants, *ib.* 329.
——— endeavours again to pacify the knights, whose differences increase, *ib.* 505.
——— is offended with Marphisa, *ib.* 695.
——— refers the dispute between Rodomont and Mandricardo for Doralis to the decision of the lady, *ib.* 764.
——— causes two disputes to be decided by one duel, IV. xxx. 137.
——— he is assaulted in the night by Rinaldo, and defeated with great slaughter, xxxi. 364.
——— retires to Arli, *ib.* 605.
——— takes care of Rogero wounded, *ib.* 636.
——— receives Brunello from Marphisa, and orders him to be executed, xxxii. 15.
——— sees from the walls of Arli Bradamant unhorse three of his warriors, V. xxxv. 487.
——— sends a squadron from the town to watch the motions of the Christians, xxxvi. 189.
——— he hears that his kingdom in Africa is invaded by the Nubians, and calls a council of his chiefs, xxxviii. 289.
——— breaks the truce, and attacks the Christian army, xxxix. 49.

Agramant sets sail for Africa, meets with Dudon's vessels, is attacked, and most of his fleet destroyed, *ib.*
——— escapes himself with difficulty, xl. 54.
——— in despair, attempts to kill himself, but is prevented by Sobrino, *ib.* 278.
——— lands on a desert island, *ib.* 348.
——— meets with Gradasso—he, Gradasso, and Sobrino send a challenge to fight Orlando and two other knights, *ib.* 360.
——— his conversation with Brandimart the night before the battle, xli. 274.
——— fights with Brandimart, *ib.* 700.
——— is killed by Orlando, xlii. 49.
Alardo, younger brother to Bradamant, meets her near Mount Albano, III. xxiii. 156.
——— sets out with his brothers to the relief of Charles, IV. xxx. 678.
——— is overthrown in the joust by Guido Savage, xxxi. 71.
——— is present at the attack of the Pagan camp, *ib.* 373.
Alcina, account of that enchantress given by Astolpho, I. vi. 245.
——— she transforms her lovers into different shapes, *ib.* 352.
——— two of her damsels accost Rogero, and persuade him to accompany them. vii. 483.
——— she welcomes Rogero to her palace, *ib.* 59.
——— her assumed beauties described, *ib.* 71.
——— she allures Rogero to her love, *ib.* 109.
——— her arts defeated by the magic ring, and her natural deformity discovered, *ib.* 436.
——— pursues Rogero, viii. 77.
——— her fleet engages with that of Logistilla, and is defeated, she flies, II. x. 357.
Aldiger of Clarmont, natural brother to Malagigi and Vivian, entertains Rogero and Richardetto at the Castle of Agrismont, III. xxv. 487.
——— sets out with them to deliver his kinsmen from the hands of Bertolagi, *ib.* 645.
——— declines Marphisa's challenge—defeats, with his companions, the troops of Bertolagi and the Moors, IV. xxvi. 25.

Aldiger is overthrown in the joust, and wounded by Mandricardo, xxvi. 457.
Almontes, brother to Troyano, particulars of his death by Orlando, I. i. 202. N.
ALMS given on a death-bed, found in the moon, V. xxxiv.
Alzirdo killed by Orlando, II. xii. 488.
Amazons, their story, III. xix. 393, xx. 66.
Amon, father of Bradamant and Rinaldo, treats with Constantine for the marriage of Bradamant with the Emperor's son Leon, VI. xliv. 86.
—— quarrels with his son Rinaldo, and opposes the nuptials of Rogero and Bradamant, *ib.* 278.
—— he and his wife Beatrice take their daughter from the court, and confine her in a castle, *ib.* 542.
—— brings his daughter back to the court, xlv. 193.
—— his contest with Rinaldo before the emperor, in behalf of Leon, *ib.* 823.
—— is reconciled, and consents to Rogero's marriage with Bradamant, xlvi. 505.
Angelica travels from India with Orlando, and arrives in the Christian camp. See General View of BOYARDO's Story.
——— is given by Charles to the custody of Namus, I. i. 52.
——— after the defeat of the Christians, she flies, *ib.* 71.
——— meets Rinaldo, *ib.* 77.
——— sees Ferrau, *ib.* 103.
——— her flight, *ib.* 232.
——— her interview with Sacripant, *ib.* 340.
——— comforts him after his defeat by Bradamant, *ib.* 470.
——— during the battle between him and Rinaldo she flies and meets a hermit, ii. 77.
——— is conveyed by enchantment to a desert island, where she is laid in deep sleep by the hermit, who attempts her chastity, viii. 203.
——— is taken by Corsairs, and carried to the island Ebuda, to be devoured by a sea monster, *ib.* 347.
——— delivered by Rogero, II. x. 644.
——— recovers her ring that dissolved all enchantments, and leaves Rogero, xi. 19.
——— arrives at the enchanted palace of Atlantes, xii. 149.

Angelica discovers herself to Orlando, Sacripant, and Ferrau, xii. 171.
——— leaves the palace, and is followed by the three knights, *ib.* 220.
——— takes away Orlando's helmet, *ib.* 348.
——— is found by Ferrau—she flies, *ib.* 384.
——— resolves to return to her native country, *ib.* 419.
——— finds Medoro dangerously wounded, III. xix. 122.
——— heals him, *ib.* 144.
——— is enamour'd of him, and marries him, *ib.* 186.
——— gives the shepherd the bracelet which she had received from Orlando, *ib.* 286.
——— departs with Medoro to return to India, *ib.* 292.
——— meets with Orlando mad, and with difficulty escapes from his hands, IV. xxix. 414.
——— sails with Medoro for India, and the poet takes leave of her, xxx. 111.
Anselmo, father of Pinabello, his grief for the death of his son, III. xxiii. 335.
——— wrongfully orders Zerbino to be put to death for the murder, *ib.* 360.
Anselmo the judge, husband to Argia, VI. xliii. 543.
See Tale of Adonio and the Judge's Wife.
Aquilant the black, brother to Gryphon—their combat with Orilo, II. xv. 483.
——— goes to Jerusalem with his brother and Astolpho, *ib.* 664.
——— departs from Jerusalem to go in search of Gryphon, III. xviii. 471.
——— meets Martano and Origilla, *ib.* 514.
——— carries them bound to Damascus, *ib.* 562.
——— his meeting with his brother, *ib.* 608.
——— is unhorsed by Astolpho, *ib.* 798.
——— takes shipping with Astolpho, Sansonetto, Gryphon, and Marphisa, *ib.* 924.
——— is with them in a dreadful storm, *ib.* 964. xix. 308.
——— arrives with them at the land of the Amazons, xix. 389.
——— leaves the country with Gryphon, Sansonetto, Guido, and Marphisa, xx. 620.
——— is made prisoner with Gryphon, Sansonetto, and Guido, in Pinabello's castle, and sworn to observe a law, *ib.* 769. xxii. 372.

Aquilant is struck down by Rogero's shield, xxii. 599.
——— hears with Rinaldo, and the other Christian leaders, of Orlando's madness, IV. xxxi. 270.
——— is present at the attack and defeat of the Pagan camp, *ib.* 364.
Argalia killed by Ferrau. See General View of Boyardo's Story.
——— his ghost appears to Ferrau, I. i. 180.
Argia, wife to the judge Anselmo, VI. xliii. 543.
——— beloved by Adonio. See Tale of Adonio and the Judge's Wife.
Adriodantes, his love to Geneura princess of Scotland, I. v. 33.
——— is married to her, vi. 100.
——— goes with the English army and Rinaldo into France, II. x. 601.
——— signalizes himself in battle, xvi. 391. 461. 569.
——— grief for the death of his brother Lurcanio, III. xviii. 378.
Astolpho, king of Lombardy. See Tale of Astolpho and Jocundo.
Astolpho the English duke, transformed into a myrtle by Alcina, warns Rogero of his danger, I. vi. 181.
——— recovers his former shape by Melissa, and is carried on the Griffin horse to Logistilla's, viii. 109.
——— receives from Logistilla the present of a wonderful book and horn, II. xv. 97.
——— departs in a galley provided by Logistilla, and in his voyage hears from Andronica of future navigators, and other great men of the age of Charles Vth, *ib.* 131.
——— lands and meets with a hermit in a boat, who warns him of the giant Caligorant, *ib.* 269.
——— takes Caligorant prisoner in his own net, *ib.* 357.
——— fights with Orilo, and kills him, *ib.* 587.
——— visits the Holy Land with Gryphon and Aquilant, *ib.* 664.
——— sets out with Sansonetto from Jerusalem to visit the jousts at Damascus, III. xviii. 646.
——— they meet Marphisa, *ib.* 660.

Astolpho and Sansonetto arrive together at the jousts, *ib.* 706.
——— unhorses Gryphon and Aquilant with the golden lance, xviii. 801.
——— quits Damascus in company with Sansonetto, Gryphon, Aquilant, and Marphisa, for France, *ib.* 906.
——— he embarks with them on board a ship, is with them in a dreadful storm, *ib.* 964.
——— arrives with them at the land of the Amazons, xix. 389.
——— hears the strange law of that place, *ib.* 405.
——— lands with his companions, *ib.* 513.
——— discovers the champion of the Amazons to be his kinsman, xx. 482.
——— attempts with his companions to leave the land, but being overpowered by numbers, he puts the Amazons to flight with his horn, *ib.* 620.
——— is left by his companions, terrified with his horn *ib.* 705.
——— after travelling through many countries, he arrives in England, III. xxii. 31.
——— is decoyed to the palace of Atlantes, *ib.* 83. destroys the enchantment, and gets possession of the Griffin-horse, *ib.* 111.
——— leaves Rabicano and his golden lance with Bradamant, and takes his flight on the Griffin-horse, xxiii. 66.
——— his flight through the air described, IV. xxxiii. 703.
——— arrives in the country of Prester-John—riches of the place—account of Senapus, *ib.* 746.
——— drives the harpies from the table of Senapus, *ib.* 885.
——— pursues them to the mouth of hell, *ib.* 936.
——— descends into the infernal regions, and converses with the ghost of Lydia, V. xxxiv. 25.
——— punishment of departed spirits—their names, *ib.* 87.
——— hears the tale of Lydia, *ib.* 114.
——— leaves the infernal shades, and ascends to the terrestrial paradise, *ib.* 333.
——— the place described, *ib.* 372.
——— is welcomed there by St. John the Evangelist, *ib.* 412.

Astolpho is carried by him in a fiery chariot to the moon, *ib.* 526.
——— sees there all things that are lost on earth, *ib.* 562.
——— sees Orlando's wit in a vessel which he is permitted to take away, V. xxxiv. 636.
——— sees the three fatal sisters spin the thread of life, *ib.* 680.
——— sees Time throw the names of great men into the river of oblivion, *ib.* 713. xxxv. 69.
——— hears from St. John the praise of writers, *ib.* 153.
——— returns with the Saint to Paradise, and receives a herb to heal Senapus's eyes, xxxviii. 180.
——— leaves Paradise, returns to Nubia, restores Senapus to his sight, and receives assistance from him to carry on the war in Africa, *ib.* 207.
——— he shuts the wind in a bag, *ib.* 225.
——— pursues his march through the deserts, *ib.* 241.
——— turns the stones to horses, *ib.* 253.
——— wastes the kingdom of Africa, *ib.* 273.
——— exchanges Bucifaro for Dudon—turns the leaves into ships, and sends Dudon with a fleet to France, xxxix. 188.
——— cures Orlando of his madness, *ib.* 351.
——— takes Biserta with the assistance of Orlando, xl. 160.
——— with Sansonetto, he carries the news of Brandimart's death to Flordelis, VI. xliii. 1165.
——— dismisses the Nubian army to their own country, and returns to France, xliv. 142.
——— assists in preparing Rogero for his combat with Rodomont, xlvi. 874.
Atlantes, the magician, carries away all the beautiful women, I. ii. 260.
——— fights with Gradasso and Rogero, *ib.* 338.
——— his castle and Griffin-horse described, iv. 87. 108.
——— is made prisoner by Bradamant, *ib.* 176.
——— destroys his castle, *ib.* 258.
——— shows himself to Rogero in the form of Bradamant, II. xi. 108.
——— decoys Orlando, Rogero, and many other knights, to his enchanted palace, xii. 28.

Atlantes appears to Bradamant in the form of Rogero, xiii. 523.
——— his palace destroyed by Astolpho—he flies, III. xxii. 157.
——— his ghost parts the combat between Rogero and Marphisa, and reveals to them their birth, V. xxxvi. 459.
AVARICE, apostrophe of the poet against that vice, VI. xliii. 1.

B

Bardino, foster-father of Brandimart, brings him news of his father's death, V. xxxix. 494.
——— his lamentation at the death of Brandimart, VI. xliii. 1259.
BATTLE between the Christians and Pagans, II. xvi. 315. to the end, III. xviii. 240—394. 1005—1121. IV. xxvii. 116—245. xxxi. 364. 573. V. xxxvi. 215. xxxix. 67.
——— between the Bulgarians and Greeks, VI. xliv. 619.
——— between Rogero and the Orc, II. x. 703.
——— between Orlando and the Orc, xi. 234. See Siege, Combat, Jousts, &c.
Battoldo, Brandimart's horse, IV. xxxi. 479.
Balisarda, Rogero's sword, given him by Brunello. See General View of BOYARDO's Story.
——— won by Orlando from Falerina, V. xli. 192. N.
Bayardo, Rinaldo's horse, I. i. 90.
——— manner of finding him by Rinaldo, I. i. 512. N.
——— comes into the possession of Gradasso, IV. xxxiii. 675.
Beatrice, mother of Bradamant, welcomes her return to Mount Albano, III. xxiii. 165.
——— opposes her marriage with Rogero, VI. xliv. 294.
——— consents to it on his being made king of Bulgaria, xlvi. 575.
Bertolagi, one of the house of Maganza, killed by Richardetto, IV. xxvi. 97.
BIRD, monstrous, parts the combat of Rinaldo and Gradasso, IV. xxxiii. 603.
Bireno, in love with Olympia, II. ix. 137.
——— is released from prison, *ib.* 522.
——— marries Olympia, *ib.* 586.
——— forsakes her in a desert island, x. 120.

Bireno is deprived of his dominions and life by Oberto, II. xi. 508. See Tale of Olympia.
Biserta, the capital of Agramant, besieged and taken by Orlando, Astolpho, and Brandimart, V. xl. 160.
Boyardo. For passages referred to in that poet. See Adventure, Garden, &c.
Bradamant (See General View of BOYARDO's Story) overthrown by Sacripant, I. i. 418.
——— meets with Pinabello, ii. 206.
——— hears his story, *ib.* 254.
——— is deceived by him, and falls into Merlin's cave, *ib.* 462.
——— finds Melissa, who conducts her to the tomb of Merlin, and shews her in vision all her male descendents, iii. 53. 164—423.
——— is instructed how to free Rogero, *ib.* 454.
——— leaves the cave, parts from Melissa, and finds Brunello, *ib.* 526.
——— takes the magic ring from Brunello, and leaves him bound to a tree, iv. 91.
——— fights with Atlantes, destroys his castle, and sets his prisoners at liberty, *ib.* 105.
——— sees Rogero carried away by the Griffin-horse, and takes charge of his horse Frontino, *ib.* 336.
——— laments the absence of her lover, vii. 210.
——— gives Melissa the enchanted ring, in order to free him from Alcina, *ib.* 298.
——— hears that he is again made prisoner by Atlantes, II. xiii. 304.
——— instructed by Melissa how to deliver him,
i
——— hears from Melissa an account of her female ddents, *ib.* 383, 403—510.
——— parts from Melissa, is deceived by Atlantes, and decoyed into his palace, *ib.* 521.
——— is set at liberty with the rest of the prisoners by Astolpho, and sees Rogero at the same place—their joy at meeting, III. xxii. 229.
——— departs with Rogero, *ib.* 262.
——— meets a damsel, and with Rogero engages to deliver a youth condemned to die, *ib.* 308.
——— with Rogero and the damsel, arrives at the castle of Anselmo, *ib.* 412.

Bradamant sees Pinabello, knows him, and kills him, *ib.* 498. 675.
——— loses herself in a wood—her complaint, xxiii. 31.
——— is met by Astolpho, *ib.* 66.
——— meets Alardo, her younger brother, *ib.* 156.
——— arrives with him at Mount Albano, *ib.* 164.
——— sends her maid Hippalca to Rogero with his horse Frontino, xxiii. 197.
——— laments the absence of Rogero, IV. xxxii. 71.
——— meets a Gascon knight, and hears that Rogero is about to marry Marphisa, *ib.* 193.
——— her jealousy and despair, *ib.* 241.
——— sets out from Mount Albano, *ib.* 325.
——— lights on three kings and Ulania, ambassadress from the queen of Iceland—the subject of her embassy —account of the golden shield, *ib.* 353.
——— arrives at Sir Tristram's lodge, *ib.* 492.
——— unhorses three kings, and wins the lodge, *ib.* 528.
——— hears the story of Clodio, and the first institution of the law of the lodge, *ib.* 601.
——— pleads the cause of Ulania, *ib.* 743.
——— hears the account of the pictures on the wall representing the wars of France in Italy, xxxiii. 37. 51—415.
——— her restless night, *ib.* 426.
——— she quits the lodge, *ib.* 468.
——— unhorses the three kings again, *ib.* 476.
——— arrives at a castle, *ib.* 555.
——— travels towards Arli, and meets Flordelis, V. xxxv. 231.
——— unhorses Rodomont at the bridge, *ib.* 295.
——— arrives at Arli, and sends a message to Rogero by Flordelis, with his horse Frontino, *ib.* 458.
——— unhorses three knights before the walls of Arli, Serpentino, Grandonio, and Ferrau, *ib.* 489.
——— unhorses Marphisa, xxxvi. 135.
——— attacks Rogero, but afterwards, at his entreaty, retires with him to a solitary grove, *ib.* 317.
——— is followed by Marphisa, whom she again unhorses, 357.
——— fights with Marphisa on foot, *ib.* 379.

Bradamant hears a voice from the tomb, that parts Rogero and Marphisa, *ib.* 459.
———— is reconciled to Marphisa, and departs with her and Rogero, *ib.* 527.
———— finds three damsels abused by a cruel tyrant, xxxvii. 176.
———— knows one of them to be Ulania, xxxvii. 203.
———— with Rogero and Marphisa, undertakes to revenge them, *ib.* 230.
———— hears the tale of Marganor, *ib.* 324.
———— with Rogero and Marphisa takes Marganor prisoner, and delivers him over into the hands of his enemies—a new law enacted in favour of women, *ib.* 732.
———— departs with her companions from the land of Marganor—is left by Rogero, and sets out with Marphisa for the Christian camp, *ib.* 910.
———— arrives with Marphisa at the camp—their welcome, xxxviii. 43.
———— laments the combat designed between Rinaldo and Rogero, *ib.* 535.
———— pursues Agramant to kill him, xxxix. 540.
———— her complaint of Rogero's breach of faith, xlii. 170.
———— her grief on the opposition made by Amon and Beatrice to her marriage with Rogero, VI. xliv. 310.
———— sends a message by her maid to assure Rogero of her faith, *ib.* 460.
———— demands of Charles that her hand may not be given but to one, who can withstand her force in single combat, *ib.* 516.
———— is carried by her father from court, *ib.* 542.
———— is brought back, xlv. 193.
———— her lamentation for the absence of Rogero, *ib.* 203.
———— fights with Rogero, believing him to be Leon, *ib.* 537.
———— her distress, *ib.* 731.
———— hears of the return of Rogero, and reconciliation of Amon, xlvi. 513.
———— is married to Rogero, *ib.* 579.

Brandimart, See General View of BOYARDO's Story.
——— the friend of Orlando, leaves Paris to go in search of him, I. viii. 604.
——— does his utmost to defend the Christian camp attacked by the Pagans, headed by Rodomont, Mandricardo, Rogero, Gradasso, Marphisa, and Sacripant, IV. xxvii. 242.
——— with Charles, joins Rinaldo in the attack of the Pagan entrenchments, xxxi. 428.
——— his meeting with his wife Flordelis, *ib.* 432.
——— hears from her the account of Orlando's madness, *ib.* 442.
——— goes with Flordelis to seek him, and comes to Rodomont's bridge, *ib.* 458.
——— is overthrown, and made prisoner, *ib.* 477.
——— being sent to Africa with the other prisoners, he is set at liberty by Astolpho, V .xxxix. 240.
——— finds Flordelis, *ib.* 299.
——— sees Orlando mad, and with Astolpho, and the other knights, endeavours to secure him, *ib.* 373.
——— hears of his father's death by Bardino, *ib.* 494.
——— his valour at the siege of Biserta—scales the walls, and leaps into the city amongst the enemy, xl. 176.
——— chosen by Orlando for one of the three champions to meet the three Pagans to decide the national quarrel, *ib.* 455.
——— the arms and dress chosen by him for the day of combat, xli. 238.
——— his conversation with Agramant the evening before the battle, in order to persuade him to renounce Mahometanism, xli. 274.
——— his valour in the battle, *ib.* 547. 700.
——— is killed by Gradasso, *ib.* 762.
——— his last words to Orlando, xlii. 90.
——— his magnificent funeral, VI. xliii. 1307.
Branzardo, viceroy of Agramant at Biserta, V. xxxviii. 20. 343.
BRIDGE built by Rodomont, on which all knights are compelled to joust with him, IV. xxix. 231.
Brigliadoro, Orlando's horse, I. viii. 578.
——— found by Mandricardo, III. xxiv. 144.
——— given by Rogero to Agramant, IV. xxx. 543.

Brunello, (See General View of Boyardo's Story) described to Bradamant by Melissa, I. iii. 486.
——— offers to guide Bradamant to Atlantes' castle, iv. 65.
——— is bound to a tree by Bradamant, who takes his ring from him, *ib.* 91.
——— appears in the muster of the Pagan forces, II. xiv. 147.
——— accused of stealing Sacripant's horse, and Marphisa's sword, IV. xxvii. 616. 624.
——— seized by Marphisa, and carried before the king, *ib.* 652.
——— taken by her to a castle, *ib.* 689.
——— delivered by Marphisa to the king, who causes him to be hanged, IV. xxxii. 41.
Bucifaro, king of Algazieri, one of Agramant's tributaries, killed by Olivero, V. xl. 270.

C.

Caligorant,-the giant, account of him, II. xv. 309.
——— his dwelling described, *ib.* 359.
——— lies in wait for Astolpho, *ib.* 377.
——— is caught in his own net, *ib.* 397.
——— carried away captive by Astolpho, *ib.* 429.
——— given by him to Sansonetto, *ib.* 706.
Castle, enchanted, of Atlantes, built of steel, I. ii. 286. iv. 264.
Charles, or Charlemain, the emperor of France, (See General View of Boyardo's Story) gives Angelica to the care of Namus, I. i. 47.
——— sends Rinaldo on an embassy to England for succours, ii. 173.
——— his exemplary and wise conduct—his prayer before the attack of Paris by the Pagans, II. xiv. 513.
——— hears of the devastation made by Rodomont in the city, and leads his paladins against him, xvii. 43.
——— drives him at last from the city, III. xviii. 57.
——— defeats the Pagans, and compels them to retire to their entrenchments, *ib.* 1100.
——— his camp is attacked by Rodomont, Mandricardo, Rogero, Marphisa, Sacripant, and Gradasso, with great loss, and he is compelled to retire to Paris, and again besieged, IV. xxvii. 116.

Charles is succoured by Rinaldo and other Christian knights, whom he joins, and defeats the enemy with great slaughter, obliging Agramant to retire to Arli, V. xxxvi. 364.
——— welcomes Marphisa to his camp, xxxviii. 77.
——— attends her baptism, *ib.* 168.
——— agrees to a single combat between Rinaldo and Rogero, and swears to observe the truce with Agramant, *ib.* 501. 634.
——— welcomes the victorious knights to Paris after the death of Agramant and Gradasso, and pays them high honours, VI. xliv. 211.
——— grants Bradamant's singular request, *ib.* 516.
——— causes her challenge to be proclaimed, xlv. 173.
——— receives Leon, who comes to enter the list with Bradamant, *ib.* 479.
——— adjudges Bradamant to him after the fight, *ib.* 633.
——— attends to the disputes of Amon, Rinaldo, and Marphisa, relative to Bradamant's marriage, *ib.* 788.
——— receives Leon with Rogero at his court, and finds Rogero to be the knight who had engaged Bradamant in the list, xlvi. 406.
——— takes charge of all the solemnities for the marriage of Rogero and Bradamant, *ib.* 579.
Choridano, friend of Medoro, accompanies him in his night expedition, III. xviii. 1146.
——— is killed by his side, xix. 106.
Combat in the list between Rinaldo and Polinesso, I. v. 59.
——— between Rogero and Mandricardo, IV. xxx. 333.
——— Marphisa and the champions of the Amazons, III. xix. 585.
——— Rinaldo and Rogero, V. xxxviii. 684.
——— Rogero and Rodomont, VI. xlvi. 919.
Combat of Rinaldo and Ferrau, I. i. 121.
——— Rinaldo and Sacripant, ii. 15.
——— Orlando and Ferrau, II. xii. 312.
——— of Gryphon and Aquilant with Orilo, xv. 483.
——— Astolpho and Orilo, *ib.* 587.
——— Orlando and Mandricardo, III. xxiii. 663.
——— Zerbino and Mandricardo, xxiv. 434.
——— Mandricardo and Rodomont, *ib.* 728.

Combat of Rinaldo and Gradasso, IV. xxxiii. 571.
——— Bradamant and Marphisa, V. xxxvi. 379.
——— Rogero and Marphisa, *ib.* 413.
——— Rogero and Dudon, xl. 580.
——— between the three Pagan and the three Christian knights, xli. See Battle, Jousts, &c.
Corebo, friend of Zerbino, wounded in defence of Isabella, II. xiii. 170.
—— comes to Zerbino and Almonio, III. xxiv. 110. See Tale of Isabella.
Crocodile with Orilo is killed by Gryphon and Aquilant, II. xv. 491.
Cup, to prove the chastity of wives, V. xlii. 702.
—— refused to be tasted by Rinaldo, VI. xlvi. 63.
Cymosco, inventor of the gun, II. ix. 175.
——— is killed by Orlando, *ib.* 495. See Tale of Olympia.

D.

Dalinda, maid to Geneura, saved from death by Rinaldo, I. iv. 412.
——— relates the story of Geneura, v. 33.
Daphne punished in hell for running from Apollo, V. xxxiv. 93.
Dardinello, in the muster of the troops, II. xiv. 210.
——— in the battle, xvi. 385. 605.
——— rallies the Pagans, and signalizes his valour, III. xviii. 323.
——— kills Lurcanio, *ib.* 362.
——— is killed by Rinaldo, *ib.* 1011.
Defence of women, IV. xxviii. 551.
Description of a ghost rising from a river, I. i. 176.
——— of a despairing lover, *ib.* 274. ii. 237. IV. xxxii. 71—340. V. xlii. 172. VI. xliv. 310. xlv. 665. 781. xlvi. 200.
——— of an enchanted castle on a rock, I. ii. 285. iv. 265.
——— of Merlin's cave, I. iii. 45.
——— of the evocation of spirits, I. iii. 136. V. xlii. 234.
——— of the Griffin-horse, I. iv. 120.
——— of a delightful solitary island, vi. 129.
——— of a sumptuous palace, *ib.* 502.

DESCRIPTION of perfect female beauty in the person of Alcina, vii. 71.
——— of an effeminate lover, *ib.* 324.
——— of the palace and gardens of Logistilla, II. x. 393.
——— of Olympia, xi. 416.
——— of a flight through the air on the Griffin-horse, x. 459. IV. xxxiii. 703.
——— of a battle between a knight and a sea monster, II. xi. 227.
——— of an enchanted castle, where many knights are detained by strange illusions, xii. 52—219. III. xxii. 121.
——— of a subterraneous cave discovered by night, II. xii. 571.
——— of a princess encamped in a meadow, and carried off by force from her attendants by a single knight, xiv. 295.
——— of the flight of an angel, *ib.* 585.
——— of Discord, *ib.* 611.
——— of Fraud, *ib.* 645.
——— of the House of Sleep, *ib.* 683.
——— of Paris, and the first attack of it by the Christians, *ib.* 772.
——— of the giant Caligorant and his cave, xv. 311.
——— of the combat between knights and a necromancer, *ib.* 484.
——— of a deformed and dreadful giant, xvii. 197.
——— of tilts and tournaments, *ib.* 502—752.
——— of a single knight defending himself against numbers, III. xviii. 395.
——— of a field of battle by moon-light, *ib.* 1276.
——— of two happy lovers, xix. 242.
——— of a few knights endeavouring to force their way through a vast multitude, xx. 620.
——— of the meeting of two lovers, xxiii. 465. 492.
——— of Orlando's falling mad, *ib.* 726. to the end.
——— of a knight wounded and dying in the arms of his mistress, xxiv. 543.
——— of one damsel in love with another, xxv. 231.
——— of preparations for a combat in the lists, IV. xxvii. 847.

DESCRIPTION of dissentions in a camp among the leaders, *ib.* 394—728.
——— of a husband discovering the infidelity of his wife, xxviii. 143.
——— of the feats performed by a madman, xxix. 363. to the end, xxx. 23.
——— of a dreadful combat in the lists between two champions, *ib.* 333.
——— of the encounter of two warriors on a narrow bridge, and of their plunge into the water, xxxi. 457.
——— of jousts by moon-light, and three knights unhorsed, xxxii. 528.
——— of a female warrior disarming herself, *ib.* 573.
——— of prophetic paintings in a hall, *ib.* 27.
——— of a monstrous bird that attacks a horse, and parts the combat between two knights, xxxiii. 607.
——— of the punishment allotted to departed spirits in the entrance of hell, V. xxxiv. 79.
——— of the Terrestrial Paradise, *ib.* 372.
——— of the person of St. John the Evangelist, *ib.* 412.
——— of a journey to the moon, *ib.* 526.
——— of the valley of lost things there, *ib.* 562.
——— of the three fatal Sisters, *ib.* 680.
——— of Time and the river of oblivion, xxxv. 69.
——— of three damsels abused by a tyrant, xxxvii. 176.
——— of securing the wind in a bag, xxxviii. 225.
——— of stones transformed into horses, *ib.* 253.
——— of the ceremonials at a truce, preparatory to a single combat to decide a national quarrel, *ib.* 584.
——— of a shipwreck, xli. 57.
——— of a rocky island, with a hermit and hermitage, *ib.* 380.
——— of a national combat of six nights, *ib.* 521.
——— of a knight attacked by the monster Jealousy, xlii. 335.
——— of a stately palace, *ib.* 547.
——— of a magnificent funeral, VI. xliii. 1307.
——— of a triumph and festival after public victory, xliv. 254.
——— of a wonderful pavilion and nuptial bed, xlvi. 603. See Combat, Storm, Shipwreck, and other Heads.

Dido, her character defended, V. xxxv. 201. and N.
Discord found in a monastery, II. xiv. 612.
——— sent to the Pagan camp, *ib.* 631.
——— meets Rodomont, III. xviii. 173.
——— in the Pagan camp, IV. xxvi. 890.
——— is again found in the monastery by the archangel Michael, and beaten, xxvii. 272.
——— returns to the Pagan camp, *ib.* 286.
——— exults at the dissentions there, *ib.* 736.
Doralis, betrothed to Rodomont, is carried off by Mandricardo from her guards, II. xiv. 395.
——— is won to return his love, and continues with him, *ib.* 447.
——— points out Rodomont to her lover, III. xxiv. 695.
——— persuades the two knights to a truce till Agramant was relieved, *ib.* 812.
——— arrives with Rodomont and Mandricardo at Merlin's fountain, IV. xxvi. 498.
——— is carried away to the Pagan camp by a demon that enters her horse through the device of Malagigi, xxvii. 931.
——— the claim of Rodomont and Mandricardo being referred to her by Agramant, she gives the preference to Mandricardo, *ib.* 788.
——— would persuade Mandricardo to avoid the combat with Rogero, xxx. 219.
——— her lightness after the death of Mandricardo, *ib.* 514.
Dragontina, an enchantress, account of her, II. xi. 28. N.
Dream of Orlando of the loss of Angelica, I. viii. 548.
——— of Bradamant, IV. xxxiii. 426.
——— of Flordelis, the night before she hears the news of Brandimart's death, VI. xliii. 1151.
Drusilla, her husband killed by one of Marganor's sons, V. xxxvii. 379.
——— her death by poison, *ib.* 495. See Tale of Marganor.
Dudon ransomed by Astolpho, V. xxxix. 198.
——— endeavours, with the other knights, to secure Orlando mad, *ib.* 295.
——— commands the fleet, and meeting with Agramant, burns and destroys his ships, *ib.* 622.

Dudon fights with Rogero for seven kings, whom he had taken prisoners, xl. 380.
—— resigns his prisoners to Rogero, xli. 47.
—— attends on Rogero before his battle with Rodomont, VI. xlvi. 875.
DUEL, See COMBAT IN THE LIST, COMBAT, BATTLE, JOUSTS, &c.
Durindana, Orlando's sword, II. ix. 22. and N.

E.

Ebuda, the cruel law observed there, I. viii. 395.
Elias, with St. John in Paradise, V. xxxiv. 456.
Enchantment. See *Atlantes, Orilo, Adventure*, &c.
Enoch, with St. John in Paradise, V. xxxiv. 456.

F.

Fairies, black and white, attend on Gryphon and Aquilant, II. xv. 478. N. 523.
Falerina, an enchantress, V. xli. 192. N.
Ferrau (See General View of BOYARDO'S Story) loses his helmet in the river, I. i. 103.
——— fights with Rinaldo for Angelica, *ib.* 111.
——— pursues her—sees the ghost of Argalia—his vow, *ib.* 160.
——— is in the enchanted palace of Atlantes, II. xii. 169.
——— pursues Angelica, *ib.* 220.
——— fights for her with Orlando, *ib.* 316.
——— finds Orlando's helmet, and returns to the camp, *ib.* 400.
——— is in the muster of the troops, xiv. 112.
——— in the general battle, sees the death of his favourite Olympio—his valour, xvi. 513.
——— reproaches the Pagans for flying—kills numbers, III. xviii. 273.
——— is at the attack of the Christian camp with Rodomont, Mandricardo, Rogero, Gradasso, Marphisa, and Sacripant, IV. xxvii. 226.
——— assists to arm Rodomont for the list, *ib.* 364.
——— is unhorsed by Bradamant before the walls of Arli, V. xxxv. 555.
Flammetta deceives her two gallants, IV. xxviii. See Tale of Astolpho and Jocundo.

Flordelis leaves Paris to go in search of Brandimart, I. viii. 620.
——— lights on Zerbino and Isabella—is present at the single combat of Zerbino and Mandricardo, III. xxiv. 380.
——— arrives at Rodomont's bridge, and sees Orlando mad, IV. xxix. 302.
——— comes to the camp of Charles—finds Brandimart, and relates to him Orlando's madness, xxxi. 430.
——— conducts him to Rodomont's bridge, where he is made prisoner, *ib.* 458.
——— intercedes with Rodomont for Brandimart's life, *ib.* 523.
——— meets Bradamant, and urges her to go to the assistance of Brandimart, V. xxxv. 245.
——— bears a message from Bradamant to Rogero in Arli, *ib.* 458.
——— finds Bardino and afterwards Brandimart, xxxix. 299.
——— her fear of the event of the combat in which Brandimart was engaged, xli. 232.
——— her grief at his departure, *ib.* 252.
——— her dream the night before she hears of his death, VI. xliii. 1151.
——— her lamentation, *ib.* 1169.
——— she decorates his sepulchre, and shuts herself in an apartment prepared in it, where she dies, *ib.* 1375.
Flordespina, daughter to the king of Spain, (See General View of Boyardo's Story) in love with Bradamant, mistaking her for a man, III. xxv. 190.
——— her amour with Richardetto, *ib.* 344.
See Tale of Richardetto and Flordespina.
Fountains, two in the forest of Arden, one causing hatred, the other love, I. i. 548.
Frontino, Rogero's horse, I. iv. 328.
——— sent to him by Bradamant, III. xxiii. 181.
——— taken from Hippalca by Rodomont, *ib.* 285.
——— sent to him again by Bradamant, V. xxxv. 464.
——— found by Orlando in a ship, xli. 180.
——— restored to Rogero, VI. xliv. 123.
Funeral Procession at the interment of Brandimart, VI. xliii. 1307.
Fusberta, Rinaldo's sword, I. ii. 73.

G.

Gabrina, found by Orlando in the outlaws' cave with Isabella, II. xii. 603.
——— flies from the cave on the death of the outlaws, xiii. 286.
——— meets with Marphisa, III. xx. 779.
——— clothed by Marphisa in the youthful dress of Pinabello's wife, *ib.* 846.
——— is committed by Marphisa to the care of Zerbino, *ib.* 938.
——— her conversation with him, *ib.* 958.
——— is met by Hermonides, who demands her of Zerbino, xxi. 25.
——— her wicked life related by Hermonides, *ib.* 93.
——— arrives with Zerbino in a valley—they find a knight just slain, xxii. 25.
——— the knight slain proves to be Pinabello, xxiii. 281.
——— she comes with Zerbino to Anselmo's castle, and accuses him of the murder, *ib.* 313.
——— lights on Mandricardo, who takes away her horse's bridle, *ib.* 675.
——— comes into the power of Zerbino, xxiv. 254.
——— is given in charge to Odorico, *ib.* 264.
——— who hangs her, *ib.* 316.
Gardens of Falerina described—wonders there—destroyed by Orlando, V. xli. 192. N.
——— of Logistilla, II. x. 405.
——— Joyous garden—Rinaldo's reception there, IV. xxxi. 670. N.
Genealogy of Rogero, I. ii. 216. N.
——— of Orlando, V. xli. 298. N.
Geneura, her love to Ariodantes—condemned to death on an accusation of incontinence—saved by Rinaldo—marries Ariodantes, I. iv. 418. v. 33—503. vi. 17. See Tale of Geneura.
Ghost of Argalia appears to Ferrau, I. i. 180.
—— of Atlantes speaks from the tomb, V. xxxvi. 461.
Gift of Constantine to Sylvester found in the moon, V. xxxiv. 620.
Gradasso, king of Sericane (See General View of Boyardo's Story), attempts with Rogero the castle of Atlantes, and is made prisoner, I. ii. 310.

Gradasso set at liberty with the rest by Bradamant, iv. 282.
——— in the enchanted castle of Atlantes, with Rogero, Bradamant and others, II. xii. 169.
——— is set at liberty with the rest by Astolpho, III. xxii. 139.
——— attacks the camp of the Christians with Rodomont, Mandricardo, Rogero, Marphisa, and Sacripant, IV. xxvii. 45.
——— assists to arm Mandricardo for the list, and challenges his sword Durindana, *ib.* 400.
——— their contest, *ib.* 428.
——— instructs Rogero for his duel with Mandricardo, xxx. 169.
——— receives Durindana after Mandricardo's death, *ib.* 539.
——— in the Pagan camp, when attacked by Rinaldo and his followers, he encounters Rinaldo, and reproaches his former breach of faith, xxxi. 650.
——— they appoint another day to decide their pretensions to Bayardo, *ib.* 754.
——— he fights with Rinaldo, xxxiii. 563.
——— the combat strangely broken off, *ib.* 599.
——— he finds Bayardo, and resolves to quit France, *ib.* 657.
——— takes shipping at Arli, *ib.* 696.
——— arrives at an island, where he meets with Agramant, who had escaped thither after his defeat by Dudon, V. xl. 360.
——— engages to join himself with Agramant and Sobrino, to challenge Orlando and two other Christian knights, *ib.* 421.
——— his valour in the battle, xli. 533.
——— he kills Brandimart, *ib.* 762.
——— is killed by Orlando, xlii. 66.
Golden Lance, made by enchantment, unhorses every knight it touches, IV. xxxiii. 104.
Grandonio unhorsed by Bradamant, V. xxxv. 515.
Griffin-horse described—carries away Rogero, I. iv. 120.
——— leaves him, II. xi. 95.
——— comes into Astolpho's hands, III. xxii. 111.
——— is set at liberty, VI. xliv. 173.

Gryphon, with his brother Aquilant, fights with Orilo, II. xv. 483.
——— departs in search of Origilla, *ib.* 758.
——— meets her and Martano—is pacified, and accompanies them to Damascus, xvi. 37.
——— is victor in the jousts, xvii. 592.
——— betrayed by Martano, *ib.* 775.
——— taken in the armour of Martano, and disgraced, II. xvii. 859.
——— being released, he makes great slaughter among the people of Damascus, III. xviii. 18. 395.
——— is reconciled to Norandino, who shows him every honour, *ib.* 446.
——— sees his brother Aquilant, who comes with Martano and Origilla prisoners, *ib.* 608.
——— new tournament instituted in his honour, *ib.* 642.
——— unhorsed by Astolpho with the golden lance, *ib.* 801.
——— knows Astolpho, *ib.* 824.
——— departs with the other Christian knights and Marphisa for France, *ib.* 906.
——— takes shipping with them, *ib.* 924.
——— is near being shipwrecked, *ib.* 970. xix. 307.
——— arrives with the rest at the land of the Amazons, xix. 389.
——— quits the place with them, terrified at Astolpho's horn, xx. 620.
——— is with his companions taken prisoner by Pinabello, *ib.* 769.
——— unhorsed by Rogero, xxii. 590.
——— with Rinaldo and his followers at the attack and defeat of the Pagan camp, IV. xxxi. 373.
Guido Savage in the land of the Amazons, fights with Marphisa, III. xix. 674.
——— entertains her and her company that night, *ib.* 62.
——— discovers himself to be Guido of the house of Clarmont, xx. 31.
——— gives the history of the law among the Amazons, *ib.* 66.
——— undertakes to conduct the knights next morning from the city, *ib.* 547.
——— is terrified with the sound of Astolpho's horn, and escapes with the others on board a ship, *ib.* 682.

Guido Savage taken at Pinabello's castle, and sworn with the others to observe a law, xx. 770.
——— is struck down by the light of Rogero's shield, xxii. 600.
——— meets Rinaldo and his brethren, and kinsmen, IV. xxxi. 51.
——— unhorses Richardetto, Alardo, and Guichardo, *ib.* 55.
——— fights with Rinaldo hand to hand, not knowing him, *ib.* 93.
——— discovers him to be his brother, *ib.* 193.
——— is with Rinaldo and his companions at the attack of the Pagan camp, *ib.* 372.
Gun, first used by Cymosco, described, II. ix. 175.
—— thrown into the sea by Orlando, *ib.* 572.
—— invective against the invention by the poet, xi. 170.

H.

Harpies, IV. xxxiii. 797.
Hell, visited by Astolpho—spirits punished at the entrance, IV. xxxiv. 41.
Hermit meets Angelica, and parts Sacripant and Rinaldo, I. ii. 89.
——— conveys her by magic to a desert place, casts her in a deep sleep, and falls asleep by her, viii. 221.
——— is carried off with her to the island of Ebuda, *ib.* 415.
Hermit comforts Isabella after the death of Zerbino, accompanies her, III. xxiv. 639.
——— cruelly treated by Rodomont, IV. xxix. 33.
——— receives Rogero after his shipwreck, and baptizes him, V. xli. 390.
——— entertains Orlando, Rinaldo, Olivero, and Sobrino, heals Olivero, converts and heals Sobrino, VI. xliii. 1431.
——— dismisses the knights, xliv. 134.
Hermitage described, V. xli. 427.
Hippalca, Bradamant's maid, is sent by her mistress on a message to Rogero with his horse Frontino, III. xxiii. 203.
——— meets Rodomont, who takes the horse from her *ib.* 235.

Hippalca arrives at Merlin's fountain, and tells Richardetto and Rogero how Rodomont had taken Frontino from her, IV. xxvi. 401.

——— takes Rogero's letter to deliver to Bradamant, *ib.* 644.

——— arrives at Mount Albano, and delivers her message, xxx. 549.

Historical Characters and Allusions, I. iii. 164—423. II. xiii. 403—512. xv. 197—256. IV. xxvi. 231—394. xxxiii. 51—415. V. xxxvi. 13. xlii. 613. VI. xlvi. 15—147. 669—768.

I.

Jealousy, with Pride and Discord, meets Rodomont, III. xviii. 189.

——— attacks Rinaldo under the form of a dreadful monster, V. xlii. 335.

Jocundo and *Astolpho* find their wives false—endeavour in vain to find one chaste, IV. xxviii. 23. See Tale of Jocundo and Astolpho.

Jousts in Damascus described, II. xvii. 484.

Iroldo, a Christian knight, in the castle of Atlantes—delivered by Bradamant with the other prisoners, I. iv. 285.

Isabella, daughter of Galego, king of Galicia, is found by Orlando in the outlaws' cave, II. xii. 597.

——— her love to Zerbino, xiii. 15.

——— is near being wrecked, *ib.* 95.

——— her chastity attempted, *ib.* 131.

——— falls into the hands of the outlaws, *ib.* 192.

——— is taken from the cave by Orlando, *ib.* 292.

——— sees Zerbino going to be put to death, III. xxiii. 386.

——— they are made known to each other, *ib.* 492.

——— hears the misfortune of Orlando, and assists Zerbino to gather up his armour, *ib.* 359.

——— entreats Doralis to part the combat between Zerbino and Mandricardo, *ib.* 515.

——— her grief and despair over her dead lover, *ib.* 624.

——— is comforted by a hermit, *ib.* 639.

——— resolves to dedicate her future life to religion, *ib.* 655.

——— she departs with the hermit and the body of Zerbino, *ib.* 663.

Isabella is accosted by Rodomont, who falls in love with her, and would persuade her to break her vow, *ib.* 677.
——— her device to preserve her chastity, IV. xxix. 85.
——— her death, *ib.* 167.
——— prophecy of all that bear her name, *ib.* 191.
——— magnificent sepulchre erected for her by Rodomont, *ib.* 217.

K.

KINGS, three sent from the queen of Iceland to prove their valour in France, IV. xxxii. 355.
——— unhorsed by Bradamant, *ib.* xxxii. 528.
——— forswear the use of arms, xxxiii. 534.
——— prisoners in Marganor's castle, V. xxxvii. 835.
KNIGHTS of Arthur's round table, I. iv. 373. N.

L.

Leon, son to the Emperor Constantine, seeks Bradamant in marriage, VI. xliv. 86.
——— encamped with his father near Belgrado, *ib.* 596.
——— engages the Bulgarians, and has the advantage, *ib.* 619.
——— sees Rogero overthrow his army, is enamoured of his valour, *ib.* 673.
——— commands a retreat, *ib.* 713.
——— delivers Rogero from prison, xlv. 307.
——— not knowing him, he engages him in his stead to enter the list with Bradamant, and win her for him to wife, *ib.* 405.
——— goes with him to Paris, *ib.* 467.
——— his gratitude to Rogero after the battle, *ib.* 637.
——— seeks Rogero, who had left the court in despair, *ib.* 889.
——— meets Melissa, is acquainted with Rogero's dreadful situation, who had retired to the woods to end his days, xlvi. 170.
——— his meeting with Rogero, he learns who he was, and generously resigns Bradamant to him, *ib.* 200.
——— returns with him to the Christian camp, and brings him to Charlemain disguised, then discovers him to be Rogero, *ib.* 462.

LETTER from Rogero to Bradamant to excuse his absence, III. xxv. 593.

Logistilla (Reason or Virtue) sister to Alcina and Morgana, at continual war with her sisters, I. vi. 307.

——— receives the lovers of Alcina, who recovered their shapes, and sends them to their native countries, viii. 105.

——— her pilot sent to meet Rogero, II. x. 285.

——— defeats Alcina, *ib.* 355.

——— her dwelling described, *ib.* 385.

——— she welcomes Rogero, teaches him how to guide the Griffin-horse, and dismisses him, *ib.* 437.

——— makes Astolpho a present of a wonderful horn and book, and sends a galley with him from the Indian seas, xv. 75.

Lucina, beloved by Norandino, her adventure with the Orc, recovers her liberty by the help of Gradasso and Mandricardo, II. xvii. 175. and N. See Tale of Norandino and the Orc.

Lurcanio, brother to Ariodantes, deceived by appearances, accuses Geneura of incontinence, fights with his brother, I. iv. 420. v. 33.

——— in the review of the forces, II. x. 596.

——— in the general battle, xvi. 471.

——— his valour, III. xviii. 292.

——— kills Dochino, Gardo, and Altæus, *ib.* 392.

——— is killed by Dardinello, *ib.* 369. See Tale of Geneura.

Lydia, daughter to the king of Lydia, her cruelty to her lover, her punishment in hell, V. xxxiv. 41. See Tale of Lydia.

M.

MADNESS, the gradual progress of Orlando's madness described, III. xxiii. 726.

——— his extravagant feats, xxiv. 21. IV. xxix. 355. xxx. 27. V. xxxix. 277.

MAGIC, See Melissa, Orilo, Adventure, Enchantment, Garden, &c.

Malagigi, a magician, cousin to Rinaldo (See General View of BOYARDO's Story) delivered from the hands of Bertolagi and Lanfusa by Rogero, Aldiger, Richardetto, and Marphisa, IV. xxvi. 89.

Malagigi explains the figures at Merlin's fountain, *ib.* 291.
——— is unhorsed by Mandricardo, *ib.* 243.
——— sends a demon into the horse of Doralis, in order to save Richardetto from Rodomont, *ib.* 931.
——— assists by his magic art to terrify the Pagans in the attack of their entrenchments by the Christian knights, xxxi. 620.
——— supposed to have employed a demon in the form of a monstrous bird, to part the combat between Rinaldo and Gradasso, xxxiii. 603.
——— raises the Demons, and informs Rinaldo of Angelica's marriage with Medoro, V. xlii. 243.
Mambrino's helmet, account of a Pagan of that name killed by Rinaldo, I. i. 202. N.
Mandricardo, son of Agrican, his character, wins the arms of Hector at the castle of the Syrian fairy, II. xiv. 240. N.
——— in the review of the Pagan forces, xiv. 233.
——— hears of the defeat of two bands of Manilardo and Alzirdo by a strange knight, *ib.* 249.
——— goes in search of him, *ib.* 267.
——— finds Doralis encamped on a plain, and wins her from her guards, *ib.* 295.
——— persuades her to yield to his love, *ib.* 431.
——— finds the knight he sought, who proves to be Orlando, III. xxiii. 513.
——— challenges him, *ib.* 537.
——— their combat, *ib.* 605.
——— loses his horse's bridle, and is carried away by him, *ib.* 640.
——— takes Gabrina's bridle, *ib.* 675.
——— meets with Zerbino, fights with him for Orlando's sword, xxiv. 416.
——— carries off the sword, *ib.* 526.
——— his meeting with Rodomont, their combat for Doralis, *ib.* 694.
——— breaks off the combat at the desire of Doralis, on a message from Agramant, *ib.* 792.
——— comes with Rodomont and Doralis to Merlin's fountain, where he finds Rogero and the knights of Clarmont with Marphisa, *ib.* 496.

Mandricardo challenges the knights, in order to win Marphisa from them, *ib.* 515.
——— unhorses Vivian, Malagigi, Aldiger, and Richardetto, *ib.* 531.
——— fights with Marphisa, *ib.* 579.
——— quarrels with Rogero for the device on his shield, *ib.* 715.
——— quarrels with Rodomont, *ib.* 796.
——— draws the lot to fight with Rodomont for Doralis, IV. xxvii. 325.
——— arms for the list with Rodomont, xxviii. 66.
——— quarrels with Gradasso, who claims Durindana, *ib.* 400.
——— is preferred by Doralis to Rodomont, *ib.* 786.
——— draws the lot to fight with Rogero for the shield, xxx. 157.
——— refuses to comply with the request of Doralis to decline the combat, *ib.* 219.
——— his combat with Rogero, *ib.* 333.
——— his death, *ib.* 460.
Manilardo overthrown by Orlando, II. xii. 551.
Manto, a fairy, delivered by Adonio from the hand of a rustic when she was in the form of a snake, VI. xliii. 586.
—— her gratitude to Adonio, *ib.* 708. See Tale of Adonio, and the Judge's Wife.
Marganor, his cruelties and law against women; is taken prisoner by Rogero, Bradamant, and Marphisa—his death, V. xxxviii. 176. See Tale of Marganor.
Marphisa, a female warrior, meets Astolpho and Sansonetto, III. xviii. 656.
——— accompanies them to the jousts at Damascus, *ib.* 692.
——— knows the armour, placed by Norandino for the prize of the victor, to be her own, which had been stolen from her, *ib.* 726.
——— seizes it, and disturbs the jousts, *ib.* 738.
——— great tumult on the occasion, *ib.* 758.
——— carries off the armour, *ib.* 808.
——— addresses Norandino, and is pacified, *ib.* 868.
——— sets out in company with the Christian knights for France, *ib.* 910.

Marphisa is with them in a dreadful storm, *ib.* 964. xix. 308.
——— cast on the land of the Amazons, *ib.* 389.
——— fights with and kills nine champions of the Amazons, *ib.* 551.
——— engages the tenth till parted by the night, xix. 646.
——— is entertained by Guido with the rest, and hears the story of the Amazons, xx. *ib.* 25.
——— proposes to leave the land by force, *ib.* 517.
——— terrified with the others at the sound of the horn; goes on board the ship, xx. 681.
——— lands, and takes leave of her companions, *ib.* 755.
——— meets Gabrina, *ib.* 779.
——— takes her under protection—unhorses Pinabello—strips his lady of her apparel, and puts it on Gabrina, *ib.* 803.
——— meets Zerbino, unhorses him, and consigns Gabrina to his charge, *ib.* 855.
——— meets Rogero, Aldiger, and Richardetto, IV. xxvi. 17.
——— joins them in their design of delivering Vivian and Maligigi, *ib.* 45.
——— her valour against the Moors, and the troops of Maganza, *ib.* 105.
——— disarms herself, and hears from Malagigi an account of the sculptures at the fountain, *ib.* 207.
——— fights with Mandricardo, *ib.* 579.
——— takes the part of Rogero in his contention with Rodomont and Mandricardo, *ib.* 866.
——— pursues Mandricardo to the Christian camp, *ib.* 996.
——— attacks the Christian camp with Rodomont, Mandricardo, Rogero, Gradasso, and Sacripant, xxvii. 158.
——— finds that her sword had been stolen from her by Brunello, *ib.* 624.
——— seizes Brunello and accuses him before Agramant, *ib.* 645.
——— carries him off prisoner, *ib.* 689.
——— comes to Arli, and delivers him up to Agramant, xxxii. 41.
——— is unhorsed by Bradamant under the walls of Arli, V. xxxvi. 121.

Marphisa pursues Bradamant to a grove, *ib.* 333.
——— their combat, *ib.* 357.
——— fights with Rogero, who endeavoured to part them, *ib.* 409.
——— hears that Rogero is her brother—their conversation, *ib.* 463.
——— departs with Rogero and Bradamant, finds three damsels abused by a tyrant, xxxvii. 176.
——— undertakes to revenge them, *ib.* 230.
——— hears the cruelty of Marganor, *ib.* 275.
——— attacks Marganor and strikes him down—makes a new law, *ib.* 714.
——— accompanies Bradamant to the Christian camp, and is introduced to Charlemain, xxxviii. 43.
——— her speech to the emperor, *ib.* 85.
——— is baptized, *ib.* 168.
——— on the breaking of the truce with Bradamant attacks the Pagans—her valour, xxxix. 85.
——— comforts Bradamant, xlii. 190.
——— pleads the cause of Rogero before Charlemain, VI. xlv. 787.
——— is near attacking Rogero, not knowing him, xlvi. 446.
Marsilius, king of Spain, reviews the troops, II. xiv. 77.
——— his speech in the council to Agramant, V. xxxviii. 327.
——— flies into Spain, xxxix. 591.
Martano, the gallant of Origilla, is met with in her company by Gryphon, II. xvi. 37.
——— goes with Gryphon to the jousts at Damascus, *ib.* 37.
——— his cowardice, xvii. 622.
——— steals Gryphon's horse and arms, and passes for the victor in the jousts, *ib.* 775.
——— receives great honour from Norandino, *ib.* 791.
——— leaves Damascus, meets Aquilant, who carries him and Origilla prisoners to Damascus, III. xviii. 518.
——— is punished, *ib.* 616.
Medoro goes in the night to seek his master's body, III. xviii. 1142.
——— kills many Christians, *ib.* 1246.
——— is surprised by Zerbino, *ib.* 1323.
——— wounded and healed by Angelica, xix. 96. 144.
——— marries her, *ib.* 234.

Medoro meets with Orlando mad, and goes with Angelica for India, IV. xxix. 414.
Melissa, a prophetess and enchantress, the friend of Rogero and Bradamant, meets with Bradamant in Merlin's cave, and shows her in vision her descendents in the male line, I. iii. 57.
——— instructs her how to deliver Rogero from the castle of Atlantes, iii. 448.
——— borrows the enchanted ring of Bradamant to deliver Rogero from the power of Alcina, vii. 241.
——— appears before him in the likeness of Atlantes, and reproaches him for his degenerate life, *ib.* 315.
——— assists him to escape, *ib.* 477.
——— restores to their own shape the lovers of Alcina, and conveys Astolpho to Logistilla, viii. 93.
——— tells Bradamant that Rogero is again prisoner to Atlantes, instructs her how to deliver him, II. xiii. 318.
——— gives her an account of her female descendents, *ib.* 394.
——— comforts Bradamant on the approaching combat between Rogero and Rinaldo, V. xxxviii. 560.
——— under the form of Rodomont persuades Agramant to break the truce, xxxix. 25.
——— meets with Leon, acquaints him with the situation of Rogero, and conducts him to the forest, where the knight had resolved to end his life, VI. xlvi. 152.
——— accompanies Rogero and Leon to the court of Charlemain, xlvi. 375.
——— provides a wonderful bed and tent for the nuptials of Rogero and Bradamant, *ib.* 683.
Merlin, account of him, I. iii. 67. N.
——— addresses Bradamant, *ib.* 108.
——— his fountain, IV. xxvi. 220.
——— his hall in Sir Tristram's lodge, xxxiii. 27.
Michael, the archangel, is sent in search of Silence and Discord, II. xiv. 565.
——— finds Discord in a monastery—sends her to the Pagan camp, *ib.* 611.
——— finds Silence in the house asleep—his commission to him, *ib.* 683.
——— with Silence conducts the Christian forces under Rinaldo, to relieve the city of Paris, xvi. 205.

Michael finds Discord again in the monastery, beats her and sends her again amongst the Pagans, IV. xxvii. 250.

MONSTERS, a crew of, attack Rogero in his way, I. vi. 423. See Orc, Jealousy.

MONSTER, a dreadful one, bred in a tomb—slain by Rinaldo, IV. xxxi. 670. N.

MOON, Astolpho's journey thither, V. xxxiv. 526. Valley of lost things, 562. Lost wits found there, *ib.* 636.

MORGANA, sister to Alcina and Logistilla, I. vi. 309. N.

——— her subterranean palaces described—defeated by Orlando, III. xix. 272. N.

N.

NECROMANCER, See Atlantles, Orilo, Adventure, &c.

NET, the work of Vulcan used by Caligorant the giant to catch travellers, II. xv. 317.

Norandino prepares splendid jousts for the deliverance of himself and queen from the Orc, II. xvii. 156.

——— deceived by Martano, shows him great honour as victor of the jousts, *ib.* 791.

——— seeing the valour of Gryphon, he receives him into high favour, and hears the treachery of Martano, III. xviii. 395.

——— welcomes Aquilant, who brings Martano and Origilla prisoners to Damascus—punishes Martano, *ib.* 601.

——— proclaims other jousts in honour of Gryphon, *ib.* 632.

——— resents the action of Marphisa in seizing the armour which he had prepared for the prize, *ib.* 744.

——— allows her claim, is reconciled, and entertains her and all the knights with every honour till their departure for France, *ib.* 878. See Tale of Norandino and the Orc.

O.

Oberto, king of Ireland, prepares to attack the island of Ebuda, II. ix. 64.

——— arrives with his forces, destroys and sacks the place, xi. 330.

——— falls in love with Olympia, *ib.* 408.

Oberto revenges her by the death of Bireno, and marries her, *ib.* 507.
Odorico, the friend of Zerbino, attempts the chastity of Isabella, II. xiii. 131.
——— brought bound to Zerbino by Almonio and Corebo, III. xxiv. 105.
——— Gabrina given in charge to him—he breaks his faith, and is hanged, *ib.* 314.
Olivero, the marquis, cousin to Orlando, being taken by Rodomont at the bridge, is sent to Afric with the other prisoners, and delivered by Astolpho, V. xxxix. 239.
——— his method of securing Orlando, mad, *ib.* 422.
——— at the siege of Biserta, xl. 135.
——— chosen by Orlando one of the three Christian champions to encounter the three Pagans in Lipadusa, *ib.* 455.
——— lamented in the battle, xli. 667.
——— is healed by the hermit that baptized Rogero, VI. xliii. 1437.
——— returns to France, with Orlando, Rinaldo, and the rest, xliv. 134.
——— assists to prepare the list for Rogero and Rodomont, xlvi. 878.
Olympia tells her story to Orlando, her love to Bireno, II. ix. 137.
——— restored by Orlando to her possessions, *ib.* 583.
——— left by Bireno in a desert island, x. 126.
——— exposed to be devoured by the Orc, xi. 216.
——— delivered by Orlando, *ib.* 342.
——— her beauties described, *ib.* 416.
——— is married to Oberto, *ib.* 508. See Tale of Olympia.
Orc, a sea monster killed by Orlando, II. xi. 198.
Orc, a deformed giant, devours the companions of Norandino, and keeps Lucina prisoner, II. xvii. 285.
—— battle between him and Mandricardo, and Gradasso, who delivers Lucina out of his hands, *ib.* 436. N. See Tale of Norandino and the Orc.
Origilla, account of her, II. xv. 735. N.
——— beloved by Gryphon—her falsehood, *ib.* 734.
——— with Martano meets Gryphon, and deceives him by her allurements, xvi. 55.

Origilla goes with him to Damascus, xvii. 116.
——— joins with Martano in betraying him, *ib.* 775.
——— is honoured by Norandino, *ib.* 811. 867.
——— met by Aquilant, and by him carried bound to Damascus—her sentence referred to Lucina, III. xviii. 626.
Orilo, an enchanter, account of him—his battle with Gryphon and Aquilant, II. xv. 477.
——— he cannot be killed by any wound, *ib.* 501.
——— fights with Astolpho—how killed by him, *ib.* 587.
ORLANDO, (See General View of BOYARDO's Story) comes to France with Angelica from India, I. i. 33.
——— Angelica taken from him by Charlemain, *ib.* 49.
——— his dream of Angelica, and complaint, viii. 486.
——— changes his arms, and leaves Paris to go in search of her, *ib.* 572.
——— hears of the cruel custom at Ebuda, and resolves to visit that island in hopes of finding Angelica, II. ix. 59.
——— is introduced to Olympia, and hears her story, *ib.* 127.
——— kills Cymosco, and restores to her her possessions, *ib.* 341.
——— throws Cymosco's gun into the sea, *ib.* 572.
——— his strange combat with the Orc, xi. 148.
——— kills him, *ib.* 198.
——— is attacked by the people of Ebuda, *ib.* 294.
——— delivers Olympia from death, *ib.* 342.
——— recommends Olympia to Oberto, *ib.* 508.
——— is decoyed to the enchanted palace of Atlantes, and detained there, xii. 28.
——— sees and pursues Angelica, *ib.* 220.
——— quarrels and fights with Ferrau, *ib.* 256.
——— meets two bands of Pagans, which he defeats with incredible valour, *ib.* 453.
——— finds Isabella in a cave of outlaws, *ib.* 572.
——— hears her story, xiii. 15.
——— kills the outlaws, and delivers her, *ib.* 232.
——— takes her under his protection, *ib.* 292.
——— delivers Zerbino, unjustly condemned to death by Anselmo, III. xxiii. 386.

ORLANDO is challenged by Mandricardo—their battle, *ib.* 518.
——— takes his leave of Zerbino and Isabella, *ib.* 699.
——— arrives at the grotto, where Medoro and Angelica used to meet—reads an inscription by Medoro, *ib.* 726.
——— his jealousy described, *ib.* 822.
——— takes his lodging at the peasant's cottage that had formerly entertained the two lovers, *ib.* 840.
——— hears from his host the account of their loves, xxiii. 862.
——— his distraction, *ib.* 883.
——— he returns to the wood—his rage at the sight again of the grotto, till at last he entirely loses his senses, and exhibits the most incredible proofs of frenzy, *ib.* 895. to the end.
——— his extravagant feats of madness, xxiv. 21.
——— arrives, during his madness, at Rodomont's bridge, wrestles with him, IV. xxix. 275.
——— more extravagant feats in his madness, *ib.* 355.
——— lights on Angelica and Medoro—is near seizing Angelica, *ib.* 414.
——— forces his horse into the sea, and the horse being drowned, he swims over himself to Africa, xxx. 83.
——— arrives in Astolpho's camp, is with great difficulty secured, and at last restored to his senses, V. xxxix. 277.
——— lays siege to Biserta, and takes it by storm, xl. 160.
——— accepts Agramant's challenge, and names for his partners Brandimart and Olivero, *ib.* 435.
——— goes with his companions to Lipadusa, xli. 260.
——— the combat described, *ib.* 521. to the end.
——— sees Brandimart slain by Gradasso, *ib.* 778.
——— kills Agramant, xlii. 56.
——— kills Gradasso, *ib.* 66.
——— his grief for the death of Brandimart, *ib.* 82.
——— his humane care of Sobrino after the combat, *ib.* 134.
——— receives Rinaldo at Lipadusa, *ib.* 1113.
——— goes to Sicily, *ib.* 1229.

ORLANDO, his speech over the dead body of Brandimart, *ib.* 1269.
——— attends his funeral, and erects his monument, *ib.* 1307.
——— goes to the hermit's island with his companions to seek a cure for Olivero's hurt, *ib.* 1399.
——— his reception by the hermit, *ib.* 1431.
——— approves of the intended union of Rogero and Bradamant, VI. xliv. 78.
——— restores his sword, horse, and armour, to Rogero, *ib.* 122.
——— takes leave of the hermit, and returns with his companions to France, *ib.* 134.
——— enters the city of Paris in triumph, *ib.* 211.
——— sides with Rinaldo in behalf of Rogero against Leon, xlv. 819.
——— ties on Rogero's spurs before his combat with Rodomont, *ib.* 871.

P.

PAINTERS, eulogium of ancient and modern, IV. xxxiii. 1.
PARADISE, the seat of terrestrial Paradise, IV. xxxiii. 813.
——— Astolpho's flight thither—the beauties of the place described—inhabited by St. John, Enoch, and Elias, V. xxxiv. 364.
Paris, city of, (See General View of BOYARDO's Story) the situation described, II. xiv. 772.
—— besieged by Agramant, *ib.* 797.
—— entered by Rodomont, *ib.* 885.
—— devastation committed in it by Rodomont, xvi. 147.
—— relieved by Rinaldo, *ib.* 203.
—— again besieged by the Pagans, IV. xxvii. 246.
—— again relieved by Rinaldo, xxxi. 364.
—— triumphal entry of Orlando and the other Christian knights—rejoicing and festivals on the victory obtained over the Pagans, VI. xliv. 211.
Pinabello, son of Anselmo, is accosted by Bradamant, gives an account of Atlantes' castle, and the loss of his wife, I. ii. 236.
——— deceives Bradamant, and lets her fall into Merlin's cave, *ib.* 463.
——— is unhorsed by Marphisa, III. xx. 807.

Pinabello makes Gryphon, Aquilant, Guido, and Sansonetto, prisoners, and compels them to swear to observe a law he had made, xxii. 338.
——— is seen and known by Bradamant, xxiii. 498.
——— killed by her, *ib.* 510. 675.
Polinesso, betrays Geneura by the assistance of Dalinda, I. v. 33.
——— is killed by Rinaldo, I. v. 599.
Prasildo, a knight, in the castle of Atlantes, delivered with the other captives by Bradamant, I. iv. 284.
PRESTER JOHN, (See Senapus).
PRIDE, in the monastery, II. xiv. 609.
——— with Jealousy and Discord, meets Rodomont, III. xviii. 173.
——— in Agramant's camp, IV. xxvii. 740.
Prophecy, on all who bear the name of Isabella, IV. xxix. 191.
Proteus, the sea-god, sends his monster to destroy the people of Ebuda, I. viii. 357.
——— is terrified at the battle between Orlando and the Orc, II. xi. 279.
Puliano, a king.
——— slain by Rinaldo, II. xvi. 319.

Q.

QUARRELS among the Pagan knights, IV. xxvi. 666. & seq. xxvii. 364. et seq.

R.

Rabicano, Astolpho's horse, account of him how first found by Rinaldo, I. vii. 479. N.
——— his swiftness, II. xv. 287.
REVIEW of forces.
——— English, Scotch, and Irish, sent with Rinaldo, II. x. 509.
——— Army of Agramant and Marsilius, xiv. 77.
Richardetto, brother to Bradamant, condemned to death by Marsilius for an amour with his daughter Flordespina, III. xxii. 280.
——— is delivered by Rogero, xxv. 45.
——— tells his story to Rogero, *ib.* 182.
——— conducts him to Aldiger's castle, *ib.* 481.

Richardetto goes with him and Aldiger to rescue Vivian and Malagigi, *ib.* 64.
——— meets Marphisa, IV. xxvi. 17.
——— all together attack the Pagans, and deliver Vivian and Malagigi, *ib.* 69.
——— hears, with the rest, an explanation of the sculpture at Merlin's fountain, *ib.* 229.
——— overthrown by Mandricardo, *ib.* 563.
——— is saved from Rodomont by a magical device of Malagigi, *ib.* 931.
——— is unhorsed by Guido Savage, xxxi. 55.
Rinaldo, brother to Bradamant, (see General View of Boyardo's Story) quarrels with Orlando for Angelica, I. i. 55.
——— pursuing his horse he finds Angelica, *ib.* 77.
——— fights for her with Ferrau, *ib.* 124.
——— parts from him, *ib.* 168.
——— finds his horse in possession of Sacripant, *ib.* 540.
——— fights with him, ii. 15.
——— they are parted by a magical illusion, *ib.* 109.
——— takes his horse again and goes to Paris, *ib.* 131.
——— is sent on an embassy to England, *ib.* 177.
——— cast by a storm on the coast of Scotland, iv. 368.
——— is entertained at an abbey, and hears of Geneura's danger, *ib.* 392.
——— saves Dalinda from the hands of assassins, *ib.* 492.
——— hears from her the story of Geneura, v. 33.
——— enters the list with Polinesso—kills him, and delivers Geneura, *ib.* 551.
——— obtains aid from the king of Scotland, viii. 147.
——— from England, *ib.* 185.
——— the review of the forces raised for him, II. x. 509.
——— is conducted by the archangel Michael and Silence to the relief of Paris, xvi. 203.
——— his oration to the army, *ib.* 233.
——— his valour, *ib.* 307.
——— kills Dardinello, III. xviii. 1005.
——— leaves Paris and his friends to go in search of Angelica, IV. xxvii. 55.
——— returns to Mount Albano, xxx. 644.
——— goes with his kindred to the relief of Charles, *ib.* 674.

Rinaldo fights with Guido Savage, not knowing him, xxxi. 85.
——— discovers him, *ib.* 364.
——— with his companions attacks and entirely routs the Pagan camp by night, *ib.* 364.
——— is encountered by Gradasso, and appoints a day to decide their claim to Bayardo by duel, *ib.* 676.
——— meets Gradasso—their duel disturbed by a strange adventure, xxxi. 795. xxxiii. 563.
——— returns to the camp without his horse, xxxiii. 667.
——— welcomes the arrival of Bradamant and Marphisa, V. xxxviii. 55.
——— is chosen by Charlemain the champion to decide the national quarrel with Rogero, *ib.* 505.
——— his combat with Rogero—disturbed by the breach of the truce, xxxix. 9.
——— hears of Angelica's departure for India with Medoro, xlii. 275.
——— goes in pursuit of her, *ib.* 301.
——— enters the forest of Arden—is attacked by the monster Jealousy, *ib.* 331.
——— delivered by a knight, and cured of his love for Angelica by drinking of the marvellous fountain, *ib.* 387.
——— hears of the battle designed between the three Christian and Pagan knights, and hastens to reach Lipadusa, *ib.* 500.
——— is entertained by a knight of Mantua at his palace, *ib.* 515.
——— the palace described, *ib.* 547.
——— shewed a wonderful cup to prove the chastity of wives, *ib.* 711.
——— refuses to drink of the cup—hears the story of his host, VI. xliii. 79.
——— pursues his journey by water, *ib.* 400.
——— the towns by which he passes—his eulogium of Ferrara, *ib.* 410.
——— converses with his pilot—hears from him the tale of Adonio and the Judge's wife, *ib.* 543.
——— arrives at Ravenna, *ib.* 1085.
——— after travelling by land, takes shipping, and arrives at Lipadusa after the battle, *ib.* 1113.
——— laments the death of Brandimart, *ib.* 1133.

Rinaldo attends his funeral, *ib.* 1345.
——— goes with Orlando and the rest to the hermit's island, where he meets Rogero, *ib.* 1419.
——— promises his sister Bradamant to Rogero, xliv. 64.
——— returns with the other knights to France, *ib.* 134.
——— offends his father, Amon, by the proposed marriage of his sister with Rogero, *ib.* 278.
——— is joined by Orlando and Marphisa in supporting the claim of Rogero against Leon, xlv. 787.
——— assists with Namus to prepare the lists for the duel of Rodomont and Rogero, xlvi. 876. See General View of Boyardo's Story.
Ring stolen by Brunello from Angelica, which makes the possessor invisible, and frustrates all enchantments, I. iii. 486.
Rodomont, king of Algiers, in the review of the Pagan forces, (See General View of Boyardo's Story),—his character, II. xiv. 197. N.
——— his valour at the attacks of Paris, *ib.* 839.
——— leaps the fosse, and enters the town, *ib.* 955.
——— makes incredible slaughter, xvi. 147.
——— further account of the devastation made by him, xvii. 37.
——— is attacked by Charles and his Paladins, and at last compelled to quit the city, III. xviii. 55.
——— meets a dwarf from Doralis, accompanied by Discord, Pride, and Jealousy—hears of the rape of Doralis by Mandricardo, *ib.* 169.
——— goes in search of Mandricardo and Doralis, *ib.* 230.
——— meets Hippalca, and takes from her Rogero's horse, Frontino, xxiii. 237.
——— finds his mistress, and fights with Mandricardo, xxiv. 695.
——— breaks off the battle at the persuasion of Doralis to go to the relief of Agramant, *ib.* 812.
——— arrives at Merlin's fountain with Mandricardo and Doralis, IV. xxvi. 498.
——— endeavours to pacify Mandricardo and Marphisa, *ib.* 621.
——— refuses Rogero's challenge, *ib.* 675.

Rodomont interferes in the contest of Mandricardo and Rogero, *ib.* 780.
———— is assaulted by Rogero—fights him, *ib.* 846.
———— with Mandricardo, follows Doralis, who is carried away by a demon concealed in her horse, *ib.* 954.
———— arrives at the Christian camp, and with Mandricardo, Sacripant, Gradasso, Marphisa, and Rogero, attacks and defeats the power of Charles, xxvii. 116.
———— draws the lot to decide his quarrel with Mandricardo, *ib.* 325.
———— prepares for the list—Sacripant lays claim to Frontino, which had been formerly stolen from him by Brunello, *ib.* 362. 514. 550.
———— submits to have his claim to Doralis decided by her, *ib.* 770.
———— leaves the camp in a rage at her decision in favour of his rival, *ib.* 810.
———— his invective against women, *ib.* 866.
———— is entertained by a country host, *ib.* 954.
———— hears the tale of Jocundo, a severe satire on the female sex, xxviii. 28.
———— leaves his host—pursues his journey by water, and takes up his residence in a chapel deserted by the Christians, *ib.* 614.
———— sees Isabella and the hermit with the dead body of Zerbino, *ib.* 677.
———— falls in love with her, *ib.* 701.
———— endeavours to persuade her to break her vow, *ib.* 717.
———— his cruel treatment of the hermit, xxix. 29.
———— deceived by the pious fraud of Isabella—kills her, *ib.* 167.
———— his repentance—he builds a magnificent tomb to her memory, and establishes a law for all travellers who pass that way, *ib.* 209.
———— wrestles with Orlando mad, and falls with him into the river, *ib.* 275.
———— encounters Brandimart on his bridge, and makes him prisoner, V. xxxiv. 460.
———— parlies with Bradamant on her arrival at his bridge; is unhorsed by her, xxxv. 295.
———— retires to perform penance for the disgrace which he had received, *ib.* 372.

Rodomont comes to the court of Charlemain at the festival of Rogero's marriage, and challenges Rogero to single combat, VI. xlvi. 794.
——— his challenge accepted, *ib.* 846.
——— his combat with Rogero described, *ib.* 919.
——— his death, *ib.* 1106.
Rogero, (See General View of Boyardo's Story), his love to Bradamant, I. ii. 214.
——— made prisoner with Gradasso in the castle of Atlantes, *ib.* 310.
——— delivered by Bradamant, iv. 286.
——— is carried away by the griffin-horse, *ib.* 316.
——— alights on an island belonging to Alcina, vi. 129.
——— finds Astolpho transformed into a myrtle, and is warned by him of Alcina's frauds, *ib.* 181.
——— fights with a crew of monsters that oppose his passage from Alcina, *ib.* 423.
——— is accosted by two ladies, who persuade him to accompany them, *ib.* 483.
——— is conducted to a palace and garden belonging to Alcina, *ib.* 503.
——— at the suit of the two ladies he encounters and overthrows the giantess Eriphila, vi. 551. vii. 14.
——— arrives at the dwelling of Alcina—is met by her, *ib.* 57.
——— her person described, *ib.* 71.
——— is intoxicated with her beauty, *ib.* 109.
——— reproved by Melissa in the shape of Atlantes, *ib.* 324.
——— receives the magic ring, and discovers the deceit of Alcina, *ib.* 406.
——— leaves her palace, *ib.* 463.
——— his flight attempted to be stopt by one of Alcina's attendants, viii. 15.
——— travels towards the dwelling of Logistilla, *ib.* 129.
——— is accosted by three damsels belonging to Alcina, who endeavour to stop him, II. x. 237.
——— is met by a pilot, and safely conveyed from amidst the fleet of Alcina to the dwelling of Logistilla, *ib.* 285.
——— is graciously entertained by her, and instructed in the management of the flying horse, *ib.* 429.

Rogero departs from Logistilla, and sees many countries in his flight, *ib.* 457.
——— alights in England, and sees a review of the forces under Rinaldo designed for the aid of Charlemain, *ib.* 499.
——— sees Angelica bound to the rock ready to be devoured by the sea-monster, *ib.* 614.
——— fights with the monster and overcomes him by his enchanted shield, *ib.* 695.
——— releases her from the rock, and carries her away behind him, *ib.* 787.
——— is enamoured of her, *ib.* 795.
——— is left by her—loses his flying horse and ring, xi. 41.
——— thinks he sees Bradamant in danger, and is decoyed to the enchanted palace of Atlantes, *ib.* 110.
——— is with the other prisoners freed from the enchanted palace by Astolpho, III. xxii. 229.
——— meets with Bradamant, *ib.* 233.
——— with her engages to deliver a youth condemned to die, *ib.* 268.
——— is acquainted with Pinabello's law, *ib.* 336.
——— arrives with Bradamant at the castle of Pinabello, *ib.* 415.
——— jousts with all the knights of Pinabello, and undesignedly overcomes them by means of his shield, *ib.* 474.
——— throws his shield into a well, *ib.* 636.
——— delivers Richardetto from death, xxv. 44.
——— hears from Richardetto the tale of his amour with Flordespina, *ib.* 182.
——— arrives with Richardetto at the castle of Agrismont, *ib.* 481.
——— is entertained by Aldiger, and undertakes to deliver Vivian and Malagigi out of the hands of Bertolagi and Lanfusa, *ib.* 535.
——— his letter to Bradamant to excuse his absence, *ib.* 593.
——— departs in company with Aldiger and Richardetto, *ib.* 645.
——— met by Marphisa, IV. xxvi. 17.
——— with his companions, attacks the bands of Bertolagi and the Moors—his prodigious valour, *ib.* 105.

Rogero hears the explanation of the sculptures at Merlin's fountain, *ib.* 231.
——— goes with Hippalca to revenge the loss of his horse Frontino, taken from her by Rodomont, *ib.* 449.
——— defies Rodomont, who declines his challenge, *ib.* 671.
——— is challenged by Mandricardo for wearing the device of Hector's shield, *ib.* 719.
——— accepts his challenge, *ib.* 759.
——— attacks Rodomont, *ib.* 816.
——— is attacked at once by him and Mandricardo, *ib.* 852.
——— follows Rodomont and Mandricardo to the Pagan camp, *ib.* 1005.
——— with Marphisa joins Rodomont, Mandricardo, Gradasso, and Sacripant, in attacking the Christian camp, *ib.* 158.
——— his quarrels renewed with Mandricardo and Rodomont, *ib.* 286. 451.
——— draws the lot to decide his quarrel with Mandricardo by duel, xxx. 161.
——— his duel with Mandricardo described, *ib.* 333.
——— kills Mandricardo, *ib.* 453.
——— is himself dangerously wounded, *ib.* 465.
——— is carefully attended by the command of Agramant, *ib.* 529.
——— Mandricardo's arms and the horse Brigliadoro the prize of the victor, *ib.* 537.
——— is taken care of by Agramant at the general rout given the Pagans by the Christian knights, and conveyed to Arli, *ib.* 636.
——— is with Agramant at Arli, and receives a challenge from Bradamant, V. xxxv. 466.
——— hears that the unknown champion is Bradamant, xxxvi. 111.
——— quits the walls of Arli, *ib.* 195.
——— sees the encounter of Bradamant and Marphisa, *ib.* 209.
——— entreats a parley with Bradamant, *ib.* 303.
——— retires with her to a grove, where they are interrupted by the arrival of Marphisa, *ib.* 341.
——— endeavours to part Bradamant and Marphisa, *ib.* 375.

Rogero attacked by Marphisa, *ib.* 399.
——— hears a voice from a tomb that declares Marphisa to be his sister, *ib.* 459.
——— tells his parentage to Marphisa, *ib.* 555.
——— finds three damsels abused by a tyrant—undertakes, with Bradamant and Marphisa to revenge them, *ib.* 176.
——— hears of Marganor's cruelties, *ib.* 275.
——— hears the tale of Marganor, *ib.* 323.
——— with his companions attacks and makes Marganor prisoner, *ib.* 714.
——— delivers him to his enemies, *ib.* 800.
——— takes his leave of the two virgins, and goes to Arli, xxxvii. 911.
——— is chosen by Agramant for his champion to decide the national quarrel, xxxviii. 476. 499.
——— takes a solemn oath previous to the combat, *ib.* 674.
——— meets Rinaldo in the list, *ib.* 686.
——— the truce broken, he quits the field, and determines to follow Agramant to Africa, xxxix. 59. xl. 482.
——— finds seven kings prisoners, *ib.* 538.
——— fights with Dudon to deliver them, *ib.* 592.
——— receives their liberty from Dudon, xli. 47.
——— embarks with them for Africa—is overtaken by a terrible storm, wherein all perish but himself, *ib.* 57.
——— he escapes by swimming to a small island, where he meets a hermit, who baptizes him, and instructs him in the mysteries of religion, *ib.* 368.
——— sees Orlando, Rinaldo, Olivero, and Sobrino, who arrive at the island, VI. xliii. 1431.
——— is known by Rinaldo and the rest, *ib.* 1485.
——— is promised his sister by Rinaldo, xliv. 64.
——— goes with the other warriors to France, *ib.* 134.
——— is graciously received by Charlemain, *ib.* 235.
——— exasperated at Amon's refusal of his daughter's hand, *ib.* 373.
——— his complaint, *ib.* 403.
——— is comforted by Bradamant's assurances of her fidelity, *ib.* 460.
——— departs with a resolution to kill Constantine and Leon, *ib.* 570.

Rogero takes the part of the Bulgarians against the Greeks, and totally defeats the latter, *ib.* 637.
——— is betrayed in his sleep, and made prisoner, xlv. 46.
——— is delivered over to Theodora, *ib.* 140.
——— taken from prison by Leon, *ib.* 307.
——— engages to meet Bradamant in the list, under the name of Leon, and to win her for him to wife, *ib.* 405.
——— withstands the force of Bradamant from sun-rise to sun-set, *ib.* 537.
——— retires in despair to the woods, with a resolution there to end his life, *ib.* 665.
——— his complaint, *ib.* 673.
——— his speech to his horse, *ib.* 709.
——— is found by Melissa and Leon, xlvi. 196.
——— is accosted by Leon, and persuaded to disclose his grief, *ib.* 235.
——— consents to receive Bradamant at the hands of Leon, who generously resigns her to him, *ib.* 357.
——— returns with Leon and Melissa, and finds that ambassadors are arrived from Bulgaria to invite him to the crown, *ib.* 383.
——— he is known and welcomed by the emperor and all the court, *ib.* 462.
——— his marriage is celebrated with great pomp and festivity, *ib.* 579.
——— is challenged by Rodomont to single combat, *ib.* 794.
——— accepts the challenge, *ib.* 846.
——— their combat described, *ib.* 919.
——— kills Rodomont, *ib.* 1106.

S.

Sacripant, king of Circassia, defends Angelica in Albracca I. i. 326. N.
——— laments her absence, *ib.* i. 274.
——— is accosted by Angelica, *ib.* 365.
——— unhorsed by Bradamant, *ib.* 410.
——— finds Bayardo, Rinaldo's horse, *ib.* 504.
——— meets Rinaldo, *ib.* 540.
——— fights with him, ii. 15.
——— they are parted by a magical illusion, *ib.* 109.

Sacripant, in Atlantes' castle, and delivered by Bradamant, iv. 282.
——— in an enchanted palace, with Orlando, Rogero, Ferrau, and others, II. xii. 167.
——— sees and knows Angelica, *ib.* 191.
——— pursues her, *ib.* 192, 220.
——— is with Rodomont, Mandricardo, Marphisa, Rogero, and Gradasso, at the attack and defeat of the Christian camp, IV. xxvii. 92.
——— assists in arming Rodomont for the list, *ib.* 364.
——— claims the horse Frontino of Rodomont, *ib.* 516.
——— follows Rodomont from the camp, *ib.* 837.
——— his armour is left at Rodomont's bridge, and he goes in pursuit of Angelica, V. xxxv. 404.
SAINT JOHN, entertains Astolpho in Paradise, V. xxxiv. 412.
——— carries him to the moon, and gives him Orlando's WIT, *ib.* 526.
——— dismisses him, xxxviii. 180.
Sansonetto, regent in Jerusalem, entertains Astolpho, Gryphon, and Aquilant, II. xv. 688.
——— accompanies Astolpho to the jousts at Damascus, III. xviii. 642.
——— his valour shown in the tumult at Damascus, *ib.* 804.
——— wins the prize in the jousts, *ib.* 902.
——— sets out with Astolpho and the rest for France, *ib.* 914.
——— takes shipping with them, and cast by a storm on the coast of the Amazons, *ib.* 924.
——— terrified with the rest at Astolpho's horn—goes on board with them, *ib.* 691.
——— made prisoner by Pinabello, and sworn to observe his law, *ib.* 770.
——— unhorsed by Rogero, *ib.* 474.
——— joins Rinaldo and the rest in the attack upon the Pagan camp, IV. xxxi. 372.
——— one of the knights taken at Rodomont's bridge, V. xxxv. 393.
——— being sent, with the rest of Rodomont's prisoners, to Africa, is released by Astolpho, xxxix. 239.

Sansonetto, assists in securing Orlando, *ib.* 373.
——— is at the taking of Biserta, xl. 154.
Senapus, king of Nubia, struck blind for his presumption —plagued with the harpies, IV. xxxiii. 751.
——— receives and entertains Astolpho, *ib.* 837.
——— is delivered from the harpies by him, *ib.* 925.
——— is restored to sight by Astolpho, V. xxxviii. 207.
——— raises a great army for him, and accompanies him, *ib.* 215.
——— is with him at the siege of Biserta, xl. 120.
SHIELD, enchanted shield used by Atlantes, I. iv. 380.
——— possessed by Rogero, vi. 473.
——— thrown into a well, III. xxii. 636.
——— golden, sent from the queen of Iceland into France, IV. xxxii. 353.
SHIPWRECK described, V. xli.
SIEGE of Paris described, (See general view of BOYARDO's story,) II. xiv. 811. to the end.
—— of Biserta, V. xl. 120.
SILENCE, in the dwelling of Sleep, II. xiv. 699.
——— conducts the Christian army under Rinaldo to the relief of Paris, *ib.* 711. xvi. 206. (See General View of BOYARDO's Story.)
SLEEP, his dwelling described, II. xiv. 683.
Sobrino, a king, friend, and counsellor to Agramant, in the review of the forces, II. xiv. 189.
——— attempts, with Agramant, to make the troops retreat in order after the general defeat, III. xviii. 1106.
——— advises Agramant to give up Brunello to satisfy Marphisa, IV. xxvii. 707.
——— advises Agramant to fly, xxxi. 593.
——— his oration, in answer to Marsilius, to persuade Agramant to peace, or to determine the national quarrel by a single combat, V. xxxviii. 373.
——— recommends Rogero for the champion, *ib.* 476.
——— retires into Arli at the breaking of the truce, xxxix. 121.
——— accompanies Agramant in his flight by sea, and prevents him from killing himself, xl. 278.
——— lands with him at an island, where they meet with Gradasso, *ib.* 360.
——— desires to be included in Agramant's challenge to Orlando, *ib.* 409.

Sobrino, his valour in the battle—is severely wounded and disabled, xli. 547. 565. 661. 667.
——— is taken care of by Orlando, xlii. 134.
——— is with Orlando and the rest at the hermit's island, VI. xliii. 1431.
——— is baptized and healed of his wounds, *ib.* 1451.
——— accompanies the knights to France, xliv. 134.
SPIRIT in the form of a messenger parts two knights, I. ii. 111.
——— of Merlin detained in the tomb after his death, iii. 71.
——— raised by Melissa, carries her in the form of a horse, vii. 307.
——— enters Angelica's horse, and carries her across the sea, viii. 221.
——— confined under a stone, causes all the enchantments in Atlantes's palace, III. xxii.
Stordilano, king of Granada, father of Doralis in the review of the Pagan forces, II. xiv. 93.
——— with the nobles assembled to see the combats in the list, IV. xxvii. 372.
STORM at sea. See Tempest.
SWANS, two save the names of great men from the river of Oblivion, V. xxxv. 95.

T.

Tale of Geneura, I. iv. 418. v. 33.
—— of Olympia, II. ix. 137.
—— of Isabella, xiii. 15.
—— of Norandino and the Orc, xvii. 175.
—— of the Amazons, III. xx. 66.
—— of Gabrina, xxi. 93.
—— of Richardetto and Flordespina, xxv. 182.
—— of Astolpho and Jocundo, IV. xxviii. 23.
—— of Marchino, xxxi. 670. N.
—— of Clodio, or Sir Tristram's lodge, xxxii. 601.
—— of Lydia, V. xxxiv. 79.
—— of Marganor, xxxvii. 324.
—— of the Mantuan knight, VI. xliii. 79.
—— of Adonio and the Judge's wife, *ib.* 543.
TEMPESTS described, I. ii. 185. III. xviii. 964. x x. 308. V. xli. 57. (See Shipwreck.)
TILTS and TOURNAMENTS. See Jousts.

TIME LOST seen in the moon, V. xxxiv. 567.
TOMB of Atlantes—discovery made there, V. xxxvi. 325.
Tristram's, Sir, lodge—the law observed there, IV. xxxii. 460.
——— won by Bradamant, *ib.* 496. (See Tale of Clodio, or Sir Tristram's lodge.)
TRIUMPHAL entry of the Christian knights into Paris, VI. xliv. 220.
Troyano, father of Agramant, slain by the Christians (See General View of BOYARDO's Story).

V.

Ulania, ambassadress from the queen of Iceland comes with three kings, IV. xxxii. 353.
——— nature of her embassy. *ib.* 361.
——— is at Sir Tristram's lodge, *ib.* 568.
——— is near being expelled, *ib.* 711.
——— defended by Bradamant, *ib.* 743.
——— discovers to the three kings that their conqueror was a woman, xxxiii. 514.
——— is found with two other damsels by Rogero, Bradamant, and Marphisa, abused by the cruelty of Marganor, V. xxxvii. 176.
——— taken under their protection, *ib.* 230.
——— Marganor delivered into her hands, *ib.* 806. 903.
——— prepares to appear at the court of France, *ib.* 898.
VERMILION rock, habitation of Marchino, so called from the blood shed there, IV. xxxi. 670. N.
Vivian, brother to Malagigi, prisoner with him in the hands of Lanfusa, both to be sold to Bertolagi, III. xxv. 507.
——— delivered by Rogero, Marphisa, Aldiger, and Richardetto, IV. xxvi. 200.
——— with Malagigi and the rest at Merlin's fountain, *ib.* 399.
——— overthrown by Mandricardo, *ib.* 531.
VOICE heard from a tomb, V. xxxvi. 461.
VOYAGE of Astolpho from the Indies to the Persian Gulph, II. xv. 111—268.

W.

WARS of the Franks in Italy painted on the walls of Sir Tristram's lodge, IV. xxxiii. 33.

WHALE carries away Alcina and Astolpho on its back, I. vi. 287.
WIND secured by Astolpho in a bag, V. xxxviii. 225.
WITS LOST, kept in the moon in vessels, V. xxxiv. 636.
WOMEN—praise of the sex, III. xx. 1. IV. xxvii. 1. V. xxxviii. 901. VI. xliii. 25.
——— invectives against them, IV. xxvii. 865. xxix. 518.

Z.

Zerbino, prince of Scotland, in the review of the forces, II. x. 581.
——— his love to Isabella, xiii. 15.
——— entrusts the charge of her to Odorico, *ib.* 71.
——— in the van of Rinaldo's army—his courage, xvi. 289. 365.
——— unhorsed, and in danger of being slain, *ib.* 427.
——— rescued by Rinaldo, *ib.* 570.
——— in the general battle, III. xviii. 292. 1081.
——— chases the enemy all night, *ib.* 1323.
——— surprises Cloridano and Medoro in their night's excursion, *ib.* 1327.
——— is exasperated at the death of his men, and threatens to kill Medoro, xix. 71.
——— is induced to spare him, *ib.* 90.
——— pursues the knight that wounded him, *ib.* 98.
——— meets Marphisa with Gabrina, xx. 855.
——— is unhorsed by Marphisa, and receives Gabrina in charge, *ib.* 922
——— is tormented by her malice, *ib.* 948.
——— meets Hermonides and is challenged, xxi. 23.
——— unhorses Hermonides, *ib.* 57.
——— hears the wicked life of Gabrina, *ib.* 93.
——— finds Pinabello killed in a valley, xxii. 25. xxiii. 281.
——— arrives at the castle of Anselmo, *ib.* 313.
——— accused by Gabrina of the murder of Pinabello, is condemned to die, *ib.* 341.
——— is delivered by Orlando, *ib.* 386.
——— sees Isabella, *ib.* 465.
——— their meeting, *ib.* 494.
——— is left by Orlando, *ib.* 702.
——— sees Odorico brought bound to him by Almonio and Corebo, xxiv. 105.

Zerbino, sees Gabrina, *ib.* 250.
——— his sentence passed on Odorico and Gabrina, *ib.* 284.
——— finds Orlando's armour and sword, *ib.* 341.
——— makes a trophy of his arms, *ib.* 406.
——— fights with Mandricardo to defend his sword, *ib.* 434.
——— is wounded in many places, xxiv. 460. 495. 509.
——— breaks off the battle at the request of Isabella, *ib.* 523.
——— faints through loss of blood, *ib.* 543.
——— his pathetic speeches to Isabella, *ib.* 565.
——— dies in her arms, *ib.* 621.
——— magnificent sepulchre erected for him and Isabella by Rodomont, IV. xxix. 217.
Ziliantes, younger brother to Brandimart, beloved by the fairy Morgana, and detained eighteen years in her subterraneous palace, till he was at last delivered by Orlando, III. xix. 272. N.

THE END.

Printed at the Union Printing-Office, St. John's Square, by W. Wilson.

This book should be returned to the Library on or before the last date stamped below.

A fine is incurred by retaining it beyond the specified time.

Please return promptly.

23 '68 H

CANCELLED